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JOHN AND HIS PIGEONS

(From the Picture by John Russell)

JOHN RUSSELL, R.A.

THE PRINCE OF CHWON LOI PAINTERS

By GEORGE C. WILLIAMS

THE quaint and interesting town of Guildford proudly boasts of many of her sons who have attained greatness. The ancient Grammar School founded by King Edward VI has been the nursery for no small number of the world's writers, and the town clock that in honor of an Archbishop six fish, a spider and two Lord Mayors is a considerable claim to him. It is, however, one of the facts of life that few will write but of one of the Guildford boys who a postscript requires a reputation secured in his age to him. Even in Guildford his birthplace, and in the history of his school so little is known as to John Russell that it has been my pleasant duty in all times of his recollections to our members of the family to group together the facts forming the full wing narrative.

As a family the Russells have been an important one in Guildford. To their ready pencil supported

by their archeological and Guildford was very much. Most of the old views and engravings of Guildford that have long since disappeared were done by the members of that talented family. They occupied the leading positions of the town but most important of all they gathered from the field of observation and history of the point of the history and local history and contemporary history of Guildford which they published in 1801 and now a very scarce book is still the standard work upon the history of the town and a report of interesting facts of the highest value. The whole family were artists and they can be said of those who still remain as their descendants. To their happy tips they are infused with taste and a love of art and many are the means of the

John Russell the father of our town was born

January 21st, 1711 and died June 1st 1804. He was four times Mayor of Guilford and was a book-seller occupying premises at 32 High Street (now the residence of Messrs W. Stant and Sons, his successors in business). John his eldest son was born at Guilford March 29th 1745 and was baptised at Holy Trinity Church upon April 10th in the same year. He was educated at the Guilford Loyal Grammar School but there is no definite information as to the duration and manner of his education. As a lad he was of a very venturesome daring spirit and it is said that one day his father coming down High Street was attracted by a group of boys standing on the pavement and staring most intently at Holy Trinity Church. Upon inquiring the cause of their interest he was greeted with the news that Young Paul Russell was climbing up the corner of the church tower with a bit of chalk to see if he could not set a mark against the top. His father had the gratification of seeing the young scamp make a cross within a few inches of the top of a band of masonry keeping him from entirely achieving his purpose. Then he crept down again resting his toes on very small projections and on his arrival at the foot of the tower was received by his father who immediately by way of relief to mingled feelings of terror and thankfulness administered a scolding thrashing up in the spot.

At about the age of thirteen he was much attracted by an etching by Wormold in the window of a print-shop in London. A friend who was with him procured and presented it to him and he copied it many times with great accuracy and from this circumstance can be traced his early reputations. At an early age his father placed him under the artistic training of Mr. Francis Cotes, an Academician of great talent who was a scholar of George Kneller and whose work has been compared to that of Poussin. From him young Russell derived very much valuable tuition. His religious convictions which all his life continued very strong appear to have commenced in September 30th 1764 when he was nineteen years of age. In his diary under date September 30th 1769 he thus writes: "This day five years ago was the day in which I was called out of darkness into God's marvelous light under the ministry of Mr. M. Alden at the Loel where I went out of curiosity and ridicule. The religious opinions so received listed the experience and test of a long life. I regularly attended the ministrations of the leading preachers of the day and speak of Whitfield, Ireland Hall the Wesleys, Ponnau and the Chrystons."

The diary to which I have referred was com-

menced upon July 6th 1766 (when he was 21) and upon the title page of it is a drawing of a hill bearing three crosses (being a representation of Calvary) and an open Bible and the words peculiar in their precise phrasing: "John Russell converted September 30th 1764 at 19 at about half an hour after seven in the evening."

This diary Russell continued to keep with but few breaks, until January 4th 1802 about four years previous to his death and from it I have been enabled to gather most of the particulars given in this paper. The book is now in the possession of Francis H. Wall Esq. of Leatherhead a great grandson of its author and to his very special kindness I am indebted for permission to use the following extracts. As was so often the case with diaries written at about that period—and as was the case with the noted diary of Pepys—much of this invaluable document was written in shorthand which however has been translated by the Rev. S. H. Russell Vicar of Charlbury, Oxon, and a grandson of the artist. The notes consist mainly of expressions of religious feelings and experiences together with the mention of various sermons heard but there are occasional historical allusions of special interest. We can construct the main details of his life from the entries which I have copied.

Much 14th 1767 he took lodgings in town, believed to be in John Street, Oxford Street.

October 1st 1767 he writes: "I now find great encouragement in my business and in the same year, on December 21st we find him at Lord Montagu's seat Cowdrey House, Petworth, copying the pictures. Here he remained until January 1st 1768.

On May 21st 1768 he writes: "I have been much in the white would carest (sic) by people of fortune," and in November, "The world seems to shun me." Certain religious scruples however enter into his feeling and on March 3rd 1769 he writes: "Pecuniary in my business has given me more pleasure than I think it ought." He was at that time studying at the Royal Academy, and in that year exhibited the first of his long series of pictures at the Academy, Portraits of Two Aqueducts, More and Tivoli.

From this year down to 1806 Russell continued to show his pictures at the Academy and in 1790 he exhibited as many as twenty-two at one time, in all 100 of his works passed the Hanging Committee.

His records under date November 13th 1769 are narrow (scale) of his life having been nearly killed in the street by a blow in the stomach from an iron bar.

On December 20th his father consented to his marriage with Miss Hannah Faden whom he appears to

have induced to accept his own religious views, some what to the annoyance of her family. The marriage took place on February 5th 1770 before the Rev W. Romane in Maydon Church. Russell went to reside at 7 Montimer Street, Cavendish Square and his union with Mrs. Faden proved undoubtedly a happy one. A week after his marriage, he says, he was invited into the society at Tottenham Court Road Chapel becoming we presume what is termed a communicating church member with his wife.

His own personal health was never very good. In August, 1769 he tells us that he was so out of health that his father came to town to see after him and took him back to Guildford from August 2nd till August 18th.

On April 29th 1770 soon after his marriage, he writes that he was 'greatly successful in business' and again June 1st 'Incredible success.' During that month he was ordered to ride in the park for his health.

On July 19th he was much affected at the news of the decease of his old master Francis Cotes R.A. and he attended his funeral. Cotes had attained an eminent position in crayon drawing and one of his finest works—portraits of Mr and Mrs. Leith Lattis—was in the possession of the Sacred Harmonic Society, another portrait that of Admiral Lord Hawke is at Greenwich Hospital.

In October he is evidently still studying at the Royal Academy and writes that he makes 'great improvement' and in December is awarded a medal at the Royal Academy for a figure he had made during the preceding winter. During September, however, the incredible success of Junc had disappeared and he writes that he was much 'straitened in temporal circumstances.' October 17th records business shel November 28th 'temporal things frown exceedingly.' During August he had made a journey to Brighton and was away four days having possibly gone either to execute some commission for a patron or to seek for some artistic employment. At this time he painted the pictures of the Bathing Man and Woman that are now at Buckingham Palace.

On January 14th 1771 he records his first honours from the Royal Academy, but even here all was by no means easy sailing. But three months

press and on April 18th he speaks of 'oppressive treatment at the Royal Academy,' and again August 14th receives a check from the Royal Academy for applying for votes, but he thought he tells us that the custom was so common that it could give no offence. It evidently did give offence however for on the 27th at the election he lost his A.R.A. ship by one vote!

In that month we hear that a nervous disorder which had troubled him for several years and which he thought cured had again attacked him and we venture to surmise that his disappointment at the Academy and difficulties in circumstances had much to do with the return of the disorder. Difficulties were however beginning to clear in April he says he was 'embarassed' but on June 10th records much temporal prosperity and in October 'extremis venit to smile again.' In that month he is again studying at the Royal Academy and in November is much honoured at the Academy, through a performance completed he says to 'might 26th.'

The tide had evidently not yet turned, prosperity was but temporary and in



JOHN RUSSELL, R.A.
(From a *Portrait of himself* in the *Possession of the Museum of the Royal Academy*)

1772 the old difficulties returned. On the last day of the year John Wesley paid him a visit and sat and prayed with him in his mental distress. But January 9th there is the pathetic entry 'I have no money to keep myself and family and this difficulty brings back the nervous disorder and he says he is low in soul and body and again in July all day in trial. During this time his work entitled 'Elements of Painting with Crayons' had evidently been in preparation. As a forerunner it was probably preceded by a shorter pamphlet on the same subject as the work itself was not issued till 1777 and on March 4th 1772 we find from the diary that he sends his pamphlet on crayon painting to press. He was then giving constant lessons in his favourite art. In the November following on the 3rd instant a brighter piece pines for our struggling artist when he was elected A.R.A. With characteristic religious simplicity he writes 'I pray God that He would prevent its being made instrumental to my soul's injury. Even with the coveted position well in his grasp circumstances were still difficult and the record continues in the minor key throughout the ensuing year

In March he was very low in circumstances and that he declares himself poor cannot afford a pair of shoes and expenses are £ 00 a year. In November next still in the house reads the plaintive entry and then is extremely well in the next year March 1st 1774 the following will

is finely expressed in the following note which occurs about the same time. Speaking the evening at the 131 Academy but obliged to leave because of then filthy conversation.

We are told that in April 1774 the Icaric level me in a remarkable manner and that after an expiration of that fullness follows a gap of years in the May.

On November 28th 1777 he resumes writing and tells us that he

had returned from a month's visit to Guilford and was blessed beyond expectation in temporal things. In this year his fanes of old was published by William of St. Ives Church and it was a quarto in a wrapper entitled

Flourants of Painting with Crayons and has now become very scarce. Its contents are contained in but few pages 1 to 5 and 1 to 10 of pictures and introduction and 1 to 2 of matter but the subject is treated clearly. On the title page the author is declared as A. A. and the edition to which I have referred is marked as the second the first edition is already shown having gone to press in 1772. In 1778 Russell's journal for three months in Kidderminster and in Shrewsbury. He returned to London in April 1779 very low, and once in a room those deep melancholy feelings to which I have before alluded. No way to escape he writes but to part with my little all and exist my naked in some country place for bread. Immediately after this description the duty briefly recovers—receives a merciful supply. The year 1780 opens despondently. On January 1st he writes very

low in body in August in indifferent health plunged in business nothing but trouble—a wife and four children and bareness of work. And so the struggles on until the lower depths are reached and on September 20th the works deep distress mixed in a mass of trouble. In 1780 the Gordon crisis took place and the falling entries are of some historical importance.

June 14th. The riots and destruction in the town have been very great. I have had one night an opportunity of seeing the Kings Bench and the Fleet in a full conflagration and the painful circumstance of the guns firing that I knew must kill poor mortals not prepared to die.



THE AGE OF BLISS

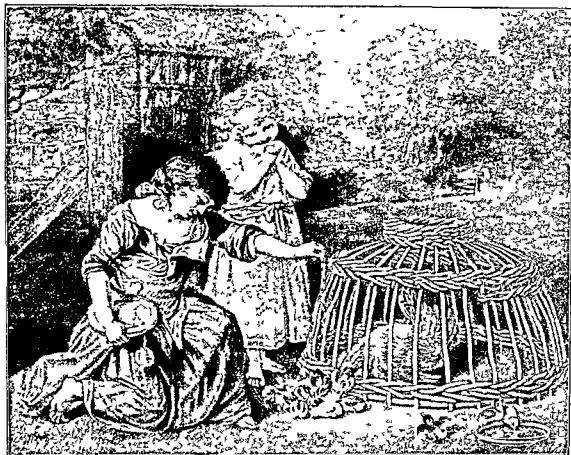
(From the Picture by John Paul Jones)

Nothing but a joyful before my eyes. Now when then that we read that on June 20th the crowd in front of the court in ever future and anxiety. For the determination so early of such of membership with the Academy was not an unaltered plan. The character of the conversation was very far from being that of his last. He now thinks little what before that he had almost distrustful but I have I will his living sent a message to desire to come to the Academy and thinking it might appear disrespectful to my sovereign and him being the King's first lay he says "I concluded it might go which I did with out being injured but get away as soon as possible." His opinion of the artists of the day

The king continued till near three o'clock in the morning. Later on we read. Since my last writing the mobs have been violent indeed. I saw, in the first place, the pulling-down and burning of the house of Justice Hyde near Leicester Fields. The rioters afterwards set off to destroy Newgate, which they burnt the next day. I saw the King's Bench Prison burning from the top of a house in

this made all the difference in his life. Just before he had been becoming weary of every sort of prospect of business. But now things have changed. In 1784 'circumstances' he writes, were much improved, his income was nearly £600 a year, but during this time of prosperity the diary reveals little else than religious disquisition.

He was away four months at Oxford and then



RURAL EMULIMENT

(From the *Autobiography* by John Russell R.A.)

the Strand. From my windows saw Mr. Langbath's house burning in Holborn and others on fire and I was insulted in my own house by the mob who rapped at the door for money and forced me to illuminate like all the neighbours.

It is said that Russell's illumination consisted in his waving his painting lamp out of the window to and fro. The records that follow show that the tide, however, had now turned. Desperately he changed to joy and we read not one of the painful struggles for a time subsistence. On January 7th 1781 the death of a cousin (Sharp) gave him a small freehold estate in Dorking and the income of

him and in 1788 he was full of business and in 1786 still blessed in temperance. And then for three years we are left in ignorance of his doings. During this time, however, he became one of the select circle of Royal Academicians.

On July 19th 1789 he writes: "I have now been received as an Academician and Lincolns painter and quietly adds: "In outward things the goodness of the Lord has been very great. Though large my family I have been able to support them with plenty. My income is above £1000 per annum and probably on the increase. At that time he was residing at 21, Newman Street, Oxford Street, and he was

appointed portrait painter in cravens both to George III and to the Prince of Wales and as such Pussell was now at the zenith of his position. His religious convictions were at this time stronger than ever and his habit of discussing religious views with all his sitters often got him and his family into quarrel and strife. He was however serenely unconscious of any guilt of *outrageful* interference. His religion was part of his life and so devoted to it was he that he had been known to sit up all night in order to avoid missing the early sacrament on the Sunday morning. Notwithstanding this he was by no means a dark man in his latter years but extremely bright and genial enjoying a romp with his children on any other bit of fun. In 1789 he made a projected family tour in Yorkshire and again visited Hull in 1801 and 1802 making a large number of sketches and many portraits of the leading people of the district. At this period he says he was full of business all the year. On September 1st 1801 he caught his forefinger in a steel trip and was much hurt and this brought to a temporary and somewhat abrupt close his artistic labours. He was at that time he says in a very low state of health and in the October of that year had nearly fainted in church.

The last entry in the diary is dated January 4th 1802 and merely records the information that he is starting on another journey in Yorkshire. In 1803 he was taken seriously ill with cholera and continued for a long time in a prostrate condition of fever, and eventually died at a house in Storey Street Hull, on April 20th or 21st 1806 in his sixty fourth year. He was buried in Holy Trinity Church in that town in the middle aisle of the choir and a tablet was erected to his memory which however is now covered by the wooden floor of the choir stalls.

Miss Pussell survived him several years and died on November 6th 1816. His eldest son, John William was always a great trouble to him, he calls him a poor depraved youth. After a short apprenticeship to a Mr. Colton who could not keep him he went to France in the Willy Word Company's affairs. Beyond a short letter from thence nothing more was ever heard of him. The second, third, fourth and fifth children died in infancy. The eleventh child William (born November 20th 1782) was educated as an artist and early showed possession of the family talent. He exhibited eight pictures in the Royal Academy 1809. He afterwards took the profession took holy orders and became Rector of Shepperton where he remained for fifty years and died September 14th 1879. One of his children William Henry Pussell still resides at Highgate.

The Academician's other children were Henrietta,

Samuel, Ann, Maria and Thomas the latter of whom married Miss Henley and whose descendants are the present representatives of the family of the Academician. They are Samuel Jane John, Hannah Ann and Thomas of Binstaple, whose son Herbert Russell Esq of Wandsworth owns the great picture of Tom and his Pigeons. (See p 71) Tom was the artist's youngest son.

Russell's pictures bear a relationship to those of Lucida and Cotes but have a more rapid and dashing force about them. The coloring is occasionally florid but the details are always exquisitely treated the flesh work very delicate showing dainty modelling the picture admirable and life like. He had a happy knack of making his portraits interesting even to strangers who had never told the originals. He was hardly content with making heads only that were likenesses but studied the limbs and arms of his sitters and by delicate sympathetic treatment produced much expression from his pencil when delineating these minor details of the portrait. His style was apparently influenced by Sir Joshua Reynolds for whose genius and character he bore a high respect and a touch of the mannerism of that famous artist has been judiciously pointed out by a member of his family in the deplorably narrow shy eyes and painted mouths of female heads representing fancy characters. This may be especially noticed in the Fortune teller now at Tadmorah.

In order to be a perfect artist Russell never overlooked the study of anatomy but so desirous was he of avoiding a pedantic display of it that, in commissioning younger artists his words often were "Learn anatomy thoroughly and then forget all about it."

To his credit it must be stated that from stern religious conviction he steadfastly set his face against the institution of Show Sunday. He so thoroughly impressed his views upon his black footman, Peter, that the man declined even to tell his master that the Prince Regent and a foreign ambassador wanted to inspect the works in his studio. Time and dust have unfortunately destroyed very many of his pictures but those that still remain are excellent examples of his beautiful art.

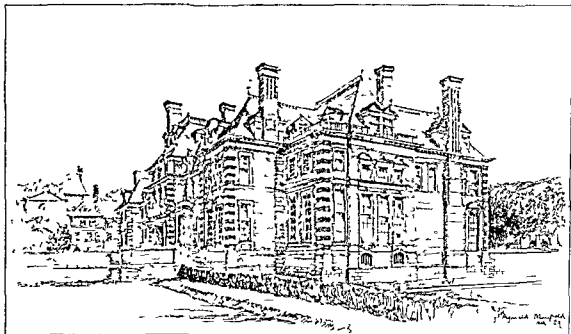
The picture reproduced as the front-piece is supposed to be the portrait of Miss Jane Laden the artist's wife's sister. The owner of this beautiful work is Henry Webb Esq of Wimbeldon to whom I am indebted for permission to publish it. The owners of the pictures reproduced on pp 76 and 77 "The Age of Ills" and "Idol Employment" are unknown and I should be glad to have any information concerning them or any other pictures by John Russell, as I am preparing a list of his works.

ARTISTIC HOMES.

HOUSE ARCHITECTURE. EXTERIOR

by REGINALD BLOMFIELD

THERE is no doubt that a considerable improvement in English house architecture has been made within the last twenty years. In an advanced stage of civilisation the average level of attainment contemporary work for the finest instances of modern domestic architecture—which makes any attempt to criticise it a somewhat inviolable affair. However, my business is less with criticism than with sug-



KINVALE PARK

(The late W. E. A. Webb (1871) Architect. Drawn by Reginald Blomfield)

appears to remain more or less constant, though the particular details used vary according to the taste of the time. Thirty years ago a sort of Gothic was the fashion, since then various fads on the architecture of the eighteenth century and profigate attempts at the style of Louis Seize have succeeded each other with startling rapidity, but as for any skill in the manipulation of these details there is little to choose between the average level of one fashion and of another. With the best work, however, it is different. So far as one can appraise these things the best architecture of one period is distinctly better or worse than the best architecture of another, and the work done recently by the ablest English architects such as Mr Shaw or Mr Philip Webb, is certainly better than any that has been done for many generations in England. It is this very fact—the fact that one would have to look in

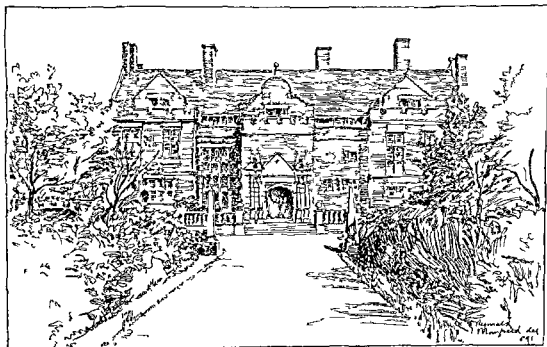
questions as to the point of view from which house-building ought to be considered.

Charles Lamb did not a real service when he wrote his little essay on the sanity of genius. It has set the fashion with certain critics perhaps *l'onde à la*, and with certain architects who ought to know better to assume that an architect who considers architecture an art who takes what the public with delightful confusion of ideas call 'the æsthetic line,' is necessarily an unreasonable and unpractical person full of fads and crochets, and negligent of the points that go to the real comfort of the house. This is an insidious life which simply inverts the facts of the case. The basis of architecture is good planning and sound construction. Now of all the architects that have practised in England for the last two generations it is precisely those men who are just eminently artists who have striven

that of looking queer. The red old angle is quite delightful with its great embowered oak-beam across the opening fourteen feet wide or more, and its red brick floors and the old muzzle-blower over the chimney-pipe and the little leaded glass lattice with its dignity and calm, but how far away from this is the affectation of a modern angle nook with its aggressive grate and mechanically stamped paper fire and fillings of 'art fabrics.' If you are going to have an angle nook, at least keep it plain and solid and comfortable and have a hearth before which you can stretch your legs and a fireplace big enough to burn a real good oak log. So too with the passages, let them be wide enough for two people to pass and light enough to prevent their falling into each other's arms.

In country houses the position of the sitting room is usually determined by the aspect and in a house of any pretension there is sure to be a good-sized hall and an angle staircase, but the hall is worth a sacrifice even in smaller houses. The first impression you form of a house is very often the list and your first impression is formed in the hall. It is not in the least necessary that it should be two storeys high. Some of the most charming little halls in seventeenth century and modern work are long low rooms sweet and homely to live in places never haunted by the ghost of magnificent dreariness. For a moderate house the

one storey hall is rather an advantage, because it practically gives another sitting room, and in quite small country houses such as these that are used say, for summer holidays why not return to the plan of the sixteenth house of the sixteenth century and earlier, when one great hall was the general living room and at one end were the kitchen and offices and the servants' rooms and at the other the solar and the rooms of the master and his family? A house costing less than a thousand pounds could then have room enough for a billiard table or a dance such as would be quite impossible in the stuffy, respectable house up the village built by the square when he came of age. The reason for such a room would not be mere picturesqueness but its manifold uses its essential reasonableness and the same reasonableness would not be afraid of the plainest work of showing the rafters or the ceiling joints or of lining the back of the fireplace with honest red brick. In town houses the question of plan is much more complicated because the area is limited but if there is a fair frontage a hall can easily be contrived and if the site is narrow and deep a good hall and staircase can be found at the back of the front room with a passage under the hall leading to the dining room beyond. If there is not depth enough it would be better to give up one of the ground floor rooms for a hall and a decent staircase anything would be better than the ordinary



MORDEN GRANGE BLACKHEATH

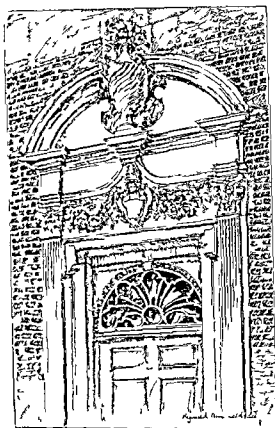
(John Belcher Architect. Drawn by Roy and Elton for J.)

Let a plan of a passage opening on to the stair case with the dining room instantly or one or two small little rooms at the side. In dealing with internal architecture I shall have to return to the plan again and more particularly to the plans of town houses but I may mention as an admirable arrangement for a rather large house the plan of a house in Hill Square Square built about 1790 and executed by Lewis P. H. H. Here you enter by

plan only. The approach to the house the forecourt the terrace to the gardens and the general design of the gardens themselves should all form parts of one consecutive scheme and till the landscape gardener arose in his might they always were so designed. The late George Devey and W. E. Nesfield revived this practice with conspicuous success as for instance at Hill Place near Twickenham and Combe Warren near Kingston by Devey (see p. 8) and the great house and gardens designed by Nesfield at Kinnaird Park (see p. 79). Serious design in the grounds and garden is quite as necessary for small houses as for large and is to the expense the numerous experiments in beds and embankments usually made by the master and his gardeners are likely to cost at least as much as the initial expense of a good design systematically carried out.

Given a plan the direction follows more or less as a logical necessity at least the plan almost inevitably suggests one treatment rather than another. As to the actual style of the building personal preference is the one condition necessary. Whatever our individual preference we live too late in the world to say dogmatically that one style is better than another. The important point is what use we make of our style whatever it is. In other words the important point is the strength of our own individuality. A generation or so ago there was much debate among architects as to styles and the contention was lost between them as to the relative merits of Gothic and Classic, but the beautiful work done by one or two men in a style that could not be labelled either one or the other because it was pure in its quality, has shown the futility of all this sort of discussion.

Another delusion very much in favour and often referred to in professional lectures was the possibility of a new style altogether something which should go clean away from anything that had ever been done before something which as the phrase ran was to announce the exigencies of the time—some had our magnificent cast iron and terra cotta perhaps. In point of fact all architecture is influenced by the exigencies of the time it takes its character from individual necessities and most of all from the necessities of the architect but to ask nowadays for a new architecture such as has never existed before is to ask for something grotesque and unworkable such as if one were to ask a poet to invent a new set of words. The excellent skill of modern engineering on the one hand and a sort of inverted progressiveness the false liberalism which is afraid of going out of touch with the times on the other have thrust it of sight the principle that architecture is a traditional art and that though its grammar and language are determined by tradition there is as much scope for originality in the use of that language as there is



A. MORLEY SOUTH KENSINGTON

(R. Norman Shaw P. 1 Architect. Engr. by R. H. Mott)

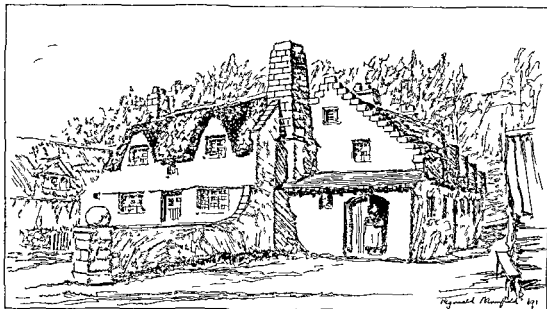
a wide passage and ran archway into a square hall which occupied the central part of the plan built from a sky light at the top of the house. A wide staircase runs up the stairs and things up on a level landing to each floor. On one side of the staircase a narrow passage with lights from the stairs continues between the back and front rooms so that a person could reach the stairs and escape unobserved in a crisis. His plan I never require a good deal of room and would be pleased with a small seat.

In houses with any ground about them the work of the designer should not be limited to the house

for a poet in the use of modern English. Anyone who wishes to satisfy himself about the terrible results of a new style "has only to look at Plate 36 in the second volume of Viollet le-Duc's *Lectures on Architecture* where he will find a house front of white tiles with light blue borders held in position by thin strips of cast iron framing, and if he thinks that architecture he had better get an engineer to design him his house. This delusion is also passing away into the limbo where the battle of the styles

quaint and picturesque, if he is not it will be *bizarre* and atrociously vulgar. In any case it is not architecture which is an art not of imitation but creation.

If then there is now no one style in which every one works as a matter of course and a totally new style is out of the question and a literal reproduction of old work is pedantic and a patchwork of multifarious details is not architecture how should one set to work with the elevation of a house? The answer is simple though most difficult to follow. The designer



COTTAGE AT FORTINGALL PERTHSHIRE

(The late J. H. Macdonald Architect. Drawn by Reginald Blomfield 1891)

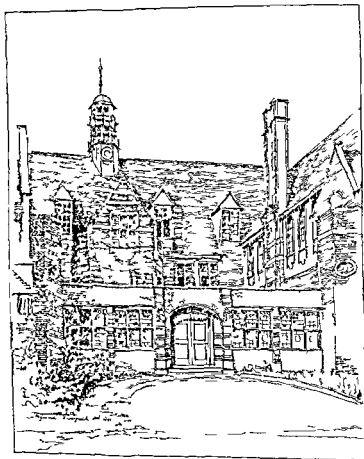
already peacefully reposes. But two other pitfalls now lie in wait for the unwary—archæology and sketch book architecture. Archæological architecture is the more respectable son of the two. It is at least based on research and conscientious study, and when, as in the case of one of our most distinguished and scholarly architects, it is handled with full knowledge in a late style the results are very beautiful. But such a case is an exception and in ordinary hands this kind of architecture is pedantic and tedious. Cupids and crockets and tracery are all very well in fifteenth century work, but not in the work of to-day. The flowers still grow in the field and one would exchange a whole hall full of tracery for a bough of roses handily designed and carved. Sketch book architecture has been the fashion for some little time. An architect goes to France, Holland, Germany, or wherever it may be, and fills his notebook with sketches of all sorts of detail which take his fancy, and incessantly reproduces them while in his next house front. If he is clever, the house may be

should think for himself instead of copying others and the house builder instead of darkening counsel with irrelevant suggestions might recollect that the business of a designer is to think for himself and that it is expressly for this that he is employed. The plan will determine the groupings of the building and its treatment in detail will depend on the conditions of the site, the size, and intention of the house and on the fancy of the owner himself. For instance if the rooms are to be long in flow, casement windows and lead glazing will probably be best. If they are to be high, you would have tall sash windows with pines and proportions such as are seen in Wren's magnificent buildings at Hampton Court or in many an eighteenth century house in England. The one impossible form of glazing in architecture is plate glass—an invention which considerably artistically sinks with the discovery of aniline dyes, and the reason is that every plate glass window makes a cavernous link in the wall surface instead of carrying the eye across, and preserving the breadth of effect.

When the character of the windows is determined the other details follow such as pilasters and cornices or gables and large boards, and the ruling principle again shall be usefulness in the points to aim at simplicity and proportion. These were the essential characteristics of English domestic architecture throughout its long descent from Anglo-Saxon times to

weatherboarding of many a tower mill outhouse chimney not to elaborate detail but rather to its absence and the singular happiness of their unaffected grouping. Buildings such as these show the beauty of simple material bricks or weather-tiles plain landing or thatch and one of the most valuable results of the recent development of house-

architecture has been to show that all materials except iron and terra cotta may be made if properly handled and that architecture is not dependent on purple and fine linen but will even condescend to plaster whitewash and thatch. Thatch more particularly if done with reeds is warm durable and pleasant to look at the only difficulty is that skilled thatchers are becoming very hard to find. The illustration of a cottage on page 85 signed by the late Mr J H Michelson shows how much may be done with these simple materials. There is no need to dwell on the possibilities of tiles and half timber work. When then used in England was reintroduced by Mr Shaw and the late W E Nesfield something like a revolution occurred in house architecture. But since that date they have been so vulgarised by speculative builders and others that more than ordinary tact and self-restraint are necessary for their use. In regard to brickwork, if you want it to look its very worst use brick pointing and machine-moulded bricks. The latter never run true and owing to the difficulty of getting the template exact even if the original section was up and one the moulding is sure to have lost its refinement it ever had when the bricks are turned out of



PART OF DEANE AT COLLEGE, WINCHESTER
(John Evelyn Archt. Drawn by Pen. all H. of 113)

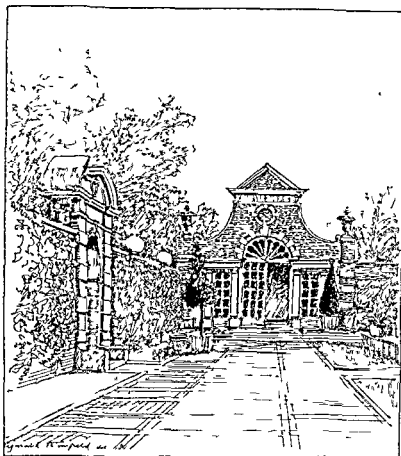
Chambers which make it equal and in some ways superior to the architecture of any other country in Europe. A mixture of stone courses and pilasters will make a house look dignified and lovable unless they are handled with reserve and a clear sense of proportion. List of all is any quality to be got out of heterogeneous details taken from other countries and so to say plastered on to the face of the building. Obvious picturesque-ness is rather to be shunned and enjoyed being a new mode to live with the buildings which are really picturesque and always beautiful seem to be sensibly accident. The great sweeping roof of a Sussex barn the high posts of a Kentish masted or the red tiled gables and

the mould. As for brick pointing it is as bad as the use of blue Welsh slates or rather worse. For brick pointing is no cheaper than white and it is not only ugly itself but it destroys all the beauty of the bricks. And again there is no inherent beauty in a thin joint rather than in a thick. Some of the most beautiful brickwork I ever saw at Pepperingham was composed of thin bricks about an inch and a quarter thick with joints an inch wide. If the mortar is good wide joints make excellent work and where the wall space is large enough they give a texture never possible with thin jointed brickwork. Good workmanship is one thing and mechanical finish another, and provided the

walls are solidly and honestly built the laborious smoothness of much modern brickwork is a direct loss to the general effect of the building. The fine-rubbed brickwork, generally called ganged work, has simply been squandered lately. In the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries it was used for special features such as the entrance bay of a facade, and its richness was enhanced by the plain work on either side. But if the entire front from top to bottom is faced with ganged work, its due as a choice material is gone. The same fault of exuberance is shown in carving the streets of London which have been rebuilt in the last few years abound in quite abominable carving. Instead of concentrating their carving on one special point of importance, and taking pains to ensure that the carving is good as far as it goes, the designers of these houses have spread their carving all over the front, and the impression that results is that of a confused mass of contributory detail and a feeling that, for any reason one sees, the carving might just as well continue indefinitely up and down the street, till checked by the nearest advertisement board.

What is even worse than this is the recent fashion of covering large spaces of wall with an embroidery of terra-cotta ornament fit only for a wedding cake. Terra-cotta is delightful enough when used as a material for modelling, and worked upon by the artist himself as for instance in the Tintoret figures or the plaques of the Della Robbia, or the exquisite work of Chalon, but applied to architecture, and more particularly in England it is simply repulsive to look upon, because it never acquires any texture from time, and its joints are seldom true and its finish is entirely mechanical. It might possibly be used in great plain masses but its constant employment for the mechanical repetition of ornament is only another instance of the disastrous effect of commercialism applied to art. It is quite possible to do a very fine piece of architecture without any carving at all. Some of the best designed facades

have absolutely none—as, for instance, the house in Lincoln's Inn Fields by Mr Philip Webb, one of the most original and masterly house fronts in London. If, however, you are going to have carving the entrance doorway is worth dwelling on, or a great finch high up on the building is a good place for the sculptor. The entrance doorway of a house in South Ken



(CARPEN WALK COMBE WARREN)

(The late Mr. J. J. Dever, Architect, Dunstable, Bedfordshire)

singleton designed by Mr Shaw (see p. 82) is a fine example of modern architectural carving. Figure work is best avoided unless you can afford a really good sculptor. But there are at this moment in London a dozen sculptors or more who understand how to handle the figure in architecture with a skill and knowledge hitherto unknown in England.

Here then in the elevation, we come back to the same principle of simplicity and self-restraint which was advocated for the plan. Any quantity of clever work of elaborate ornament of ambitious picturesque is turned out now-a-days, but this work has no enduring individuality, and it has not the rare quality of distinction.

TWO WINTER EXHIBITIONS

By FREDERICK WEDMORE

ROYAL SOCIETY OF BRITISH ARTISTS.

VARIETY is thus winter the characteristic of the show at the Institute inequality is what strikes one the most at the British Artists in

still too formidable array of the superfluous and the effete of the mediocrity of the drearily respectable. Put we may pass them by. We will consider only such work—and of that indeed only a portion—



THE MERRY TYN

(From the Painting by T. E. Hardy. In the Exhibition of the Royal Society of British Artists.)

Suffolk Street. Both bodies are tolerant but they are of a different quality. The Institute I understand within the last few years is not as yet tolerantly with the survival of the unfit. It would the British Artists establish a new world. I cannot calculate does it is a sufficient part of the generation in which only a small number. Hence the present in Suffolk Street and with the works of the most modern

is witnesses either to an individual vision or to an accomplished technique.

And I must be sufficient to say that there is something of this—my mind that there is both in an impression, we are—in the contributions which the Fleet Street Mr Wyke Baylis makes to the picture books of each passing season. I prefer the method of Mr Wyke Baylis in oil to his method in water

colour, and I believe that his Interior of the Duomo at Florence—his highest yet comprehensive vision of that jewelled yet austere temple—is the best of such pictures as he sends to the present winters gathering. In Mr Wyke Bayless's handling there is a gradual but certain improvement—he has to a great extent lost interest in what he has not lost individuality. Thus is the sympathetic artist the better enabled to do justice to the objects to which he has always been dignified thus does he become surer of a place which shall be his only.

The quiet as the works may be in a timid achievement the unprejudiced critic who has cast from about him the claims of a particular school would class probably together as *among the few really successful things in Suffolk Street*. The Kingdoms of the Sun by Mr Edwin Ellis the Sunbown by Mr Nelson Dawson and the Study of Mr Charles Marshall. Mr Edwin Ellis has been wont to be the eccentric and sensitive and delicate one has been on the present occasion committed to striking. His escape is indeed complete its execution may be arrested too soon but at last there is unity at last there is spontaneity—he has had a pleasure in the drum of the heavens in the pageant of the skies. Mr Nelson Dawson is much more solid. Over the expanse blue of the known and what legends of the Atlantic or of the Bay of Biscay there is diffused the warmth of some glowing sunset. Nothing happens in the picture but changes of colour and light. No craft moves on the waters but there is the interest of the measured swell of sea and sky. Very modest is Mr Charles Marshall in calling his work A Study. He has so much character not only in his type but her gesture is dramatic a miscellany piece of drawing, an unfinishing piece of flesh painting—not indeed very old rate but less suggestive and how strong. Mr Bulky Hardy Mr A W Weeden Mr Arnell Priestman Mr Nisbet Mr Frederick Tuckers—these all in oil or in water-colour interest us with accomplished work. Each of these men in his different methods is of the newer school each—unless it be Mr Weeden who is not less agreeable than the others and who is influenced more directly than they are by

the reticent masters of our older art. Mr Comyns Carr once wrote of Mr Herkomer that his art was experimental. The word describes precisely the often fascinating though rarely quite accomplished efforts of Mr Agassiz whose Rectory Garden in Cambridgeshire attests yet again his untrusting energy to see the world in nobody's way but his own.



CHIFFRIES

(See in the Portfolio by Sir Leslie F. Lee. In the Exhibition of the Royal Society of British Artists.)

INSTITUTE OF PAINTERS IN OIL COLOURS

At the Institute of Painters in Oil there is a greater amount of technical excellence than at the British Artists and there is hardly any hint to the variety of mix and of method but neither at the one place nor at the other do we find ourselves in presence of any single canvas which will take hold upon the public mind—which all the world will remember. Sir James Linton's Tessie—dramatic and flexible frameless surely a Jewess yet warmed by sunlight in the quiet of a summer day that an English summer can know—is after all but one more addition to the gallery of beauties warm and healthy and superbly habited, which the President of the

Institut des Finances been examined. In the future, I shall be able to give you a more complete answer. I shall be able to tell you more about the situation of the French Government. I shall be able to tell you more about the situation of the French Government. I shall be able to tell you more about the situation of the French Government.



THE KINGDOMS OF THE SUN

(It is the Proposition by the Ethics of the First Part of the First Section of the Ethics of Aristotle.)

r l t p n t l b g v w v s t t l i t a t u t l e s o w d l y f r e f r o t l e m e r t u e n o u s s o m t l y v i v i l
 i n l f G u i n s v s l i t a t t r i t n c e o f i s d l i s t s i n t i s u t M r W u l m t v l I t h n l



T LATE

(From the Preface by H. H. Pate to the Exhibition of the Royal Society of British Artists.)



FIRE FANCIES.

(From the Painting by Arthur Hacker, In the Exhibition of the Institute of Painters in Oil Colours. Engraved by Jonnard)

like Sir James Linton is seen really best in water colour does but add one or two strong things in the familiar manner to that which it has given us already. Mr Alfred Stiles is disappointing and thus through no fault of power but merely because he has contented himself with a contribution too insignificant and ill considered. An artist of distinction of refinement then as I suppose he should be represented well and he is represented. Mr David

Autumn in some limited acre of an orchard in France. He is very refined and delicate. So too is Mr Alfred East in yet another picture of a tongue of mud wind watered by a stream of the Midlands—bell and willow reeds of the foreground autumnal trees an obscure church tower of the middle distance visible very lightly in those many mists which are gathered up while we look. (See p. 93) Very charming and I serve it to as Mr Charles Hayes



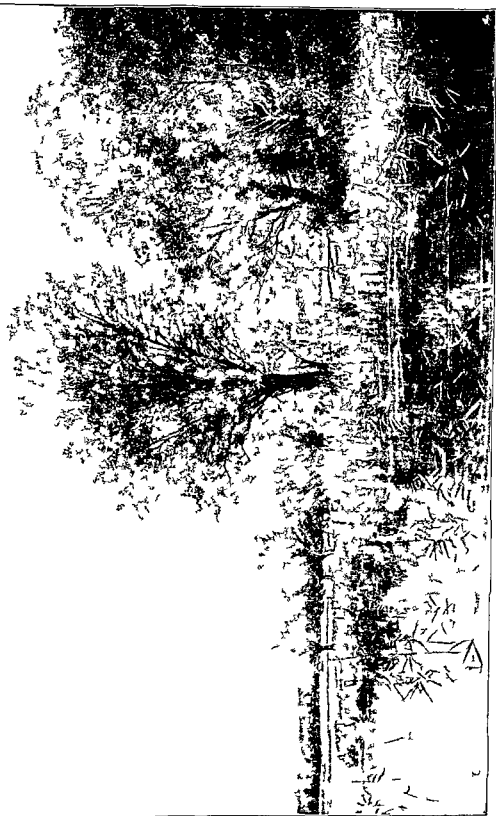
STRUGGLING LIGHT

(See page 93 by H. H. Jones) The East of the 1st to of 1st. A. C. C. C. C.

Murray to—his picture is no varied and oftentimes capricious—limits himself to the offering of an unimportant canvas. Happily Mr Alfred East and Mr Alexander Harrison have well which is not far from their best. Mr Harrison calls his picture 'Hunting Sixes'. The particular place may be treated freely or may be drawn exactly as it is, what is of greater interest is that in this charming instance of his reticent and simple art Mr Harrison has given us the abstract and brief chronicle of the country of the Downs with its low sweeping hills and its scattered valleys the soothing rhythm of its long lines. Mr Alexander Harrison in a picture so well I believe already in the Ching de Mers paints the 'Misty

in "A. M. M. M. which is thus far among the pleasantest of his achievements. But it is time to speak of the figure painters.

Mr Haynes Williams paints gracefully after his recent fashion an incident in the life of a man of one seventy years ago. When a man has lived to worship and a woman knows her self a little fully his been accorded to the instincts of both. Mr Watson Nicol in his chief work misses a grace of colour and tells a story with more of truth than of subtlety. Let it be 'Assets Nil'—a rooster with empty pockets and an unpaid reckoning—it is in the main humorous. It may be as Mr Tom Graham says as the motto of his picture that two leads are better than one. We will in any case



A DE 44 3 11V

(Friedrich) Alfred

R E h b d o h I n s o f C

BOOK EDGE DECORATION

By S. T. PRIDEAUX

Of the minor details of bookbinding there is no one that is so little noticed with more attention and that is now more neglected than the ornamentation of the edges. It is so to give a short account in this paper of the different ways by which beauty was given to the edges of books in former times and to describe the processes so that those who care for such things and do not shun the burden of the extra expense may have what is in a way not a list but an attempt at a guide to us as well for what is comparatively so small a matter.

The old modes of edge-decoration were nearly always gilt edge-decoration—that is to say the edges were mostly gilded either before or after the application of the ornament—and may be roughly divided into three classes—First what is now known under the various names of gilt margins, *à l'entour*, *à la toile*, or gilded edges, second gilt lines, or mar-

gins, and third gilt borders. Each of the two first classes includes different varieties of the same process.

The first had its rise in France in the reign of Louis XII. and was reserved for important works mostly for the king. Ornaments arms and the devices of the sovereign were incorporated in the edges and thus refinement of book luxury was then known as *art à la royale*, though its name did not until the *ordres et restrictions*. Nearly all the books in the original binding of the sixteenth century are so ornamented. According to M. Courcelle the most important book known to be so treated is *L'œuvr de Pierre de France et de ses successeurs* published by François Tisserand and printed at Paris by Gilles de Ceneourt about 1507. It is an octavo volume bound with the arms and emblems of Louis XII. and the conventional floral design on the edges is entirely worked by hand. It is in the Bibliothèque Mazarine.

Our own national library possesses many specimens of this kind of work and if there are none of equal merit to the above there are many of charming design and of a style especially appropriate to the limitations of the subject. Of such the illustrations on this and the opposite page may be taken as typical. The tools are all in the British Museum but it is they are not of great importance the titles are not even legible.

The process by which designs of this class are executed is very simple though to make complete designs for an unskilled person like those shown in



(From a Volume in the British Museum)



(From a Volume in the British Museum)

the first printed or colored edges and third gilt borders. Each of the two first classes includes different varieties of the same process.

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the illustrations requires the workman to be an artist. After the edge is gilt in the ordinary way a coat of size is lightly applied over it. When dry the edge is slightly rubbed with palm oil to make the gilt

adhere and then covered with gold leaf of a different colour to the first used. The tools for the various designs are then slightly warmed and impressed upon the edge. A still more delicate way is to take up the gold cut in small pieces from the cushion on the

tools so as to avoid sizing the already added surface. The gold that has not been touched by the tools is then lightly rubbed off and there remains an effective pattern of one colour and gold upon the other. Of course there is no necessity to use the two kinds of gold in many of the designs here reproduced the tools have been worked straight on to the original gilded edge. A further variety may be seen when the design looks dull upon a bright ground. This is achieved by working the tools on the edge when the gold leaf has been flattened on and not finished. The impressions being slightly sunk the

edge may be burnished afterwards without touching them and they will consequently remain dull.

In France book edges are still treated somewhat after this manner and the *exécration des tranches* forms a separate trade. But the decoration strange to say, is almost entirely confined to books of devotion and is carried out mostly in a stereotyped fashion that deprives it of any attractive interest and with out any of the elaborateness and appropriateness of the

sign that characterise the best examples of the historic period. The patterns are traced by means of dots worked with fine punches and a light hammer. Although layers of fine linings in France are very numerous and the prices they pay their masters of the art are often those of a picture or a gem the taste for these decorated edges seems to be altogether a thing of the past. It is a pity that it should be

so for edge gilding is carried out to great perfection and inasmuch as any form of painting under gold requires great delicacy in the operation of gilding the French would no doubt achieve great success in all modes of edge decoration. One has only to compare a book gilded in London with one done by a good Paris workman to see that what is but a rough handicraft here is a fine art over there.

The next class of edge ornament is rather later than the earliest specimens of the first and comprises different modes of painting and colouring the edges underneath the gold with or without the combination of tooling. Such work is very difficult of reproduction a good deal of the charm of it lies in the painted parts and these being worn with age are but rarely visible in their integrity. As examples however of the results attained reproductions are given on the next

page from two folios in the British Museum. Pathetic German bindings of the sixteenth century the first entitled *De Virga Virgine* (Census Ingolstadt 1577, from the library of Albert V. Duke of Bavaria)

the other *De Stat. Aulicorum* (Vienne 1606) from Frankfurt am Main 1606. The edges are fairly well preserved and the figures of the Virgin and Child which

are painted on the one and the arms of Nuremberg on the other, are clearly seen. The latter is the best planned and executed design the details of the painted arms are most delicately tooled and the rest of the design is thrown up by means of the ground or field being matted down by a small punch very carefully worked.

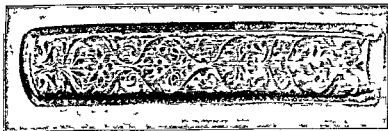
Another German binding of the same date,



(From a Volume in the British Museum)



(From a Volume in the British Museum)



(From a Volume in the British Museum)

As laquand's Fra' Felice Matthæi Leipzig 1775 in the South Kensington Museum has a quaint and well disposed printing of the Day of Judgment on the fore edge which is not gilded. Percent reeds of



EDGE OF DE MARIA VIRGINE (14)

(In the British Museum)

the remainder of the space being filled up with complicated arabesques and Perussine ornaments.

While on this subject I may mention that in the year 1875 there was offered to the trustees of the British Museum a set of one hundred and seventy volumes formerly belonging to Olorico Illione of Pelluno and at that time in the possession of Signor Favolle of Venice a relative of Count Pillone. These books were remarkable for being bound by Cene Vecellio a nephew of the great Titian and author of *Costumes Ancient and Modern of Different Parts of the World* with discourses on the same published at Venice in 1590 and again in 1598. In this discourse which treats of the dress of a beautiful man of Civita di Lido, Vecellio mentions with great enthusiasm the Cavaliere Illione one of the chief families of the little town and their charming villa of Cavellino. Cesare Vecellio was not only a friend and favourite at this villa and hence his Irish and pen ornaments a considerable portion of its fine

library. Twenty out of these hundred and seventy volumes clad in vellum wrappers have these wrappers enriched by designs in pen and ink or washed in with Indian ink by Vecellio. Over one hundred and forty are remarkable for their fore edges being painted by the same hand. Most of these are folios of the second half of the fifteenth or first part of the sixteenth century clad in dark leather a creamy pigskin rough with deeply stamped devices on bosses of brass and fastened with clasps or strings. Such books were commonly placed with their backs to the wall and then fore edges exposed and the latter being thick presented a fine field for the pencil of Vecellio. The late Sir Stirling Maxwell thus described some of these edges. Vecellio has generally contented himself with a single figure grandly designed and boldly coloured. Sometimes in the red robes of the cardinal sometimes in the same nudity of the hero, not appears in various attitudes on the fore edges of the partly edition of his works printed by Erben at

Basle in 1577. Augustus D. Coste *De Venetia* 1494 has that gentleman in his study with a view of Hippolytus in the sea shore in the background being very like Venice. Galens *Opera*, Basel 1529 is decorated with a doctor in his scarlet robes and hat trimmed with ermine. *Dei Venetia*, 1491 of course has the well known figure in red with the cup of old Florence. The *Dieta avaria* of Calpurnius Longum 1778 has a vase with a tall flower of many blossoms. *De trojanis*, Basel 1572 shows the heads of three emperors and *Septimus* Basel 1575 the same number of gold medals on a light blue ground. Though the trustees of the museum did not purchase this fine Venetian library it is still in this country and it is by the courtesy of its present owner that I have been enabled to give this account of it.



EDGE OF DE STADT NURNBERG ALBRECHT REFORMATION (1565).

(In the British Museum)

In the present day, little is done in the direction of painted edges. Gilding on marbled or plain coloured edges appears to be the only way in which this *luxe des lures* is carried out. The edges are for this purpose first marbled, the colours being used



LANDSCAPE ON EDGE OF "THE SEASONS" (1824).

rather sparingly when dry slightly rubbed with very fine sandpaper to take off the roughness of the colour and then burnished with an agate. The size is then lightly applied the gold-leaf put on at once and finished off as in ordinary edge gilding. When dry the marble appears through the gold. An inverted form of this process appears in what the French call "*Dunoir sur tranche Dunoir mûre*." This consists of first gilding the edge slightly burnishing to fix the gold, and then marbling in the ordinary way. When the colours are dry a further burnishing is all that is necessary.

The last class deals with landscape representations on the fore-edge: a mode of decoration of which there are no known English examples before the latter half of the eighteenth century. It is effected in the following manner.—When the edges are well scraped and burnished they are fanned out, and in this position confined between two boards and tied



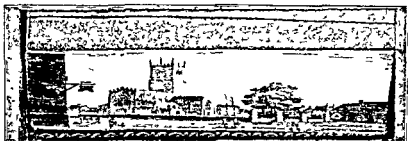
LANDSCAPE ON EDGE OF "FLORE DOMESTICA" (1821).

tightly on each side. A subject is then painted on them in either water-colours or some sort of stain or coloured ink free from body colour. When perfectly dry the boards are untied and the leaves take their proper position. The book is then put in the press and thence forth once the gold being flattened by the burnisher without polishing. Another coating of gold is then applied and it is finished in the usual way. The first coating of gold protects the colours, and

the second, penetrating the first, unifies the whole, so that it is completely identified with the leaves. When the volume is closed the picture is not seen for the gold but when the leaves are drawn out in the process of opening it at once becomes apparent. The

only thing necessary for the success of this mode of decoration is that the objects should always be drawn a little short, so that they attain their full height by the spreading of the leaves. The man whose name is especially identified with this work is Edwards of Halifax and his books are pretty frequently met with Mr Toovey has seven or eight volumes in his private collection and Mr Tregaskis of Holborn has had several excellent specimens in his hands during the past year.

The first example which is reproduced is from a



EAST PETTIFORD CHURCH ON THE EDGE OF A PRAYER BOOK.

copy of "The Seasons" by Thomson published with engravings from designs by Westall R.A. London 1824. It was kindly lent by Mr Bumpus of Oxford Street as was also that at the bottom of the page a large octavo copy of "Flora Domestica" London, 1825. Both of these are by Edwards of Halifax. The other is a view of East Pettiford Church painted on a Prayer Book bound by C. Kalthorpe in the possession of Mr Holborn. A recent specimen of this kind of work may be seen on the British Museum copy of Mr Loftus's "Kensington Picturesque and Historical" (1883) the fore-edge having two small views painted on it by Mr Foker junior. This is by far the most attractive

form of edge-decoration with the exception perhaps of a really well planned and executed design of the first class: it needs of course an artist to make the water-colour drawing and for the book also to be printed on rather than paper but with these two conditions it can be a wholly satisfactory form of ornament. The modern fashion of printing books on paper like cardboard is utterly destructive of any of the three classes of decoration treated in this paper.

DIVES



HOLD WITH YOU THAT ART SHOULD PLEASE
1 CARE NOT TO BE SHOCKED

WITH SHAPES OF TERROR OR DISEASE

ROUGH SKETCHED OR

RUDELY BLOCKED

THE FASHION NOW BUT YET I PRIZE

BEYOND ALL PRETTY THINGS

MORE THAN A WOOD NYMPH'S LAUGHING EYES

OR CUP DISVEILED WINGS

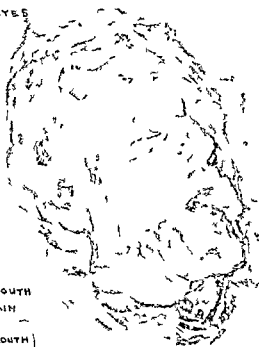
THIS PLASTER CAST
SO GRIM AND WHITE

THIS 'HEAD' WITHOUT A NAME

WITH FACE DEPAVED

BY SIN AND FRIGHT

AND TWISTED LIKE
THE FLAME



IT BURNS IN SEE THE OPEN MOUTH

THE EYELIDS SEALED WITH PAIN

ALL BLIND WITH FIRE

AND DUMB WITH DROUTH

THE POOR SOUL GASPS IN VAIN

IT CAME ONE WINT'RY NIGHT THE DANCE
WAS DROPPED AND ALL DREW NEAR
TO SEE THE PRESENT SENT FROM FRANCE
TO MARK THE GLAD NEW YEAR

A RARE GIFT FROM A SCHOLAR RARE
WHAT EAGER MOUTHS AND EYES
SURROUND ME AS I SHAKE WITH CARE

THE SAWDUST FROM THE PRIZE

AND THEN—WHAT THEN IS ALL DRAW
THEIR BREATH

TIGHT AS I TURN THE HEAD

AND SHOW THEM SOMETHING WORSE
THAN DEATH

THE TORMENT OF ONE DEAD

THEN—SILENCE—

NOT A WORD GOES
ROUND

THAT MUTE RING CHARGED WITH

TILL WITH SLOW STEPS VARIOUSLY

A LITTLE GIRL DRAWS NEAR

A SMALL SIGN FROM HER MOUTH SLIPS

AS FROM SIDES

BETWEEN THOSE PALE LIPS

SHE DROPPED A SUGAR PLUM

COSSY MONKHOUSE

DIVERS



HOLD WITH YOU THAT ART SHOULD PLEASE
I CARE NOT TO BE SHOCKED
WITH SHAPES OF TERROR OR DISEASE
ROUGH SKETCHED OR
RUDELY BLOCKED

THE FASHION NOW BUT YET I PRIZE
BEYOND ALL PRETTY THINGS
MORE THAN A WOOD NYMPH'S LAUGHING EYES
OR CUPID'S JEWELL'D WINGS

THIS PLASTER CAST
SO GRIM AND WHITE
THIS "HEAD" WITHOUT A NAME
WITH FACE DEPAVED
BY SIN AND FRIGHT
AND TWISTED LIKE
THE FLAME



IT BURNS IN SEE THE OPEN MOUTH
THE EYE LIDS SEALED WITH PAIN
ALL BLIND WITH FEAR
AND DUMB WITH DROUTH
THE POOR SOUL GASPS IN VAIN

IT CAME ONE WINTRY NIGHT THE DANCE
WAS DROPPED AND ALL DREW NEAR
TO SEE THE PRESENT SENT FROM FRANCE
TO MARK THE GLAD NEW YEAR

A RARE GIFT FROM A SCURB OR RARE
WHAT LACER MOUTHS AND EYES
SURROUND ME AS I SHAKE WITH CARE
[THE SANDUST FROM THE PRIZE]

AND THEN—WHAT THEN—[ALSO DRAW]
[THEIR BREATH]
TIGHT AS I TURN THE HEAD
AND SHOW THEM SOMETHING WORSE
[THAN DEATH]
[THE TORMENT OF ONE DEAD]

THEN—SILENCE

NOT A WORD GOES
[ROUND]

THAT MUTE RING CHARGED WITH
[FEARS]

TILL WITH SLOW STEPS WITHOUT A
[SOUND]

A LITTLE GIRL DRAWS NEAR

A SMALL SIGH FROM HER MOUTH—LIPS
[AS FROM A LITTLE SQUARE]

BETWEEN THOSE MUTE LIPS

SHE DROPPED A SUGAR PLUM

COSY MONKHOUSE



LOAD NEAR A RIVER
(From the *Life of Cuyper*)

THE DULWICH GALLERY.

IN TWO PARTS—PART II.

By WAITE ARMSTRONG.

IN no gallery in the world can Albert Cuyper be studied so well as at Dulwich. The national collection can boast indeed of no less than eight fine Cuyper's two of which the large *Argentine Landscapes* (33) and the small *Cuyper in a Lake* (824) perhaps excel in quality the best of the Dulwich pictures. But all the pictures in *The Dutch Spinnings* belong to one period of the master. They are all in what may be called his definitive manner. Thus had two predecessors. At first he worked after a fashion borrowed apparently from Wouwerman. There is nothing but intrinsic evidence to connect the two men but it seems to me impossible to deny that the painter of those earlier scenes which we signal A.C. and are connected by such an unbroken chain of development with the superb horse pictures also so signal at Dulwich, Pottersdam and elsewhere must have been familiar with the work of Wouwerman. The handling of the latter is very different from that of Cuyper but in general arrangement in the chord of colour in the use of a dull ground and in many details besides the two men often come

very near together. Cuyper was about the same age as Wouwerman but—keeping in view both the tradition that he was an amateur and certain peculiarities of his style throughout life—it is more than probable that he began the serious study of art at a later date. Many things signed A.C. and given to Cuyper are probably by Adriaen van der Werf, a little known portrait painter of Amsterdam.* But the great majority and especially those in which horses, poultry and still life play the chief part are undoubtedly by Cuyper. The A.C. pictures are painted in a rich, even, dark ground in large planes and with great fusion of handling. Two of the finest are in the Leiden Museum—the *Stall* and the *Dark Game*—but in quality none excel the picture numbered 114 at Dulwich. This is one of those horses of All at Cuyper which as Laurent tells us "lept Germanly awake at night"†

Dissatisfied perhaps with the touch of art

* See Dr. Frohne's *Life of Cuyper* of the Rijks Museum Amsterdam edition of 1889, p. 98.

† *Notes of the Hollandsche Kunst* p. 211.

fidelity in this Wouwerman manner, and captivated by the natural freshness of those pictures of the Meuse and its neighbourhood which Jan Van Goyen was multiplying so fast about the year 1640. Cuypp seems to have turned to the latter for a new style. His first attempts in it are a little grey and pallid more quiet than Van Goyen and more timid in the handling, tending, as a rule, to a somewhat chilly yellow, but seldom ill composed and always full of light and atmosphere. Of this manner there are three capital examples at Dulwich numbered respectively 9, 76 and 192. Dr Richter considers these pictures to belong to Cuypp's earliest style, but I prefer the sequence given above. It seems to me unreasonable to suppose that the master would begin in a simple, light and airy style, signing his pictures A. Cuypp, would then descend into an artificial, elaborate and complex style, and into the signature A. C. and would finally revert to a development of his early manner and to the use of his early signature. His third period is represented at Dulwich by four pictures of great importance and of first rate quality and by

one the Cattle Near a River, numbered 8, which must once have been equally fine. It is now disfigured by excoriation and by the repairs of some reckless hand, probably that of Sir Francis Pourgoon himself. The *Paid Near a River* reproduced on page 100 and the *Cattle and Figures Near a River*, are, so far as my experience goes, inferior only to the Angerstein picture and to the great cattle piece in the Louvre (104) among the larger works of Cuypp, while the small *Evening Paid Near a River* has an intimate charm approaching that of the *Castle in a Landscape* in the Peel collection. It closely repeats the motive of a superb little picture which passed some ten or twelve years ago from the possession of Mr Foster of Clewer into that of Baron Alphonse de Rothschild. Finally a painting Scherl numbered 1 seems to me a genuine work of Cuypp's A. C. period and not a school piece, as the catalogue calls it, while *No. 12 Cows and Sheep* seems to be also authentic. A picture very like it is in the possession of M. Rodolphe Kann of Paris.



JACOB AND LABAN

(From the *Prints by Claude Lorraine*, by C. Carter)

A small picture, numbered 120, and bearing the false signature of 'Paulus Potter,' is a first-rate example of Gerrit Camphuzen, a painter whose works are not so very rare, although it is but thirty years since the French critic Burger first asserted his existence. A good Camphuzen was in the possession of Mr Theodore Gilton, by whom it was long lent to the Putnam Green Museum. Another, of excellent quality, belongs to Mme Van Vollenhoven Van Lannep in Amsterdam. The Rijks Museum has a portrait of Camphuzen by himself: there is an excellent 'Lain House Interior' in the Brussels Gallery.

For a peasant interior, belongs to the Hertford House collection; the Rotterdam Museum has one, the Hermitage two, the Museum at Kiel one, the Smithsonian Museum at Annapolis has one of unusual size, the subject, 'Culves in a Stall,' and the Copenhagen Gallery one which requires authentication. Finally, others pass in less frequented collections for the works of Paul Potter. Another rare man who may be spoken of here is Abraham Brouwer. Paris now was one of the latest pupils of Rembrandt. 'Vusurier de culves' in his drawings he comes nearer to the breadth and vigour of his master than any other Dutch painter. It is not by vigour and breadth, however, that this picture at Dulwich is distinguished. In general aspect it has more affinity to modern English art than to the art of Rembrandt and fails from exactly that lack of form—in its technical sense—for which the English school has been so often blamed. Brouwer's pictures are very scarce. A peasant landscape with a beautiful distance, in the Pesth Museum is supposed to be his masterpiece. The Dulwich picture, which is unsigned, has much affinity with the work of Jan Sibex, a painter of Antwerp who came to England about 1680 and died here in 1703. Still clinging to those painters who dealt with landscapes and animals I may next turn to the collection of Wouwermans. But first perhaps it may be well to note that No. 209, the picture traditionally known as 'Le Muid' and No. 200, 'Le Sout,' are two of the best productions of the Dutch inter-erated Perchem the second time, to my mind the more perfect, and that Willem Roelofs, Wouwermans best pupil is present in two pleasing works. According to the catalogue, the gallery has nine pictures by Philips Wouwerman and two by his brother Peter. To the latter I should be inclined to give at least a share in some of the pictures attributed to Philips. But the whole question of the three Wouwermans has yet to be straightened out. Philips died at the age of forty-nine and about eight hundred pictures are ascribed to him. Peter lived to be ten years older, and yet his acknowledged *œuvre* would probably not be found to reach a total of one hundred. Jan died at thirty-

seven but he must have painted many more pictures than the few which bear his name. It is probable that a large number of works ascribed to Philips were produced by his brothers under his own eye. The best of those here by Philips himself are the four which hang on the left of the second room. These are 'A Halt of Travellers' (144) and 'A Halt of Three Cavaliers at a Wayside Inn' (125) dating from his first maturity. 'A Country ad with a Farmer' (137) and 'The Halt of a Hunting Party' (173) belonging to his period of fullest bloom—the period when he used the complex monogram beginning in every letter of his Christian name, which rarely appears on his earlier works.

The catalogue incomprehensibly dismisses four pictures ascribed to the Boths with the declaration that they are painted in the style of Rubens by his pupils or imitators. If the word Rubens is a mistake for Both then it is all right for the pictures in question are as certainly in that master's general style as they are without the emulm of his own execution. One of them, the little upright landscape, numbered 203, unites the characteristics of Both and Cuyp in a curious fashion. I know pictures by the same hand which bear the name—and apparently the signature—of Cuyp. The 'Mountain Path' numbered 36, is one of the best pictures of J. in Both.

The king of the Dutch school—possibly the King of Art—is present at Dulwich in what I may call semi-state. The small male portrait dated 1672, the year of the Lesson in Anatomy, is in excellent condition and of the finest quality. The famous 'Girl at a Window' which used to be known as 'Rembrandt's Maid servant,' is dated 1645, the year of the 'Burgomaster Pincus with his Wife,' of Buckingham Palace and of the Berlin 'Pohl' and 'Tollit and his Wife,' and of the Hermitage 'Holy Family. The 'Jacob's Dream' which has been taken rightly enough from the master and degraded to the condition of a school piece shows certain affinities with the work of Gerrit Cluck.

Gerrit Dou's 'Lady Playing on the Virginals' (106), 'Arthur van Ostades' 'Boys Making Merry' (190) and 'Man and Woman Conversing' (107), and the 'Old Woman Eating' (8) which used to be ascribed to Dou, are among the gems of the collection. The last named is rather a puzzle. At present it is ascribed plumbly to J. de Leukum whose hand may have done most of it. To me the hand seems, however, the work of Mevra. The 'Chieder Van der Werff' now hopelessly and deservingly *denied*, is present in what used to be thought a masterpiece—the 'Judgment of Paris,' and 'In Victors in one of those variations on Rembrandt's own 'Isaac Blessing Jacob,' which seem to have been exacted from so many of his pupils.

On the sixteen pictures ascribed to Nicholas Poussin I do not propose to dwell. More than half are by his scholars who do not display the defects rather than the powers of the master. It is not to them that the picture comes, our will turn for things to justify the fame of France but to the *Cluik* and the *Watt* in *The Cluik* is a good picture (p. 101) but the traces on our right live

and ship. Le Brun was three years older than M. Le Brun and would have been between thirty five and forty when the picture was painted. In comparison it entirely agrees with his work to which on the other hand it has little resemblance either in colour or handling.

As for the English pictures the limits of these papers make it impossible that they should be



BALL UNDER A COLONNAD.

(From the *Salon de la Nation* Engraved by C. Coeur.)

suffered from clumsy restoration. The *Watteau* engraving in this page is superb—as fine almost as the *Le Chaperon* at Edinburgh and in more excellent condition. Several so-called copies exist. One was at Westminster Abbey another in the last picture collection at St. Petersburg, a third with differences I never used to be at Hildesheim. The second *Watteau* “*At the Point of a Wood*” reminds me a little of his scholar *Lancet*. The portrait of M. Le Brun given to the school of Le Brun on the strength of the plot in the French Museum I value as so far resisted all attempts to detect its true

disused it any length and indeed held that a new one could be sent about Sir Thomas “*Mrs. Sedgwick*” is still in the French Museum. It is a copy of the twenty-two pictures which represent Sir Francis Le Brun as seen to him that in the first part of the collection he might have sent a better one as an artist but it cannot be denied that the aspect of the collection is a whole is in my opinion a slight defect. The museum is full of pictures with which it is only to be said that Nicholas Poussin and the French school are supposed to be that of the other French are represented.

OUR ILLUSTRATED NOTE BOOK

THE illustrations on this and the opposite page have been selected from among the Greek antiquities presented to the Nottingham Art Museum by Lord Savile and discovered by him in his excavations on the shores of Lake Nemi in the years 1885-6. This lake is situated in the Alban Mountains at the foot of Monte Cavo about eighteen miles south-east of Rome and is called the

Mare S. Nemi. It was on the north shore that Lord Savile—then Sir John Lubbock—on his mission to Rome—discovered the site of the Great Temple of Divine Nemesis—the Artemis of the Latins.

During the excavations a great number of objects in metal, terra cotta, bronze, glass,

ivory and gold were found principally of the Hellenic period dating from about 600 B.C. to 100 B.C. and consisting of votive offerings, personal ornaments, domestic and ceremonial utensils, architectural details and decorations, sculpture, inscriptions, and coins. One of the most important pieces of sculpture in the collection is the great terracotta head and torso of a female figure—Famula (1. Inf.). It is six feet high, of white marble, and is in perfect preservation—very rare stuff for any antique bust to be in. The head is that of a square woman with thin face and aquiline nose. The hair is treated in a very unusual manner, two masses of hair hanging over the crown and reaching to the summit of the head and are fastened with broad bands on the forehead and sides, as represented in low relief of the flutes of the temple columns and on the base is inscribed—

FAMULA C. I. JULIA
PATRONA DOCTI

(Found in the Villa of Calpurnia Pisonis, the Patroness of Doctus.)

From which it appears that this bust was created by Doctus, probably in

free-hair to his patroness. It is a remarkable piece of work of the early Imperial period, about 20 A.D., and is considered to be unsurpassed amongst existing portrait sculptures.



GREEK TERRA-COTTA HEAD
FOUND AT NEMI

The terra cotta form the greater portion of the objects found at Nemi and are very valuable and instructive. The three heads illustrated on this page are fine examples of Greek modelling. The one at the bottom of the page—which probably represents Venus—has all the characteristics of the best period of Greek art and is a beautiful example of refined treatment in modelling the freshness of which is preserved the other two heads—one representing a

Vestal Virgin and the other a woman—are evidently of the same period as the one as refined in treatment.

Very few specimens of glass were discovered but the other illustrations show three very interesting examples. The vase at the bottom of page 105 is quite perfect in preservation, and is of dark blue enamel with white and yellow glass thirls, the other vase, which is not perfect is similar in design. The mask is curious and very archaic in character, probably Etruscan, it is of blue



ETRUSCAN GLASS MASK
FOUND AT NEMI

green and yellow glass—the face being green, the hair and blue and the eyes, nose and mouth are marked out with yellow.

There are many examples in Lord Savile's gift to Nottingham to which, if space would allow attention might profitably be called, but it is gratifying to know that the unity of this valuable collection, as coming from one site, has been preserved by one gallery being set apart for it. The various objects have been classified, arranged and described by Mr. G. Hurry Wallis F.S.A., the Curator of the Museum who has also compiled a useful catalogue, with notes to which Lord Savile has contributed a very interesting account of his discoveries at Nemi.



GREEK TERRA-COTTA HEAD
FOUND AT NEMI

The late Mr J. H. Henshaw, whose death was recently announced was one of the veterans among our landscape painters. Although considered in his later years as a Birmingham artist he originally resided in London when from the then artistic



GREEK GLASS VASE FOUND
AT NEMI

resort of Chalcotte Street Fitzroy Square he contributed to the principal exhibitions. From 1829 when he first appeared at the Royal Academy with four pictures to 1865 he had according to Mr Graves one hundred and eleven works in the principal Metropolitan exhibitions—namely thirty-eight at the Royal Academy, forty-six at the British Institution and twenty-seven at the Society of British Artists. More recently he exhibited chiefly at Birmingham where he died at Green Lanes at the age of eighty-four.

Mr Caspian Pardon Clarke C.B. and a Fellow of the Royal Society of British Architects who has just been appointed in succession to the late Mr George Wallis Keeper of the Art Collections of the South Kensington Museum is a gentleman exceptionally well qualified for the office his nomination to which by Viscount Cranbrook reflects the very highest credit on the Government. Mr C. Pardon Clarke after having received his general education in France entered the Art Schools at



GREEN GLASS VASE FOUND
AT NEMI

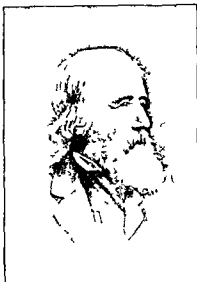
South Kensington as a student of architecture in 1862 in which subject he highly distinguished himself—taking a National Medal for Architectural Design in 1865 and with it winning an appointment under Her Majesty's Office of Works where he was specially employed in making a set of drawings of the Houses of Parliament from actual measurements and in assisting Dr. John Terry in carrying out the scheme of warming and ventilating them. Mr Clarke was next attached to the staff of the late General Henry Scott Elliot the architect to the South Kensington Museum, and here he had the great good fortune to act as immediate assistant to Mr James Wall an eminent

Oriental archaeologist and architect and the designer of portions of the South Kensington Museum of the galleries surrounding the Royal Horticultural Gardens and of the Petrolia Green Museum. In 1870 Mr Clarke was selected by Mr Wild to proceed to Italy for the purpose of reproducing some of the ancient mosaic pictures of that country for the South Kensington Museum. He executed this mission in the face of great political and financial difficulties with the most remarkable success due partly to his complete knowledge of French and Italian but chiefly to his transparent straightforwardness and truth of character. Returning to England in 1877 he was at once sent by Her Majesty's Government to Persia to erect and decorate fifteen designs by Mr James Wild, the building of the British Legation at Teheran. To this duty was added the task of preparing plans for the British Consular buildings in various parts of that country and in this way Mr Clarke visited nearly all the principal cities of Persia on one of these journeys he accompanied Major the Hon. George Napier on a military mapping expedition from Tabreez through Kurdistan almost to Baghdad. Here again, Mr Clarke who



PORTRAIT BUST AND STELE OF A
ROMAN LADY FOUND AT NEMI

almost to Baghdad. Here again, Mr Clarke who



THE LATE J. H. BENSCHAW

From a Photograph by Harold Baker Esq. (London)

led quickly mastered the Persian language which he still reads and speaks fluently distinguished himself by his intuitive talent in dealing with the people of the country on account of which he was specially brought to the notice of Her Majesty's Government by returning to

textile fabrics he returned with in two years now form one of the most attractive features of the national collection. His success in this mission was splendid and so economically achieved that Her Majesty conferred on him the high honour of the Companionship of the Indian Empire.



C. FURDON CLARKE CIE

(From a Photograph by A. J. M. M. M.)

the Indian Minister then at Tehran. In 1876 he was at once again employed, and it was at this time that he travelled through Greece, Turkey, and Syria to make purchases of Oriental art treasures for the South Kensington Museum. He had scarcely returned with the collection when he was charged by Her Majesty the Prince of Wales with the arrangement of the Indian section of the International Exhibition which was opened in 1877, and the picture of his position in the collection of the Indian presents of the Prince of Wales was for Mr. Clark the coveted position of the Indian section of the exhibition. In the following year he was sent to India to make purchases for the South Kensington Museum of the most valuable and expensive works of wood-carving and metalwork.



DEPOSITS FROM THE CHINA

(By Turpin. Recently acquired by the National Gallery)

In 1888, he was appointed Keeper of the Indian section of the South Kensington Museum and in 1890 again departed to India to make further purchases for it and it was during this visit that he designed the beautiful architectural palace of the Maharajah of Mysore. But a more scholarly work was the palace he designed for the Indian section of the Paris Exhibition of 1889 for which he received three gold medals from the International Jury. On every ground therefore we have to congratulate the South Kensington authorities and the Government and the public on Mr. Clark's new appointment.

On pages of the Art Notes for December the three new acquisitions of the National Gallery, here figured were described. The Day

it from the Cross by Tiepolo to the Last of the Italians and the *beten* are of Mengs the Head of the Milan and variously ascribed to the Lunch school and The Fortune Teller by Pietro Longhi the contemporary of Hogarth.

Last month we recorded the rumour that Prince Borghese of Rome had intended to dispose of his collection the Italian laws and reserves notwithstanding. Since then the Prince is said to have spirited his "Cesar" by Raphael out of the country and to have flattered Baron Rothschild with his bargain. But the strange thing about the matter is that for many



HEAD OF MADONNA.

(As taken from the original by the National Gallery.)

years both the identity of the arch villain Porga and the authorship of Raphael have been wholly regulated by the greater number of the best judges. One argument against the ascription is that Cesar Borgia died in 1507 whereas the statue of the portrait is undoubtedly the middle of the century. The portrait is supposed to be by Raphael, but the probability is that it is by Bramante. Nevertheless the picture—which is not in very good condition—is a beautiful one and has been described by the latest historian of the life of Cesar Borgia as "the most perfect portrait which exists in the world." Yet it is not difficult to suppose that it really does represent the eponymous

character it seems to be a very incarnation of. The Prince of Machiavelli. To achieve fully the expression it is necessary to remember the character of the man is portrayed by Maculay. The statue is



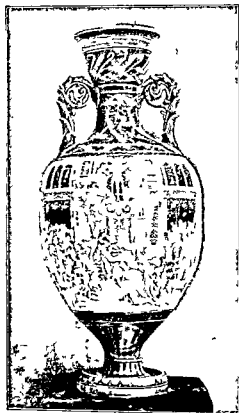
THE FORTUNE TELLER.

(By Pietro Longhi. Recd. by acquisition by the National Gallery.)



CESAR BORGIA.

(Ascribed to Raphael. Recd. by purchase by Baron Rothschild.)



CECIL VASE DESIGNED BY M. SOLON AND MANUFACTURED FOR MESSRS. PHILLIPS.

gracious man is which marked the insatiable ambition and the implacable hatred of Cesar Porga, who when sensuality varied through innumerable forms could no longer stimulate his satiated mind, found a more powerful and durable excitement in the intense thirst of empire and revenge.

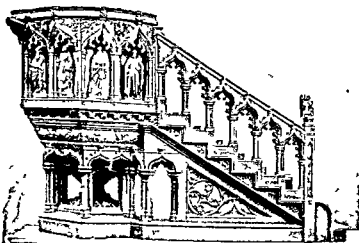
and who filled his mind with a hundred curses and regrets.

In a people of whom his genius had been the master and might have been the saviour. Mr. Justin McCarthy has asked in speaking of this picture "Is it not a pity that the imagination of the painter when painting this picture was not so positively influenced by the contrast between the man of physical beauty and moral guilt and the man consciously heightened the contrast by making the pale and passionless man so darkly the superb brilliancy of the eyes burn more brightly than might have been seen in mortal life?" Cesar before is said by a contemporary historian to have been a "fair and beautiful"—*Jeune et belle*

belle—and to have attracted women 'as a magnet attracts iron'.

The vase reproduced on this page, designed and manufactured for Messrs. Phillips of Oxford Street, may perhaps be looked upon as the masterpiece of M. Solon, the eminent artist whose name has for many years been connected with Minton's and on whose life work an article was published in this Magazine in 1890. This vase stands thirty six inches high, and as the moulds have been destroyed is practically unique. Besides which, owing to the difficulties encountered in producing such a work the artist will never again attempt anything of similar proportions. For two years the mould had to be kept in a moist state to enable M. Solon to work upon it and the whole time occupied in bringing it to completion was two years and a half so it is not surprising that the vase is valued at 1500 guineas. It is made entirely of coloured clays paint being altogether excluded from this kind of work.

The pulpit shown in our last illustration and recently erected to the memory of the late Dean Goullum in the choir of Norwich Cathedral was designed by Mr. J. D. Seddon and executed by Mr. Hems of Exeter. It is hexagonal in plan and stands seven feet nine inches in height. In the main niches of the body of the pulpit are figures carved in high relief of the four Evangelists—St. Matthew holding a T square, the emblem of his original vocation as a carpenter, St. Mark and St. Luke, each with an book and scroll, and St. John leaning a book in one hand and chalice with the rising evil spirit in the other. Next is St. Paul with the sword and staves of St. James the Less as Bishop and St. Stephen and Peter, with their appropriate emblems occupy the remaining niches.



PULPIT OF CARVED OAK RECENTLY ERECTED IN NORWICH CATHEDRAL.
(Designed by J. D. Seddon. Executed by Messrs. Hems of Exeter.)

ART IN DECEMBER

A PLAINT FROM THE ROYAL ACADEMY SCHOOLS.

We have received the following startling letter from one who is well qualified to speak on the subject from his inner knowledge of facts and his position alike—

"A young art student in whom I am interested has lately tried for a scholarship at the Royal Academy. He successfully passed the first test, being one of the eleven selected for probationship. Under the new rules, of which we have heard so much, these probationers are required to make two life drawings and an original composition at Burlington House before being finally accepted as students. Knowing that his work was good, I was much disappointed to learn that he had failed to pass the second test, but this feeling was changed to utter astonishment on learning that not one of the eleven had succeeded! I know that the work of several of them had been seen and approved by some of the Academicians.

"Should any of these unfortunate students have the courage to try again, they will have to send up not only specimens of life work, but also an antique drawing similar to the one already accepted. This means another three months' work, with the chance of being again rejected at the end!

"The Academy does not indicate in which of the three tests the probationer has failed, and hence he may go on spending most of his time in practicing that which is *satisfactory instead of working up his weak point*. Students who are sufficiently advanced to draw thoroughly well from life and antique, and who can also make first rate sketches, are probably also making money, and are hardly likely to care to try for a chance of a studentship at the Royal Academy. Surely there must be something wrong with rules that result in an incapacity to find a single student in all England worth teaching!"

Something very wrong indeed! The new rules were adopted to check the flow of incapable students into the lower and to fill the upper classes, but when the only result is the immediate emptying of the schools—the absolute rejection of every candidate—the sudden inability to find any merit where a good deal was found before, only one conclusion can be drawn. The result may be annoying to the Academy, but it is death to the student, and a distinct check to the art of the country.

ARTISTS ARRESTED WHILE SKETCHING.

The arrest of artists while in the exercise of their profession similar in circumstances to Mr Pennell's recent experience in Perdicheff, is no new thing—not even to Mr Pennell. It is only a little more than four years ago since he, in company with Mr Hamerton, was pointed upon while sketching at Pontailier during a harmless little artistic pilgrimage, but, it must be admitted, sufficiently close to the neighbouring fortifications to arouse the suspicion of the argus-eyed *gendarmes*. The adventure of Hogarth at Calais when after the Peace of Aix la Chapelle in 1748, he went to that town to make sketches of the

Gate for his famous picture, and was incontinently locked up—the experience resulting in his, "O, the Roast Beef of Old England"—will occur to everyone. But less is known of Wilkie's arrest on the self-same spot when, in 1813, he resumed, with permission, to stand and sketch 'Hogarth's Gate.' Instead, however of being expelled like Hogarth he received the mayor's expressions of courteous regret and went on his way rejoicing. In 1590, or thereabouts, Andrea Boscoli, who at Loretto was struck with the beauty of the fortifications, determined to make a background of them for one of his pictures, and proceeded with a sketch for that purpose, but he was seized for a spy by the 'officers of justice,' and was actually sentenced to the galleys and was only saved, we are told, by the intervention of Signor Pandini. In the same way Brauer, the beloved of Rubens was arrested as a spy at Antwerp, and was imprisoned along with the Duke d'Arenberg until the great Fleming procured his freedom. Martin Ryckaert, too, the landscape painter of Antwerp, on his return from Rome, was seized by the military guards while sketching the Castle of Namur, which he desired to introduce into one of his pictures. He was accounted a spy until he succeeded in establishing his identity, when the governor, with a few words of advice, set him free. The moral is clear enough if artists defy the military or civil regulations of the countries they visit they must be prepared for suspicion and arrest in precisely the same way as men otherwise gifted.

THE LAST OIL PORTRAIT OF MR GLADSTONE

Mr PERCY BIGLAND has favoured us with the following interesting and amusing narrative of how he came to paint the portrait of Mr Gladstone. We readily print it as, apart from the entertaining illustration it offers of the trials and troubles of a portrait painter it is a valuable compliment to Mr Weingass Reid's article on "Mr Gladstone and his Portraits," which appeared in THE MAGAZINE OF ART in 1889. Writing from 6, Arnauld Road, Birkenhead, Mr Bigland says—

"The Birmingham Gladstonian Liberals in 1880 (1888), upon the breaking up of the party in that city were proposed a portrait of their great leader, if they would form themselves into a new club. Lord Cavan in making this offer, stipulated that it should be either an original picture by one of the younger artists or a copy of the noted painting by Sir JOHN E. MILLAIS, which he executed at Hawarden in 1879. The committee were obliged to relinquish the first project, finding it impossible to obtain from Mr Gladstone the promise to give the necessary sittings. They then asked me to undertake the copy and Sir Charles Tennant to whom the picture belongs, kindly let me have it in my studio for a month for that purpose. Even this was a most interesting task in itself, but still more it fired me with a desire to come into personal contact with the subject, and to obtain such sittings as would enable me to make an original study of the noble head. No possible opportunity of realising this wish, however, occurred for four or five months after the copy had been finished and handed over to the Birmingham Club.

Some time later, however, I found myself one wintry day approaching Hawarden Castle, armed with an influential letter of introduction to Mrs. Gladstone. She told me definitely that her husband had determined to give no more definite sittings, but if I could wait till they returned to town I should be allowed to sit with him in his library and make my sketches and do what was possible without disturbing him. I gladly accepted this opportunity thus kindly given of making at least a small picture of the great leader. In May 1890 the first appointment was made for half-past ten. When I arrived at the stroke of the clock I found Mr. Gladstone just sitting down at his large writing-table, on which were piles of books and papers of all descriptions awaiting his attention, and Mrs. Gladstone already hard at work at her writing-desk on the opposite side of the room.

They both came forward to welcome me, and then each of us sat down to his or her occupation. I was allowed to choose the spot whence I was to watch and work, and I was very deep in plans of sketching the already familiar head and features. Mr. Gladstone was reading, and for the first few minutes the opportunity was good, but when the volume was laid down and he resumed his writing, his head was bent low as I lever over the paper and he threw himself out. His work as though there were a table with it all—nothing worthy of attention except the third and twelve upon which was engaged. Such entire absorption I have seldom seen and I can imagine my chagrin as half-hour after half-hour passed and the only view I could obtain was the shining oval of the bald top of the head, the ridge of the spectacles, and a tiny bit of the nose in judicious retreating perspective. But again there was a gleam of hope, as a visitor from Western Australia was announced. Immediately, books and papers were laid aside and Mr. Gladstone's mind was turned full upon the new subject. From the rapidity of question and answer I could tell it, not only was the map of the country vividly before his eyes, but all the present and past conditions of the colony. Now was my opportunity to catch quickly as much as possible of this face, so full of animation, the eye so bright the mouth so thin and compressed. Every line seemed in motion, even the eyelids, sometimes knit close over the eyes, making them still more piercing in their extraordinary brilliancy, sometimes raised high up along the forehead where they would often remain after that particular expression had passed into another phase, on the rest of the face thus giving that peculiar aspect which *Punch* is so fond of exaggerating.

It is not much of so rapid movement that can be transferred to paper in a quarter of an hour, but I strove to grasp the spirit of the man. As soon as the interview had closed the writing was resumed, and the poor artist was left with the full view of the great head again. No wonder that I went to my study, feeling that the task was almost hopeless. For Mr. Gladstone, however, was most kind, noticed my chagrin and uprooting the difficulties I was labouring under, met me thoughtfully arranged for to come on another time when there would be several public interviews during the morning, as I could fully plan the chair each time in the same position for the sittings. I was able to get for me what I wanted, as Mr. Gladstone generally retired to his room seated at the writing-table. I then hastened to paint my picture on a large canvas in my own studio from the facts which I had been able thus to gather, and in about a fortnight I was ready to take the rough picture down to St. James's Square on my third visit.

"Of course even now the actual times when I could work upon the large canvases were few and far between, and I was often tempted to be satisfied with an aspect of the face taken when he was looking down at a book or engaged on writing a treatise, but I felt that it would not be satisfactory with the eyes either hidden behind the spectacles or gazing down upon a printed page. Therefore, though it was much the more difficult work, I determined to carry out the original plan. Thus I did by quickly blocking in the main facts and then when two o'clock came, I hurried off to my studio and worked as long as the recollection remained clear in my mind, and availing to connect and complete the whole. The seven opportunities which I thus had to gather with what I could glean whilst the great politician was making one or two speeches enabled me to produce the picture which was lately in the New Gallery and from that my mezzotint engraving, which is now completed, was duly derived.

RECENT EXHIBITIONS

The winter exhibition at McLean's Gallery differs little from its predecessors. British pictures of the old fashioned, classical sort hang side by side with such foreign pictures as are pretty rather than artistic. The majority are indeed *babblers* to amuse the collector rather than serious works to interest the entire. What, for instance, may I be said in praise of Signor ASPAGNETTI'S 'Indecision,' with its purple class colouring, its smooth, waxy surface, its painful realisation of detail, and its cheap sentiment? By this time the world is wearied of Mr. GODWARD'S imitation of Mr. Alma Tadema's style. Such work as Herr RAUEN'S 'FRIENDS' 'Warder of the Mosque, Damascus' is too painfully elaborate to be interesting. Here and there, however, the glare is mitigated by quiet, unpretentious canvases. Herr ZÜREK'S 'Going to Pasture' is a pleasant example of the Pontic school. Though the sky in M. LIEBERMANN'S 'Gleaners Returning' is somewhat lurid the picture is well painted and composed. 'Summers Evening' by CARL LARSEN, is a strong effective piece of brushwork, though a little hard in tone.

In electing to paint the Riviera, with its sunlit waters and its vivid effect of colour, Mr. LARSEN displayed an admirable courage. But, as he himself confesses, sunshine grows tedious, and the painter prays for the clouds of his native land. Indeed, until a new method invented the brilliancy of the south will hardly be caught upon canvas. CLAUDE MONET, with his amazing cleverness and his rare faculty of suggestion, has not succeeded, and though Mr. LARSEN has conscientiously observed and intelligently expressed the lights and shadows of the Riviera while exaggerating its colour, his pictures in spite of their truth, are not beautiful. His method being sound rather than criminal he has attempted to record too much on his canvases, and the most that can be said of his exhibition at the Fine Art Society's rooms is that it is an admirable and praise-worthy failure.

Apparently unhampered by the fact that religious art is scarcely the most popular form of pictorial design in the present day, Mr. HERBERT SCHULTE has applied his time, talent and the particular sentiment of which his former works have proved him capable, in delineating the return of a sorrowing group from Calvary. Having ascended a hill and reached the terrace leading to the house of St. John the Baptist, with the mother of Christ, her sister, Mary Magdalene, and the wife of Cleophas, arc represented making their way from the Crucifixion at Golgotha. Below the spectator is the great city of Jerusalem, and

although, the time is not far past noon, the scene is partially veiled by clouds of supernatural darkness. In the distance on the right we have a glimpse of Calvary, with its three crosses and a winding road below is crowded with a throng of citizens and soldiers. Such is the scene the artist presents to us with telling force. In the mourning group, of which the mother forms the central point of interest, Mr Schmalz has expended some of his best strength in the study of individual character, but we should consider it to be a leading feature of this grand composition that the figures—whilst the faces have Semitic type—are so modernised as to make the story as applicable to the present day as it was to the time when the event happened. The face of Mary Magdalene is certainly a remarkable conception of etherealised beauty, and is in singular contrast to the agonised Mother at her side. Mr Schmalz—like another earnest painter of the present day, Mr Holman Hunt—has no idea of spending his labour in 'art manufacture' and he has long and seriously studied the scene he represents upon the spot where the great tragedy occurred. The result of his skilled labour is before us. A picture of such a kind as "The Return from Calvary," it will be acknowledged, is rarely seen in modern times.

Again and for the ninth time in succession, Mr Mendoza's pleasant little gallery in King Street St James's has opened with a fairly representative collection of drawings and paintings in monochrome. The designs are of all classes, including an important and really beautiful series of 'Illustrations to Shakespeare's *Othello*,' by Mr DICKSON, R.A. (executed for the "International Shakspeare"), dramatic incidents of flood and field, landscapes, head studies, and those comic essays in art tending to enliven exhibitions generally. A chalk drawing challenging adverse comment by its over strong colouring, the head of "A Barchaute," by Mr ARTHUR WASSE, is, nevertheless a powerful conception of a dark-eyed, handsome, merry looking follower of the jovial god. A study commensurate alike for sweet feeling and careful workmanship is the view of "Mount Baker and the Government House, Victoria, British Columbia," by Mme DE L'ARMINIERE, and "Moonlight near Rotterdam" is one of the somewhat weird effects in which the artist Mr JAMES WEBB, delights. Illustrations of dramatic or tragic incident are certainly numerous in the exhibition. We may mention as an example the attack on the Overland Mail by Indians, "Incident on the Life of Buffalo Bill," picturing that scoundrel hero, Captain Cody, firing his revolver from the carriage window, whilst the frightened horses gallop at wild speed by STANLEY BERKELEY. Other exhibitors whose contributions will well repay inspection are Messrs E. T. COMPTON, R. BRAVIS WALLER, VICTOR COLE, J. SHAW CROFTON, and J. MACWHITTAKER, A.R.A., E. W. CHARLTON, Miss E. M. BAKWELL, and J. C. DOLLMAN.

Mr R. THOMAS WAITE an exhibition of whose water colour drawings has been held at Messrs. Dowdeswells, is influenced by the best traditions of the old Water Colour Society. Those who admire the style of the British school will find Mr Waite's work luminous, atmospheric, and inspired by a pleasant sentiment. Of course, it has the defects of its qualities, now and again it lacks breadth, and is sometimes rather hot in colour. But the best of the drawings are harmonious in tone, and agreeable enough to look upon.

The drawings of the Medway and Chatham by Mr G. C. KEER, which have been exhibited at Mr Dunthorne's

Gallery, are small alike in size and handling. They display a certain observation, but the painter, not being able to separate the essential from the superfluous, constantly weakens his effect by a futile precision. Such a work as 'Medway Yacht Race,' for instance, his most ambitious effort, is so literal a transcript of the scene as to be quite ineffective.

The British Water Colour Exhibition at the Japanese Gallery calls only for the briefest comment. The most notable works there exhibited have been seen and discussed before. Those whose acquaintance with the medium is slight may take the opportunity of studying examples of such painters as Sir J. D. JONSON, Messrs J. E. CHRISTIE, CLAUDE HAYES, AYERST INGRAM, and others, but the collection has neither character nor coherence, and is in no respect noteworthy.

At the Hanover Gallery there is a small but interesting collection of foreign pictures including several examples of the *romantics*, who are now so popular in England. The best are by DAUBIGNY and ISABEY. Of the *colorists* there is not one that is excellent and we have scant admiration for such imitators of that great master as M. GILBERT MAYER.

At the same gallery may be seen 'The Last of the Buffalo' and other works by Mr ALBERT BIERSTADT. These ambitious canvases have no point of contact with art. Their energy is as admirable as the information they convey is useful, but Mr Bierstadt has sought to paint the unpardonable and to sacrifice the considerations of dignity and colour to theatrical effect. His style, too, is wholly undistinguished, and, though the untravelled may learn as much from his canvases as from a coloured photograph, the critic turns away from them with relief.

REVIEWS

With the third volume of 'The History of Hampton Court Palace,' Mr ERNEST LAW consummates the excellent work upon which he has been engaged for several years past. We have rarely met with a book of the kind so admirably carried out in all respects. Research, knowledge, and taste combined with the power of being at all times interesting—even when dealing with builders' estimates and "quantities"—have produced a work alike entertaining and valuable. The illustrations are adequate and profuse, and the book full of facts, gossip, scandal, and all necessary references. It is, in short, the production of a scholar, a faithful historian, and a man of taste and wit. The first two volumes were reviewed in these columns when they appeared. The present one—dealing with Orange and Guelph times, with a good deal of their inner history brought up to the present day—proceeds on the same lines; but it is, from the artistic point of view, more interesting. The rebuilding of the palace and its improvements, adornments, decorations, and paintings are dwelt upon with fulness and supported with documentary evidence. We observe that Mr Law is enabled by his discovery among old Treasury papers to contradict the statement of the late Mr George Wallis in this Magazine to the effect that to Huntington Shaw we entirely owe the magnificent iron screens or gates, which are universally recognised as the finest examples of hammered and chiselled ironwork in the world. May for our patriotic self gratulation Mr Law establish the fact that although these superb gates (which cost nearly £2,000) were unquestionably executed by Shaw, the design

is of Jean Tyon, who published it in his "Nouveau Livre des Dessins" in 1793. We are sorry, yet hardly surprised—seemingly that the author is naturally an enthusiast—to find Mr. Law pleading so speciously for the return of the English Cartoons to Hampton Court. We all know the arguments used by those who desire to see the execution of this act of folly. But the chief counter argument may be found in the excellent index of this book, where, under the heading of "FINE," is a record which ought to be sufficiently suggestive to those who would have the priceless treasures removed from the specially constructed safety gallery in South Kensington. In all other respects Mr. Law shows good taste as well as good judgment, and not only gives his readers details as to the work of Sir Christopher Wren, Sir James Thornhill, Grinling Gibbons, Verrio, Cibber, Laguerre, and others, but quotes the estimates and the prices paid from the Treasury papers and other documents in the Record Office.

Professor BALDWIN BROWN'S *The Fine Arts* (Murray), which belongs to a series of University Extension Manuals, is as concise as it is intelligent. Its intention being strictly practical it is happily not overlaid with the metaphysics and sentiment which professors are wont to deem essential to the study of art. By its size and scope it is confined to certain limitations, but the reader who follows the argument closely will turn to longer treatises with a useful stock of general principles. Professor Brown does not affect the contempt of some of his colleagues for modern criticism, and is emboldened to quote the opinions of prominent Alfred Stevens and Whistler with approval, for which, as well as for his lucid exposition of many sides of a great subject, he claims our gratitude.

Mr. TALFOURD ELLIS' *Olympus* (Grevell and Co.) is based upon Dr. Dutschke's "Das Olymp." It is a short and lucid study of a great subject, and, though scarcely intended for the use of scholars, may be referred to safely by those who have lost faith in their old friend Leconte de Lisle. The illustrations are apposite and serviceable, though we fancy we have met some of them elsewhere. The value of the book would have been increased, had more attention been paid to the representation of the gods in works of art.

The designs of Mr. WALTER CRANE are always interesting. He is perhaps at his best in such combinations of the classical, the mediæval, and the natural as he gave us in "Flora's First Masque of Flowers." He has just produced a companion volume in the same vein—"Queen Summer or the Turney of the Lily and the Rose" (Cassell & Co.) in which we have a vision of brave knights and dainty ladies, with a background of lovely flowers. The very critical may find the second book hardly an advance upon the first. If so, it is probably because Mr. Crane has spoiled them by the perfection of his first book. Without going into the relative merits of the two books, it is enough to say that "Queen Summer" is full of that distinction which characterised the "Masque of Flowers," while it is fuller and richer in colour. It is a book that is certain to have a large circle of admirers, and to give much pleasure to all who can appreciate Mr. Crane's charming decorative designs.

We are accustomed to seeing what are known as Christmas books illustrated by chromo lithography in colour, but it is something of a new departure to have standard works so illustrated. Messrs. Kepp and Company the colour printers, have, however, illustrated "The School for Scandal" (Simpkin and Co.) with a series

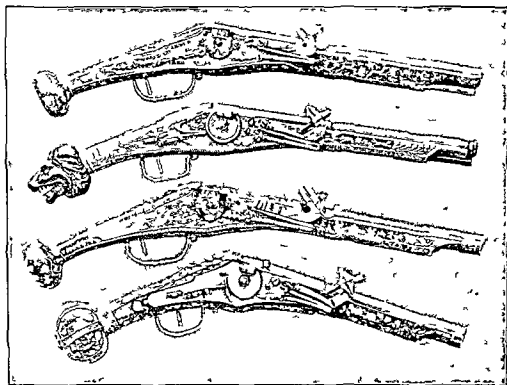
of pictures designed by Mr. LUCIUS ROSSI, and have printed them on the pages with the text in colours. The reproductions are admirable, but it is a very doubtful mode of illustrating printed books. If the only surface of the picture does not stick to the opposite page, it is incongruous to have the only patch on the page, and the incongruity is felt more when the text is in ordinary letterpress than when, as in most Christmas books, text and pictures are all reproduced by the same process of lithography.

"The Foundation of Manchester by the Romans"—the earliest of the series of frescoes executed by Mr. FORD MAXOX BROWN for the Town Hall of Manchester—has recently been etched by Mr. G. W. HUGHES, of 3, Queen Anne's Terrace, Albert Bridge Road, by whom also it is published. The plate is a large one, and is a carefully studied reproduction of the peculiar mannerisms of the artist to whom the reproduction has given great satisfaction.

OBITUARY

We regret to have to record the death of HENRI JOHANNES BOSCH, who born at the Hague in 1817, nearly, if not quite reached the front rank of contemporary artists by his pictures of town scenes and interiors—such as his "Laissez Monks Singing a Te Deum," "Large Protestant Church at Amsterdam," "Tomb of Engelbert II"—and received numerous medals, and was a Knight of the Orders of the Lion, the Crown of Oak, and of Leopold, of the Hon. LEWIS WAINFIELD, R.H.A., whose claim to memory lies not in his pictures, which were very good in their own way, but in his fine artistic sense and profound archaeological knowledge, which enabled him to arrange correctly some of the finest settings ever seen on the English stage, of Mr. R. COLLIER WATKINS, secretary and trustee of the Royal Hibernian Academy, who has on but three occasions been seen in the Royal Academy of London, when he contributed Landscapes, of M. NARCISSE BENOIST, a pupil of Renouar, who, born in 1819, devoted himself principally to the representation of Eastern scenes, gaining a third class medal in 1859, a first class in 1864, and admission to the Legion of Honour in 1870, of M. LAVASTRE, one of the leading scene painters of France, and a highly able decorator as well, at the age of fifty six, of Signor VINCENT VELLI, the popular Italian sculptor, who was born in 1822, and at first found employment as a quartermaster. After a period of severe hardship he made his mark, and by means of his "Prayer," his "Spartacus," "France and Italy" (presented to the Empress Eugénie by the ladies of Milan in 1879), he established a reputation, which has been sustained by the numerous but very unequal statues which now decorate Turin. Of these the most original is doubtless the monument erected to the memory of "The Victims of the Gotha Tunnel."

We have also to record the death of Mr. SAMUEL HAYDON, sculptor, a talented pupil of E. H. Bailey, R.A., and, at the early age of forty seven, of Mr. CHARLES ROBERTSON, the well known water colour painter. One of the most recently elected into the inner fold of the Royal Water Colour Society, he was one of its most active members, and will be a severe loss not only to that Society, but also to the Painter Etchers—not so much in their exhibitions as in the matter of organisation. As a painter he was still making marked progress, but as an etcher he was, perhaps, artistically speaking, more successful, being simpler in his means and broader in his effects.



EARLY SAXON PISTOLS (SIXTEENTH CENTURY)

THE ORNAMENTATION OF EARLY FIREARMS

By W. O. GREENEEL.

As a weapon of war the hand-gun has been in use since the latter half of the fourteenth century, but the position of knights to the introduction of firearms will account for the lack of ornamentation upon cannon, guns, and pistols at a time when their arms and armor were highly decorated. It was not until the commencement of the sixteenth century that with the invention of a wheel-lock in Germany the gun became a sporting weapon and attained popularity. Efforts were then made tastefully to furnish and decorate such firearms as were destined for use by the followers of the chase.

The shift of the sporting cross-bow was the model from which the butt of the early sporting gun was designed and the ornamentation chiefly consisted of carved scrolls or arabesques and arabesques—designs cut out of horn, bone, metal, or fancy woods inlaid in the butt and fore-stocks of the gun. The barrels, thick with ivory, were usually octagonal but occasionally elaborately fluted and chiseled into the resemblance of a column with Corinthian capitals and flutes in full relief. Such in Hanover, Prussia, which in the fifteenth century was famed for its

swords and cross-bows, commenced early in the following century to manufacture the hand-gun, winning an enviable reputation for this weapon although individual manufacturers of Suhl have never enjoyed the distinction accorded some of the Dresden rifle-makers of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries. The sporting guns and rifles made in Saxony had barrels of great weight permitting elaborate carving, fluting, and turning of the metal whilst barrels made in the neighbourhood of Treves were more accurately executed and finished in a simpler design than those of German manufacture owing less to the carver and turner than to the smith for their beauty. The Saxon gunsmiths rivaled the famous Italian families of Cammaro and Lozano in the production of accurately made gun barrels. These until the late sixteenth century in 1722 were considered to be without equal although they doubtless owed more to their perfect fitting than to the elegance of their exterior.

The maker of the barrel rarely mounted it and the makers or gun makers depended upon the jewellers, carvers, chisellers and kindred artists for

the ornamentation of the weapon. With single barrelled guns the makers in their method of ornamentation invariably treated the barrel as a column more frequently flowing the Corinthian than the Doric order. With the adoption of small shot into general use lighter guns were demanded so the deep flutings and curved capitals were discarded for the

Spanish form—a term retained by gunmakers to denote a model which is still manufactured in unaltered form. In this style the breech end one third of the length of the barrel is octagonal forming the plinth of a column; there is a funnel hill to the barrel is continued cylindrical or slightly taper to the muzzle where another hill to the barrel is capped.

In the mounting of the barrel the ornamentation and shaping of the stock and furniture differed

in times and different times had characteristic styles. In ordinary sporting times sporting dogs and mythological figures provided the subjects for the ornamentation of the muzzle the engraver and the carver. It was in the fitness of things that a representation of Diana the goddess of the chase should have been particularly popular. Next the goddess of smiths Vulcan the fire god, Venus Mars Neptune and other deities the symbols of strength and war were particularly appropriate allegories for certain descriptions of arms. From subjects such as these to the griffins dragons and in meters of the old Germanic tale was in easy step, then followed the more fantastic presentations of winged and scaled figures, griffins, masks and the grotesque generally.

With rich gunmakers frequently and the Saxon makers in particular were adhering more exclusively to sporting and mythological subjects the artists of Southern Europe had quickly passed to a taste more severe. If the usual model military musket to the production of remarkably rich examples of art workmanship. The ornamentation in many instances was excessive the composition over elaborate in detail but from the very wealth of ornamentation elegance. With the descent upon the inebriation or otherwise of the present style of decoration it is well to state that the

deeply sunken hollows necessary to the unimpaired ornamentation in high relief detracted in some measure from the practical utility of the weapon. The barrel may be engraved or inlaid from breech to muzzle without materially affecting the efficiency of the arm and this was much practised.

The Italian makers however by shallow scallops and grooves or by turning ornamented spiral leads produced barrels so elegantly proportioned that neither inlaying nor engraving added much to their beauty.

This latter style of ornamentation passed through several stages lingering for a long time in modifications of the Spanish form and surviving even the flint lock of the present century in the shape of a water but which is even now retained in all high class breech loaders. The decoration of the barrel was revolutionised by the introduction from the East of the Damascus barrel in which the grain of the metal itself forms a more or less perfect ornamental design. There are many varieties of the Damascus figured metal all greatly to be preferred to plain iron or steel and in consequence this metal is almost exclusively used. The manufacture of gun barrels and the preparation of this metal has been common in Europe since the commencement of this century, and is chiefly carried on at Birmingham, Lyons, St Etienne, Presenz, Solothurn and Luha.

The gun makers of the medieval and later periods usually dated all the weapons made by them a practice particularly commendable. In the Dresden Museum is a rifle inscribed "Ao 1719 Mss. qbris Dec 2118," the

date of its manufacture, it was presented in 1740 to the King, Christian III, by the Voynod von Collin. It was the production of Volynian workmen and bears a distinct mark in the native dialect, has upon the barrel "It also marvellous est Deus in operibus suis." The ornamentation consists of inlaid floral and scroll designs the mountings are chiefly of iron whilst the stock is varnished in a peacock blue tint.

The style of decoration on fire arms made for presentation seems to have been less happy in the last than in the preceding century. In all the rococo style predominates and in addition to the devices

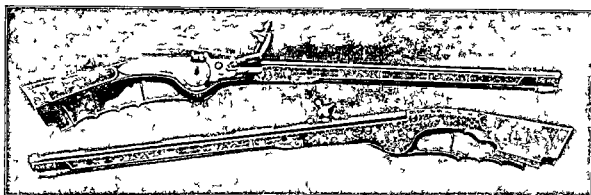


SAXON HALBERD WITH DOUBLE-BARRELED PISTOL (SIXTEENTH CENTURY).

commonly made use of in Germany the French makers frequently inserted medallion portraits of the donor and presentee in the barrels and stock. The carving of the stock was carried from this relief to pierced work and the finishing of the butt

and Mars carved in full relief are representative force in altar which is surmountedly by a crown. On the helmet is engraved in capitals LEO.

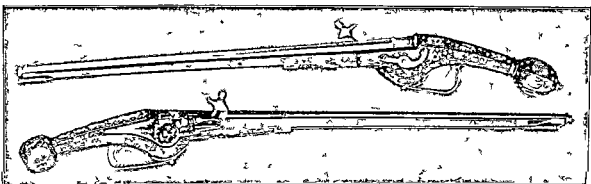
Spartan figures readily lend themselves to a solution in forming carved stools and of pierced



SAXON PISTOLS (SEVENTEENTH CENTURY)

figures with full relief. There is a fine specimen of wood carving upon an Italian wheel lock arquebus of the sixteenth century now in the Musée des Invalides Paris. The butt is wholly composed of a group carved in full relief represent

but this metal to represent a single human figure certainly more than the sculpted figure of figures in armamented figure however in their execution are all placed then carving in full relief. With the French and Italians as with



SAXON PISTOLS WITH SPANISH BARRELS (SEVENTEENTH CENTURY)

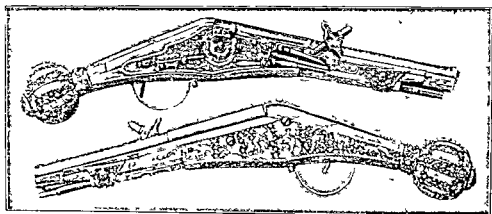
ing a woodland nymph seated on a goat and holding by the hair a satyr whose hands are tied behind his back. On each side of the hutch is a child with cornucopia almost hidden in the oak foliage which with its stout stems forms an ingenious frame to the group and constitutes a sleek stock. The mechanism of this gun is arranged upon the exterior narrow steel bristles forming the wheel and lock mechanism to the pierced plates metal filigree adorns the barrel and the engraving of all the metal parts is bordered with accurate representations of oaken sprays leaves and acorns. A companion arm but more finely executed is of the same workmanship and date and the subject mythological Jupiter

the Germans engraved portraits upon metal bone or mother of pearl were let into the wood of the stock or affixed to the barrel or furniture. Some of these engraved plaques show great skill in execution while in many the lines are now hardly discernible. It was the material in which they were cut. Not infrequently full length figures in spout, or military costumes and even elaborate sporting scenes were represented on larger plates which were used as covers for the triggers (hollows in the butt to contain cartridges etc.) or as butt plates screwed on to the extremity of the stock to protect the ends of the wood. Figures of animals and men as well as grotesque masks cut out of mother of pearl or ivory and

inlaid roughly with the graver were particularly common in the sixteenth century, being let into all parts of the woodwork of the gun in great profusion.

The length to which it is possible to carry figure

The stock or butt of the ordinary sporting gun has always been of fine burr walnut, unless an extraordinarily fine weapon had to be produced in which case cherry or olive wood was chosen. The German

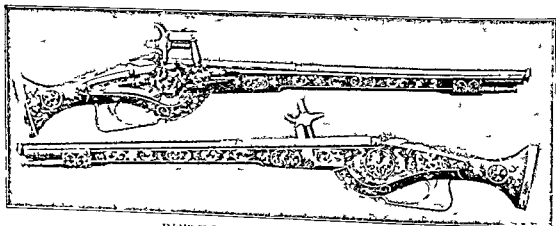


SAXON PISTOLS (FIFTEENTH CENTURY)

workmanship upon a market tempter's mettle, particularly in clients extending over long historical periods. In carefully examining both the metal and wooden surface it was found possible to accomplish very much in this direction—the boldest and worst ever tried was to portray on one arm the chief events of Biblical and profane history. On one side of the

rifle makers have utilised buckhorn for the stocks of exceptionally fine rifles, whilst plated straw-leather and *paper mâché* have been occasionally substituted for wool.

The ramrod with English makers always a comparatively plain stick received much attention from the Continental artists. The tip was often of



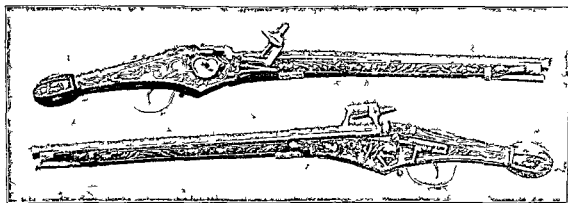
INLAID PISTOLS, SAXON (SIXTEENTH CENTURY).

gun are to be seen bas-reliefs and designs of the same nature inscribed with, on the other illustrations of the "Bible" &c. &c. With tracing the plates of subjects the artist imagined to crowd in nobly portraits—presumably those of the donors. On an other gun events of less importance are portrayed. The arms are of Tuscan workmanship and until recently formed a part of one of the most curious collections of foreign weapons in England.

cast steel finely chased and the plainness of the rod was further relieved by rings of horn and ivory alternately. The steel ramrod invented in the seventeenth century was commonly engraved always furnished with an ornamental tip and sometimes turned spirally throughout its whole length to resemble a twisted cable.

The more simple style of decoration now prevailing is generally accredited to Louis and is said

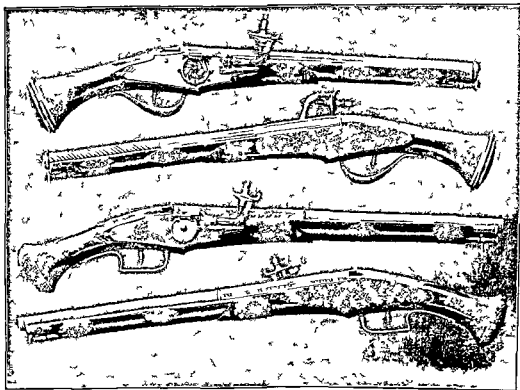
to have originated in the latter half of the last century. About that time the style of ornaments guns forced the richly decorated Continental arms from the European market.



PISTOLS WITH CHISELLED BARRELS AND CARVED BUTTS

tion became more simple, and engraving was mainly left upon the decoration of all the metal parts of the gun whilst figures, landscapes and sporting scenes or sentimental and picturesque designs were chosen in preference to the grotesque and mytho-

The French gun makers up to the close of the last century did not place any value on beauty or firing as eminently practical. English guns whether for sport or war were really heavy and greatly inferior to those made abroad. The collec-



PISTOLS BY LAZZARINO COMMINEZ ITALIAN (SEVENTEENTH CENTURY).

logical subjects formerly in favour. It is probable that the rapidly increasing popularity of French

guns in the Tower of London includes the magnificent collection of Henry VIII, does not number any

English made firearms conspicuous for beauty, handsomeness or marked originality.

With this century, however, English guns, by reason of their practical superiority as sporting weapons over those made upon the Continent earned for them selves an enviable reputation. The English gun makers were rather painstaking mechanics than artists and depended chiefly upon simple engraved designs for the decoration of their guns; and as this style agreed with the popular taste they did not seek the aid of art workmen.

The work of the decorator then as now was in art apart from gun making and at the present time if a richly wrought ornamental firearm be required no great difficulty would be experienced in its speedy production.

The inlaying and setting of precious stones about the mountings of firearms seems to be essentially an Asiatic form of decoration. In Russia the gun manufacture commenced with Peter the Great and the fixing of precious stones metal studs and ornamental bosses was almost the first decorative method of the Muscovites. The stocks they inlaid with dyed woods and bone whilst heavy metal fluges adorned the breech end of the barrel.

The Scotch of the eighteenth century had a particular leaning towards heavy pistols with metal

butts, and these were frequently set with precious stones and adorned with florid scrolls. A specimen highly typical of this once popular weapon is to be found in the Turin Museum. The barrel is inlaid with silver and has broad electro silver bands upon and around the iron stock, it is studded with gems of various colours and the butt is capped with a heavy ball set with topaz and carnelian. On the breech end of the barrel is 'Nemo me impune lacessit.' It is a flint lock pistol of Edinburgh manufacture.

A splendid specimen of art work was made in Paris some years ago by Fr. Devisme. The arm chosen was a percussion ducking pistol and the decoration both in design and execution surpassed any production of the older gun makers. The style adopted was Gothic the barrel being octagonal and the raised parts ornamented with finely etched lines and engraved designs. The lock is covered with figures in full relief the hammer representing a giant amongst the flinty or more small figures on the plate. The stock is tipped with silver figures in full relief and capped with a large and beautifully chased ornament in which some fifty horsemen are depicted. The rest of the furniture as well as the stock itself is tastefully fashioned.

"AUTUMN TWILIGHT" A DECORATIVE PANEL

PAINTED BY ALBERT LYNCH.

MR—or should we say Monsieur?—Albert Lynch is an artist whose work, through the medium of the press has achieved an equal popularity with the art public in France America and England. Born at Luna in Peru of American parents he went to Paris to study art and placed himself successively under M. Ferner and M. Lehmann. His tender and dreamy sense of the pretty and the beautiful speedily placed him in the front rank of the illustrators of the day and secured for him a wide circle of admirers for his water colours and for his fewer paintings in oil. Attached in a sense to the house of Housard Valadon and Co. he has produced many of his best and most bewitching designs for them being favourably known besides for his frequent contributions to the *Revue Illustrée* to *Art et Lettres* as well as his illustrations to 'Pierre et Jean' by Guy de Maupassant, 'La Dame aux Camélias' by Alexandre Dumas the

Younger, and to Octave Uzanne's 'Française du Siècle.'

In 'Autumn Twilight,' the original of which was exhibited at the Salon of last year, Mr. Lynch has struck the same note of sweet and dreamy grace that is distinctive of most of his best work. Nay even the face and figure are those he is more particularly fond of reproducing. Glancing more broadly at his work than is possible in regarding the picture before us however charming it may be we find that his love of French *chic* and daintiness we wedded to and tempered by, his American sobriety of feeling while his delicacy of tone his judicious use of light and shade his invention and tenderness combine to form the artist. Power is not his, hardly would we credit him with the qualities of the born colourist but in his own domain he has few rivals and is always welcome by reason of his elegance and refinement.

M. H. S.

We must not forget that the artist is colour man sell in makes more than two or three of his own colours and consequently is himself often the victim of a fallaciousness or of bad work on the part of those from whom he buys his pigments. That artists colourmen do as a matter of fact publish information as to the durability of pigments and warn their customers is greatly to their credit as there is no particular reason why they should do so.

Turning now to the gaudian angel of both parties—the scientific chemist he is in the position of a lost gaudian angel, his advice and warnings are seldom listened to his experiments in colours seldom studied. This is in itself disheartening but is nothing to what he suffers in other directions. There is probably no manufacture so full of trade secrets as the preparation of colours with one exception and that is the preparation of varnishes. Every stage in the process is jealously guarded. The receipts published in the books are very useful for examination purposes but are of no value in practice and consequently the position of science cannot get trustworthy information as to the history of the material he is working on. This secretiveness in the colour and varnish trade makes scientific progress impossible each firm being engaged in jealously guarding its own secrets. To such a point is this carried that if one writes to a firm of varnish makers to know if they make their copal varnish of copal they will at dishonest say yes, but if he just say that they can give no information. Thus the chemist finds that he is almost as helpless as the artist because analysis will not help him very far and he cannot get a solid basis for his experimental work.

What then is to be done in order that we may make some advance towards accurate knowledge?

In the first place we must apply to practice the knowledge that we possess. For instance, I have before me at this moment a list of colours sold by a well known artist colourman. Of the hundred and fifty one colours in this list I can say with absolute truth that forty seven are fugitive, thirty six are permanent and the rest are either fairly permanent or among the doubtful colours. Evidently, then the artist should be protected by not being supplied with the fugitive colours leaving to future scientists the further purification of the list. A great deal also is known as to the best way to prepare oils and varnishes the dangers of lead driers and so on all of which should be applied for his benefit.

In the next place the artist must know what he is using. Now this can only be done by manufacturing for him the artificial pigments selecting and analysing carefully the natural pigments and

preparing for him his oils and varnishes, and this must be done by some one whose business it is to do it from a scientific point of view with the object of obtaining the best result and not merely of making for the trade.

These results then can only be obtained by the artists having their own laboratory for the manufacture of colours with a scientific chemist at the head of it whose business it should be to make colours for them to advise them and to carry out experiments with a view to further improvement. This laboratory should be under the control of some permanent body such as the Royal Academy and should on the manufacturing side compete at the current price in the open market with the other painters. The experimental department should however be employed.

It may be objected that as the making of colours is involved in obscurity the chemist at the head will not know how to do it. A colour chemist however who knows his business will soon find out how to make the artificial colours as well or better than those in the trade. There is no trade secret which he cannot find out for himself in three months so that after some little experimenting and floundering for a year or two the artists could be supplied with their own pigments oils and varnishes. It would be the business of the scientific department to watch the making of the colours to conduct experiments with the idea of further improvement, and to keep in touch with the artists with a view to keeping a register of all pictures painted with these colours and varnishes. These pictures would become year by year of more and more value as supplying reliable information as to the permanence of the various materials used. It should be the aim of such a laboratory to make all the artificial pigments on the premises. This could not be done quite at first but a very large number might be made and the list could gradually be extended.

Then should be no trade secrets in this laboratory every detail of the processes being published for the benefit of the Arts and Sciences. It is a mistake to suppose that such a laboratory would be very expensive either to start or to keep up. A very small establishment would be sufficient at first and this would very quickly pay its way. The profits on artists' colours are very large, and it would obviously be to the advantage of artists to use these colours as other things being equal their pictures would perhaps command a higher price as being less likely to deteriorate. In this way, and in this way alone we may hope to take advantage of what is known already, and to make steady progress, and I hope the day is not far distant when the artists will recognize this and become their own colour makers.

CURRENT ART

By J. H. STADT

ROYAL SOCIETY OF PAINTERS IN WATER COLOURS. THE exhibition of the Old Water Colour Society is the "W.S." as affectionately called.

It possesses a charm peculiarly their own—a certain and final freshness, grace and spontaneity which is never so eloquent as in the winter display of Studies and Sketches. It may be merely vanity—we are so accustomed to hear visiting foreigners abuse Dutch pictures in general and Dutch water-colours in particular—but we all like to credit the merits of the Royal Society of Painters in Water Colours as distinctively and essentially English. The Royal Institute and the other Society have both a following of their own but without entering on a controversial ground I may modestly submit that whilst the Piccadilly exhibition one seems to uneasily trace oneself up to critical tension and feel compelled by the *jeu de l'esprit* to proceed to judgment with almost official gravity the generally smiling aspect of the walls in Pall Mall just tends to beguile the visitor into simple delight in the manifestations of a happy art and the critical spirit cozes from the finger tip like a *l'air de France* under Sir Lucas Pellych.

"Studies and Sketches" is little more than a collection of a few red studies or sketches are ever seen outside the gift box of a painting.

The majority of the winter drawings are a complete summer shows but many of smaller size and conceived to be elaborated stage. Again it is

it is an ingenious compliment to the skill of sketch which is being it tends to develop since so important a part of the

realised



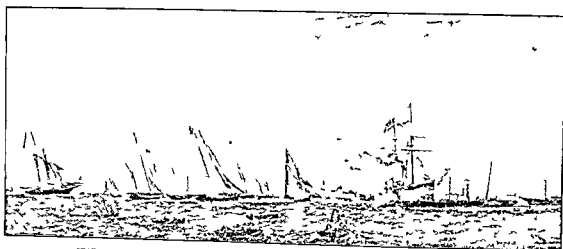
(From the Picture by F. M. F. to the Exhibition of the Royal Society of Painters in Water Colours)

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sketch of the actual position of the vessels as they were despatched in the Thames the hasty drawing of the centre emphasises. The best examples of yacht portraiture are those of the handsome old fashioned schooner *Selva* and the late Lord Alford's yacht

so successfully employed in luncheon work. The same artists Burnt Pasture Kynner is vigorous and joyous in gold and blue.

Sir John Gilbert's *Palmda* a large drawing of the hull and bust of a maiden dressed and



START FOR THE ROYAL THAMES YACHT CLUB ROUND GREAT BRITAIN JUBILEE CUP RACE

(Painted by the Design for the P. & S. C. B. & A. at the Exhibition of the Royal Society of Painters in Water Colours)

steam yacht *Indefatigable* flying his broad pennant. In the finished picture the artist will be no doubt able to verify many things. Not long gifted with prophecy and not being permitted to a list facts to suit a convenient circumstance Sir Oswald has only indicated the *Geresta* the beautiful cutter one of the two or three of that great flotilla to complete the dreary course and thus reward the late Sir Richard Sutton for his patriotic struggles to re-impose the American Cup by putting this splendid trophy in her keel.

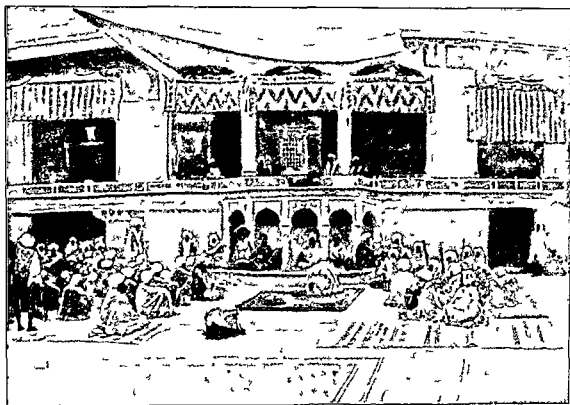
Mr George Clusen seems inclined to rest awhile on his *Girl at the Gate* which illness is characteristic of his present desire to paint pleasant lives and submit to Bastien-Lapage's influence. Miss P. Jackson whose marvellous purple and green Cornish shores are so beautiful and so woefully like apertures to find the Thames equally monotonous and less attractive. Mr Tom Lloyd's pretty sentimentality pleasant colour and smooth brush paint technique are more felicitously exercised on graceful old world lovers strolling by the river's bank as in Early Spring time than on idealistic rusticities. Miss E. F. Brewin's *Pied Fishermen* of last year was such a masterly little thing that the incarnation of rogues' pixie malvolence that it is disappointing to find his *Dragons' Cave* without mystery and with little meaning. I duly hung and low down his pastel Hunstanton a luminous foreshore study merits especial attention because of its admirable dance a quality so difficult to obtain with this medium that I fancy it will rarely

be met in our grandmother's style gives us a beautiful harmony of white black and old time tints and like the *Incidents* Spenser's *Danlithers* visit among some Gypsies displays the flowing grace and authenticity of this great and veteran draftsman. Mr F. I. Hughes' *Idylls with the Faeries* is a fine example of his special quality the untroubled purity his skilful technique enables him to preserve despite the minute finish. The beautiful girl sits wrapt in wondering fantasy in the bay of an old fisherman's cottage the thin white limbs soften the light though the very air is luminous and radiance sweeps along the delicately relaxed fingers. Mr Hughes preserves in his work that thing most difficult—elegant simplicity. But I do not heartily wish he would relinquish the beauty of his compositions a little less.

On looking at most figure subjects in water colour it impressively forces itself upon one that they might have been achieved with half the labour more effectively in oil. Mr J. Henry Hamshill's work forms a rare exception. His art obviously best expressed itself in water colour. His *La Coquette* has been chosen as a very legitimate example of the artist at his best (See p. 117). The *Symphony* maiden with her rich southern colouring her black silk beaded dress and her silken skirts so lifted as to display the dainty ankles with charming sweetness is drawn with wonderful variety no attempt is made to modify the fulness of the characteristic waist but length and grace of composition are

obtained from the cunning perching of the grey little finch on the back of the tall chair. It is painted with dexterity, directness and distinction full of spontaneity, excellent in colour but just a little bluish in the shadows. Mr H. G. Glendon again is far happier in water than oils and more luminous in the tavern parlour than in the Empire and Louis XIV. salon. The reproduction in my opinion represents one of the very best of his work. Doubtful Customers. The balance of the composition, the freedom of the drawing and humour in the face of the dubious old host in the rollicking gait of the highwaymen and in the unhesitated illumination of the yodels nearest the fire speak for themselves. What must escape any monochromatic version is the general glow of the warm room, the mellow fire and reflected light and the pleasant notes which the rich contents and mahogany clad walls repeat.

Dutch and Breton street groups whilst the sunny red and yellows of Oriental life greatly enhance their decorative value. Mr Allins style shows signs of approximating the dash of his fellow Scotch Associate Mr Arthur Melville. Of the splendid group of landscape painters who follow the broad and virile traditions of David Cox and De Wint and which includes Messrs. Wimperis, Weedon, Orrock, Aumonier and Bert and Evans few indeed do finer work than Mr Thorne Waite. With him as with Cox it is one of his lesser merits that his curbs animals and figures occur in his landscapes exactly where the aesthetic and literary requirements of the composition demand and so naturally that they could not be otherwise. His October which graces this article with its breadth of treatment and fulness of tone (p. 120) seems unparalleled in the palette of De Wint and is a splendid example of a



SERVICE IN A SIKH TEMPLE

(From the Picture by R. W. Allin, R.W.S. In the Exhibition of the Royal Society of Painters in Water Colours)

Mr I. K. W. Allin has gained much in warmth and depth of colour by going to India for his subjects and his *Service in a Sikh Temple* and *Street in Delhi* are both characterised by that fitness of treatment and spiciness of effect which mark his vivid and mainly if a little hard

true English scene of a true English landscape and of art not to be found beyond the Channel. Its fault I may suggest lies in its redundancy of incident—part burning ploughing and rambow. Mr Thorne Waite is before all things the painter of the open field. I would particularly call attention

to his "Cornfield" with its fine richness and strength of colour and to Mr Albert Edwards' fine and alluring reproductions of glorious Persian pottery



OCCUPY.

(From the Picture by J. Thorne Water R.A. in the Exhibition of the London Society of Painters in Water Colours.)

delicately refined. Wells almost a pure intellectual ravellous in their limited way by Mr Henry drawing. The two diverse but equally beautiful Wells interesting studies for the pictures by

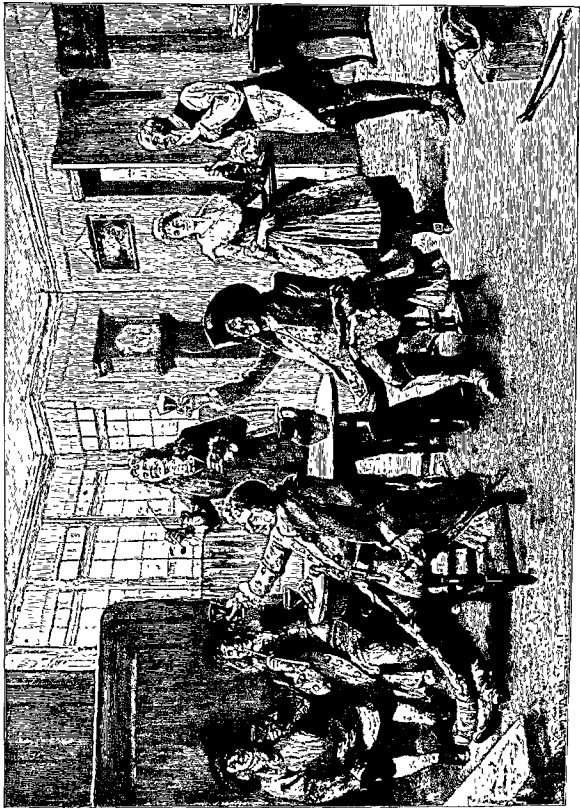


THE KERMIS SPA

(From the Picture by P. Wilson Sec. I. in the Exhibition of the New English Art Club.)

drawings give us if I may be permitted the expression the violet and yellow between which lies the entire and glorious spectrum of English water

Mr. Paine Jones A.R.A. a typical Du Maurier pen in hand and the charming ornithological art from Mr. Stacy Miller P.A. and I am a tribute of



DOUBTFUL CUSTOMERS.

(From the Picture by H. G. Glendon, R.W.S. In the Exhibition of the Royal Society of Painters in Water Colours. Engraved by J. M. Johnston.)

ARTISTIC HOMES

HOUSE ARCHITECTURE INTERIOR

BY REGINALD HENNING

IN one of his essays Paul Bagnat has drawn a remarkable illustration of the dilettantism of the age from the interior of a modern drawing room. It is five o'clock and the lamps cast a soft light

everywhere painted by Gustave Moreau with a beauty almost painful in its outworn charm. On the tables and in cabinets is *bric à brac* of every age, a

luxurious work from Yedo. Treasures of the Renaissance, a welter of the eighteenth century, everything that can attest the luxurious culture, the skilled eclecticism of an age that has outlived its own capacity for creation. The picture has more attraction for the literary man than for the artist for it points to a lack of modern civilisation which cuts it off from any possibility of a permanent tradition of art and the fact as Bourget puts it, is just this: that the only fault of universal acceptance is that of social usage, and that directly you break below its surface you come on a chaos of creeds and formulas, a very whirlpool of contradictory opinion. Whereas before the general upset which has been the work of this century, there was common ground of belief—une même source comme on disait avant un fonds de conceptions analogues sur les chapitres essentiels de la vie—there now prevails such complete uncertainty that you and your neighbour hardly speak the same language. In such a condition of things the chances of a national art or of any future but that of artistic bankruptcy, are exceedingly small. Dilettantism, the collector's mania, is, on the whole, one of the most serious obstacles that exists to the growth of art and especially of architecture. It is not interested in the workmanship of art but only in its results. It sets up a false standard of excellence in preferring unity and cohesiveness to beauty. It is based on no exact knowledge of art but on a curious medley of ideas dependent partly on fashion but mainly on the interests of the big dealers, and so far as the house is concerned it turns it into a museum instead of a place to be familiarly lived in and loved as a home.

The first point then to remember in the internal architecture of your house is that dilettantism is not art but rather its poison, in other words, that



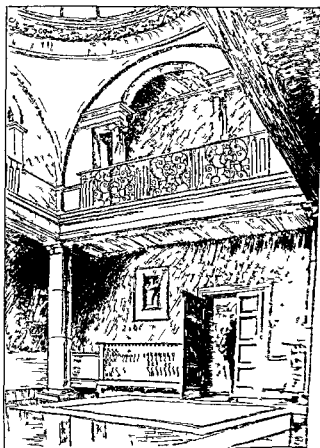
MR. ALMA TADEMAS HOUSE. THE DRAWING ROOM
(Dated 1881, after the original)

light through the tinted shades on rare and curious embroideries. Over a chair lies a stole that once belonged in solemn service on the divan a piece of needlework from the furthest East. Pictures with the strange imagery of another world. On the walls are pictures by masters the most diverse. Venice by Fromentin next to a stern almost savage peasant by Millet in a room, scene by J. de Witts, luminous with the dimming light of evening, and over the piano perhaps a water colour of Galatea and the

architecture is an art of creation not of whole sale plagiarism. For instance you go to Italy or to Egypt and the East and there you see delicate screens of wood and openings for light pierced in bits of mullin through which the sun comes glimmering with the intensity of some mysterious gem and you think "This is very beautiful in my new house I will make my architect do the same. If he knows his art he will probably refuse but you carry your war and it is done and the result is a lamentable failure. The explanation is obvious your rooms are otherwise ordinary English rooms and the light that comes into them is that of ordinary English sunlight. If you had been content to accept your conditions you would have had a reasonable room and perhaps the beauty which once characterized English houses and is at least possible in England. Your architect too he deserves some consideration. In dealing with the elevation it was pointed out how a house to an architect is an organic whole how one part of it grows out of another and how the whole hangs together so that if one detail of it is altered or removed the rest goes with it. If then you ask your architect to give you a Jacobean dining room and an Oriental hall you ask him to do things which are artistically impossible. You might as well tell a painter to paint your mouth like a European but your eyes like a Japanese and the failure of most modern interior decoration its unrest and fussiness is mainly due to this habit of conceiving of the house or broadly speaking of architecture as an assemblage of heterogeneous detail instead of as an art of organic design. In the rare cases where a style which is certainly not English has been employed with success in English domestic work it has only been justified by the fine skill of the designer and by the truly architectonic way in which the work has been thought out so that it has been conceived of as a whole with real insight into the essential principles of the style and with complete mastery of its possibilities. I refer to Mr. Alma-Tadema's studio and interior.

It follows from this that the main decorative features of the interior ought to form part of its actual construction. If for instance you want to mark off a recess from the room say for example the dining room instead of papered screens of drapery or a flimsy screen which in the way and has no weight in the general scheme throw a good arch across the opening is as good a plan as you like or of forming a bay with a lintel and columns as was often done in the eighteenth century. The

chimney pieces more particularly should assuredly be designed of a piece with the rest of the room. It is on the whole the most important feature there and if it is ill-designed it will throw the whole room out of scale. In the last few years there has arisen a flourishing industry in cheap mantelpieces. The gutter part of them are exceedingly bad in spite of



HALL OF MR. ALMA-TADEMA'S HOUSE, ST. JAMES'S GATE.

(A Norman Shaw F.S.A. Architect. From the original Engraving.)

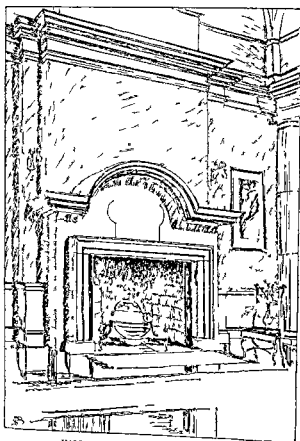
the fact that they are not "wanting pieces" but good pieces in themselves. They are designed in such a way that it is to say by the nature of the design that it is to have to fill and to be a part of the whole where they are placed. The old building was a plain white stone house with a simple entrance and a small garden. The new building was a grand and imposing structure with a large and ornate entrance and a large garden. The new building was a grand and imposing structure with a large and ornate entrance and a large garden. The new building was a grand and imposing structure with a large and ornate entrance and a large garden.

sense and it is truly remarkable that people of common sense should put up with the silly niches, the gnomonick mirrors, and the machine pressed carving of the commercial mantelpiece and really suppose that they make their rooms artistically endearing such absurdities. That not unfamiliar person the commercial architect the man who does not design but arranges the designs being a good deal to answer for this.

The hall and the main staircase usually give the best opportunity of getting some architectural quality out of the interior of a house. One can at any rate escape here from the four plain walls with a door and a fireplace of the ordinary room and get a chance of some play of light and shade in and out of the staircase perhaps of some bold colonnade to carry a gallery or of an ample fireplace such as would recall the brave hospitality of another age. Halls can be generally classified as those which contain a staircase in the middle which do not. Halls which contain a staircase are open to the objection that they cannot be used as living rooms, but they may have their own peculiar beauty if the well (the space that is in the middle of the stairs) is kept sufficiently large to admit of plenty of light and to allow full justice to the perspective of the flights of stairs and the repeated tiers of landings one above another. In some of the eighteenth century houses at Westminister there are excellent examples of small staircase halls. On again the courtyard of an old man where the rooms on each floor open on to landings with balustrades running all in and the court would be a suggestive motive to work upon. On a larger scale such halls might be made most impressive. There is a tremendous drawing by Piranesi, made in the days when his madness was closing in on him, which shows an infinite

ascent of stairs, flight over flight in never ending succession to the top of which no man might ever reach. The idea of this was a nightmare which tormented Piranesi and is hardly a model to be closely followed but like most of Piranesi's extraordinary fancies it contains the vision of a great realistic truth. As to the details of these Indian and

illustrates the simplicity they are the latter and plain square balustrades are better than a long repetition of ill designed balusters and on the whole the hand rail unimpeded and returned as was commonly done in the eighteenth century is better to handle than the hand rail which runs full tilt into a newel. And again a newel staircase if you really want to get its full quality, requires solid timbers and plenty of space. There is honest pleasure to be got out of a great oak newel seven inches square, with a fine cannon ball terminal and sturdy balusters and a hand rail wide enough for the children to slide down comfortably, but mix this with magnificently carved useless square and the



HALL MANTEL IN MR. VIVIAN'S HOUSE.
(R. A. Smith, R. A. Architect, Drawn by F. A. B. A. A.)

whole thing becomes ridiculous and even offensive from the want of its imitation.

Of halls which do not contain staircases there are broadly speaking two kinds—one storey halls and two storey halls and here again the plan and general proportions of the hall will determine the treatment. Say for instance that you have a long low hall rather more than one and a half the width in length such as one finds in some seventeenth century manor houses, great high panels might dwarf it but if you cover two thirds of the wall or so with panelling below, and have above it a fine bold frieze of plaster or tapestry or even plain embroidery of worsted on canvas or a well designed border you get the full benefit of the length of the hall without banging the ceiling down on your head. In the

Dream of John Ball. Mr Morris has drawn a beautiful picture of such a hall as this. The walls were painted richly enough with oak leaves to about six feet from the floor and about three feet of plaster above that was wrought in a pattern of a vine stem running all round the room freely and richly done but with (as it seemed to my unaided eyes) wonderful skill and spirit. On the hood of the great chimney a huge rose was wrought in the plaster and brightly painted in the proper colours. The dining hall at Hardwick is an instance of a similar treatment carried out on a most lovely scale for here the frieze is from eight to ten feet high and the walls below are covered with magnificent tapestries. If you can get genuine old stamped leather

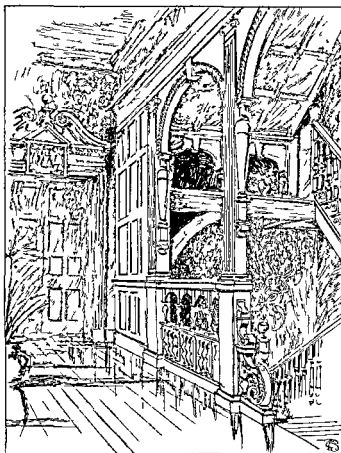
by all means use this for the walls but the stamped leather paper of modern commerce is a very poor affair—it has no resemblance to the leather which it professes to be either in substance or texture and it is generally used in a somewhat incon siderate manner for it is pasted up as if it were one vast skin of any length from three feet to three hundred.

Two storey halls rather deep—that is high from floor to ceiling—require a different treatment. Here you might use the tall and simple dwelling common in the sixteenth century and domed ceilings with great ribs or circles of foliage such as Mr.

Jones would have used. No 18, Queens Gate South Kensington—Mr Vivian's house—designed by Mr Shaw contains a beautiful hall in two storeys the staircase which is reached from a broad passage off the hall brings up on to a landing on the first floor with a balcony overlooking the hall. The whole

of it is top lighted from a domed ceiling. (See p 125) If your hall is paneled and you intend to have pictures in it, the pictures ought to be framed into the paneling to get then full decorative value in relation to the other parts of the hall and do not let the picture framemakers persuade you that gilt mouldings or any other such gorgeousness are essential to the picture. The only effect they have is to isolate the picture from the wall instead of helping it to fall into its place with the other decorations.

Besides the various forms of hall described above there is the long corridor which is neither hall nor passage and may be made very charming if it is properly lighted and has sufficient width and a bay here and there in which you can spend five minutes over the prints and china. The ceiling might be covel and moulded with plaster or have a long barrel roof of timber such as may be seen in the cloisters of some of the almshouses in Holland. At one end you might have a wide open fireplace and at the other a flight of stairs going up again to another landing. Such a corridor as this might also be used upstairs as a modification of the Elizabethan gallery and in any case it is pleasant to have good broad landings to the upper floor and even little waste spaces forming passage rooms where the child himself can be placed with its china bowl of pot



STAIRCASE MR. RILEY'S HOUSE AINSWORTH COURT

(T. G. Jackson Archt. & Drawn by Reginald Bl. Ald.)

pour and pictures more valuable than pictures than then painting and when the Indian girl in the corner can smile calmly at the quaint fancy of the East japonian on the old Dutch clock. All this gives a sense of rest and kindness to the house as if each corner of it were not grail'd up for some

unalterable purpose and as if the house were something more than a mere place in which to eat and drink and sleep.

After all, it depends on the view a man takes of his house how he will set to work to decorate it. If it is to be a place of quiet entertainment where the dinner service is of gold and the servants in powder, homeliness and simplicity will find themselves lost and marble columns and mahogany doors and gilt and sumptuous silks and the like will find their opportunity and they may look very splendid if the taste that distributes them is sufficiently austere.



6 A BEEBELEY SQUARE.

(View from West of Arch. Sect. Drawn by Reg. and El. Pitt)

But most people do not eat their dinner off silver and gold and one would urge that here is in the other case the architecture the beautifying of the interior should be in scale so to say, with their manner of life. For instance there is not much comfort and homeliness in marble walls. They are very expensive and horribly cold and it does not follow that because they look superb in a palace at Genoa they will look equally well in a modern London house. Marble floors are beautiful enough but you may have a beautiful floor of stone or brick if you are not afraid of it and all these things wood brick stone or marble are only materials to produce a certain result not the result itself and then ultimate beauty depends very much more on the handling than on the materials themselves. Even such beautiful materials as the marbles used in hotels and restaurants are made repulsive by the man who uses them by his indifference to their structural qualities and his

course insensibility to the delicate gradations of their colour.

House architecture is a very large subject much too large to be dealt with adequately in a magazine article or indeed anywhere else for the matter of that for no amount of description or advice can convey exactly how the thing is to be done how the house is to be designed and how its details are to be executed. A technical treatise can state how bricks are bonded together and how timbers are joined and what amount of strains they will bear but all this is preliminary though indispensable

knowledge. It is the stage beyond this that defies analysis when you come to the individual case and the individual treatment of it—when a problem of particular conditions is presented which has to be solved in some particular way when in a word you reach the personal equation. It is this which makes architecture an art at all the fact that it requires serious and comprehensive thought that any work worthy of the name of architecture must have involved a fresh effort of imagination that its design must have been conceived of as a whole, that the idea of the whole which gradually grew together in the designer's brain should have reached and left its mark upon the very humblest detail of the finished work. And, if this is a right conception of architecture, much of what now does duty for it is out of the running at once. There is a

story of an architect who asked another in all sincerity what set of details he used, he might as well have asked a landscape painter whether he copied his trees from Constable or Cronin. This is not architecture, it would be a much easier affair if it was for all that that would be necessary for an architect would be a choice assortment of eras, historically arranged and labelled and the client could then choose between fourteenth, fifteenth or sixteenth century details or he could have an order from Inigo Jones with a pediment by Gibbs. It is a curious fact that however fastidious the taste and exact the archaeological knowledge which controls such building its results never in the last resemble the old work which they profess to copy, and the inference is only reasonable that one faculty which must have existed in the old work is lacking in the new—and that is the faculty of design. This work, however at least has knowledge and taste behind it the real mischief lies in

what is largely labelled in the shops as "art work," such for instance, as rickety screens or tables, painted red or green or white, or whatever the fashion of the colour may be.

This sort of work is much in demand because it is cheap and fills up a good deal of room for the money, but even as an investment it is bad because when the fashion changes it is hardly worth the selling. Whenever else fashion may be important it has nothing whatever to do with the beauty of any art. A few years ago there was a sudden rage for Chippendale and Sheraton furniture, but as soon as the public at large

took up this fancy the people who had found it out thought they must find out something else, and the fashion was set for Louis Seize—that is in practice the opposite

direction so far as design is concerned. Only one conclusion from this is possible, and it is that these people and those who follow them are quite indifferent to any art in the matter and are ready to follow blindly the leading of the dealers in old furniture and *l'art-a-bras*. In a less degree the case has been the same with architecture and

the fashion has been in the wrong direction. It has gone for fussiness, triviality and pattern as was naturally to be expected of the fashion. No lasting improvement in architecture or any other art is possible so long as they are supposed to be a matter

of fashion so long as the designer is told to copy an empty shell and not allowed to think out an idea with a life and embodiment of its own. One might almost say that if

this view is allowed to prevail the *renaissance* of art in modern life has gone. To return to my original text we have now no common notions for which art is the only possible expression—such for instance, as existed in medieval times or in any early stage of civilisation—but we have on the other hand a very intense individualism which must express itself somehow, and the old forms are not entirely sufficient for

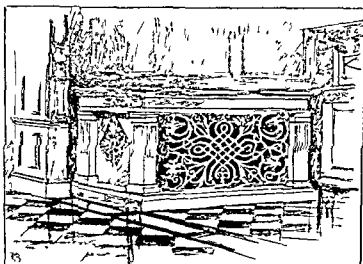
this: they are set too hard to fit all the intricate subtlety of modern thought and feeling. That architecture in its way is as capable of expressing this

feeling as any other art is quite certain but it must be given a far different and stifled and cramped condition. The public hold the matter in their own hands. It is for them to treat architecture as a serious art and to set a higher value on courage, independence and individuality in design than on unscrupulous cleverness in hitting off the fashion. If an



CHIPPENDALE PIECE OF FLETE, DEVONSHIRE.

(R. Vernon's Shop. R.A. Architect. Drawn by Reynolds Blount II.)



IRON SAFE IN MARBLE AND WROUGHT IRON. MR. AILEY'S HOUSE.

(T. C. Jackson Architect. Drawn by Reynolds Blount II.)

work simple work even savage barbaric work anything is better than fashionable work. "Parfois on se croit plus d'élégance, mais on se croit plus de fatigue." "La fatigue n'est pas un mal, mais la fatigue est un mal."

JOHN LINNELL

By ALFRED T. STORR

DURING the past season no fewer than thirty landscapes by the late John Linnell representing each period of his art were sold by auction

with the younger men to the very last. How much this means will be seen when it is remembered that the veteran painter died when he was on the verge of ninety and that his last picture in the Royal Academy was exhibited within a year or two of his death. The latter event occurred in January 1882. How many men in his own profession had come and gone between then and the time when—as a boy of fifteen—he sent his first two pictures to the Royal Academy and had the pleasure of seeing them hung.

It would be interesting to be able to see them now and compare them with his later works to see in how far they continued promise of his future achievements. They were small landscapes in oil—'A Scene from Nature' and

'A View near Reading.' William Henry Hunt exhibited three similar studies the same year—one of his also being 'A Study near Reading'—which was doubtless painted from nature at the same time as Linnell's. The two were much together in those days having been fellow students under John Varley the well-known water colour painter, and one of the founders of the old Water Colour Society the sum of whose teaching to them was—Go to nature for everything. Both accepted the precept—one of them at least with all the enthusiasm of his greatly-esteemed master, and more than his insight.

It is not the custom to write the lives of men who in a sense have faded, and so we may not get a 'Life' of John Varley, and yet one cannot help thinking that it would be worth while. More might be learned from a life like that of Varley, with its shortcomings and weaknesses but with its manifold noble and lovable qualities also than from many a more fortunate and successful career. Poor Varley! He reminds one of nobody so much as Oliver Goldsmith. Alike in his goodness of heart and his weakness of will did he resemble the kindly creator of Dr. Parnose and his son Moses. He was never tired of helping other men and throwing business in their way. Thus he assisted many on the way to fortune while as to himself with all his genius for art for invention and for astroligical prediction he was never out of difficulty and hot-water. And yet notwithstanding his troubles—and they were



JOHN LINNELL AS A YOUNG MAN
(From a sketch by himself)

that Messrs Christie, Manson, and Woods sold him. That is an unusually large number even for so prolific a producer as this famous painter who in years of a tireless labour exceeded seventy, and they were years of such unmitigated energy that an Academician who knew him well in speaking recently of his old friend threw up his hands in amazement as he exclaimed "Never was there such a man." His industry was perfectly astounding.

Nor can it be denied—even by those who do not accord to him the highest rank among landscape painters—that his art displays qualities of the rarest kind or that in his exhibited pictures he had his own

many and grievous—he could console himself with the thought that but for them he should have lusted with joy!

Put Varley was not Linnell's only teacher. Benjamin West had previously taken him in hand (having admired his sketches), given him hints and suggestions and permitted him to visit his studio and watch him paint. Even before that he had probably seen (at Mr. Morland's) his father, a furniture-maker being also something of a dealer and from time to time having Morland's pictures for sale. From these, at the age of ten his father set him to make copies and so passable were they that he found customers for them.

This copying, however, soon became an irksome drudgery to the youth and he hailed his pilgrimage under Varley as the first dawn of freedom. It meant excursions along the upper reaches of the Thames and into the adjacent country with Hunt sketching and observing that nature to which Varley had directed his attention and of which he never again lost sight but deepened his perception and his love year by year. It meant also companionship with Mulready—companionship in sketching, joint companionship as Academy students—when as he says he became at last emancipated and finally companionship in studio work and original effort. Mulready was only his senior by a few years, but those few years gave him all the advantages of a mastership which was of great benefit to Linnell—so great indeed that almost to the day of his death he confessed that as regards art he owed more to Mulready than to any other living person.

Mulready had married a sister of Varley and when Linnell first called to see the latter (on the invitation of William Varley who saw him one day at Christie's making a copy of one of Girtin's pictures) Mulready was living in the same house with him, thus they met, admired each other's work and talents, and became fast and enduring friends.

Not less important to him in a way was Linnell's association with another remarkable man of that time—William Fluke, yet painter and mystic—the man who in this nineteenth century (for though half his life belongs to the eighteenth he is still of the nineteenth century) has exemplified more than any other the truth of the saying that genius is a madness near allied. This connection however took place later when Linnell's reputation as a painter—as a portrait painter at least—had become established and there could no longer be any question

of master and pupil. But there was a similarity of thought especially in the spiritual direction between the two men, and so receptive a mind as that of the younger man could not be in almost constant communion with such a singular and striking genius as that of Blake without being influenced, and that he was influenced to some extent no one I think will



JOHN LINNELL, AGED 48
(from the *Portrait by H. Wallis*)

venture to deny after seeing such a picture as Linnell's *Abraham* or perusing some of his poetry for Linnell also developed the poetic as well as the artistic faculty.

The story of Linnell's connection as friend and patron with Blake forms perhaps the brightest chapter in the career of one whose distinguishing characteristic was not profuseness of liberality but rather the reverse as regards monetary matters. Though others crowded about Blake and called him

"Master," looking upon his slightest word as oracular or inspired yet it was to Linnell's kindness alone that he owed the comfort and freedom from care of his later years. Nor is it the less, but rather the more, to his credit that he extended this help not in charity but as an encouragement to work suggesting to him the engraving of his illustrations to the Book

of foliage as well as the making of the designs for the illustrations of the *Divine Comedy* and paying himself richly.

To his spiritual gifts and æsthetic powers gave

puzzled. Possibly, some Academicism who knows may enlighten us one of these days—if indeed the matter is not equally a mystery to all. When he was at the age at which men are usually considered

to be in the sun and yellow leaf Linnell was solicited to allow himself to be elected a member. But then he had become a sort of hermit on his mount (at Red Hill Surry where he had purchased himself an estate) and had taken to the study of Hebrew and Greek and to excruciating labours in connection therewith and cared no more for honours and titles—imitates as he designated them. He sought only the peace which preseth all understanding. He therefore refused. His letter declaiming the proffered honour has a parallel in the English language—that of Dr Johnson to Lord Chesterfield rejecting his patronage on the completion of his Dictionary.

Of the published result of Linnell's study of the Scriptures thus is no place to speak. Those studies

however, according to his own statement had an important bearing on his art, they had certainly upon the least important of his artistic works—his Biblical pictures. But it was his belief that he owed to his ardent pursuit of the truth as contained

fully Linnell united a single-mindedness and a businessness that such as it would be hard to parallel in any other artist ancient or modern. Hence he was a most successful man and died leaving a handsome competence. Not even Turner probably, much more so by the sale of his pictures than did Linnell. But in order to win his success he went through an amount of labour—drudgery others would call it—that would have killed half a dozen ordinary mortals. Linnell's way of taking recreation was to turn to another sort of work from painting to engraving from painting portraits to painting landscapes or from both to making the family bread or the family beer and it shows the absolute mastery of the man that he was almost equally good in all departments. These who are in a position to judge speak with well nigh equal enthusiasm of his treatment of his pictures.

Was it because I had heard that John Linnell was never elevated into the Academy? I confess I am at a loss to decide. I have not as yet been able to put the matter fairly in my life of the artist. But I am

—Life of John Linnell. (Editor and Son.)



IN WINDSOR FOREST

(From a Sketch by John Linnell)



IN WINDSOR FOREST

(From a Sketch by John Linnell)

in the Scriptures the power he attained of perceiving and depicting the truth of nature in his landscapes. Be that as it may it is curious to note that the commencement of his success as a landscape painter

dates almost from the time when as a man of fifty he took to his studies in Holy Writ.

Up to that time he had been chiefly noted as a portrait painter in which department he had attained to a mastery almost equal to the little Dutch masters in that line as his portraits of William Mulready, P.A. Sir Augustus W. Colclough, V.A. Sir Robert Peel, Lord the Bishop of Chichester, William Bray of Sherborne, and a number of others abundantly testify. He had previously done some exquisite landscapes—landscapes that in their fidelity to nature and their carefulness and even minuteness of finish showed so affinity to Dutch art—landscapes which were often sold for a mere pittance compared with the prices which they have since reached in the sale room. For example, *The Great Rivers* sold in the first instance for 700 guineas but which afterwards fetched 3,000 guineas at a sale in 1814 which originally drew off for £100 was knocked down at the Mart for £670 guineas at *The Windmill* sold at the Houldsworth sale for 800 guineas.

These are in the artist's early or so-called Dutch manner. Later he developed a portrait style more what I later style with a more mutual colouring and deeper insight. One of the best specimens of this period is perhaps *The Hill of Farnham* (an Isle of Wight subject) finished in 1814 for Mr. Joseph



SAMUEL PALMER.

(From the *Portrait of John Linnell*.)

Gillott and sold at the recent Pollock sale for 2,000 guineas Mr. Samuel Montagu M.P. being its present fortunate holder. Other famous pictures of this second or middle period are *The Timber Waggon* in the collection of the late Mr. David Price, Woodland.

The Sea-Loft and *Burley Harvest* all of which were included in the posthumous exhibition of the artist's works at the Royal Academy in the winter of 1883.

Shortly after painting these pictures Linnell's style began gradually to manifest still further changes. His pictures now became marked by less attention to minutess of drawing by a bolder and grander style and by being infused in some respects with a deeper strain of poetry and sentiment. The change is chiefly one of handling. His painting is "looser" there is a freer use of chiaroscuro, colouring with a vaguer and more graceful effect. But though the change was thus expressed in treatment its source was primarily spiritual.

Soon after his fame as a landscape painter had become established Linnell relinquished portrait painting and took up his residence at Red Hill where he had built himself a house on the edge of Forest Hill and where for the remainder of his days he spent it by devoting his time between landscape painting and the study of such subjects as referred to in regard to which curiously enough he



JOHN LINNELL.

(From a *Portrait of John Linnell*.)

equalled his labours of great moment than anything else he had done. Some have designated him a recluse, as may be, but he might more truly be styled a Quietist. In early manhood he had joined the Society of Communists, but he became a Hermit rather than a Brother, but did not long stay with the sect for long, even then too priest-ridden or at least too much under the domination of what he called the common system. He had felt the lights of painting the Quakers but could not put fall in with all their requirements.

Especially when it came to the Scripture. He drew back

up on himself and up on the simple truth of the Bible. He lived more a life of study and quiet meditation. At the same time dwelling amidst scenery that appealed powerfully to his imagination, and with little to trouble him (for he now sell pictures for good prices as fast as he could paint them).

He developed a strong and in some respects striking poetic gift. In these facts—and in the latter particularly—his difference of his later art. It is the high poetic quality with which it is vivified and transfigured. His later work is bold and

in doing in the expression of his thoughts. The pictures in which his highest qualities of this respect are exemplified are almost too numerous to name. Amongst the best known are "The Dove in the Cage," "Carrying What," "The Harvest-Song," "The Storm in Harewood," "The Forest



AT SHOPEHAM
(From a sketch by John Linnell)

ties in effect and colour, but he did not get this truthful modelling in his clouds. Linnell was perhaps greater in this respect than in anything else. In this his art had its culminating point.

It is worth noting in conclusion that Linnell always acknowledged his indebtedness to the Old

Masters especially those of the Venetian and Florentine schools. Up to a late period of life he was in the habit of keeping himself in touch with them by assiduously copying their masterpieces, he never seems, however, to have consciously

suggested it as a useful practice for young students to go to Italy for the purpose of studying the Old Masters, thinking that in the mass of wonderful art about them they are liable to become bewildered and to sacrifice their individuality and originality in the endeavour to imitate what they admire.



CULLINS FARM NORTH END HAMPSHIRE (THE ARTIST'S HOME)
(From a sketch by John Linnell)

Pond (sold recently at Christie's for £1200)
Pooks Woods and Forests' &c

A word ought to be said here upon the quality of Linnell's art which forms perhaps its most marked individual characteristic. I refer to the application of the exactitude of figure painting to landscape. In this particular he has probably few equals amongst artists of the English school living or dead. Neither Gainsborough nor Constable nor even Turner himself, painted his skies with more perfection of figure drawing and modelling than he. Turner got other wonderful quali-

NOTABLE ILLUSTRATED VOLUMES

By AN ARTIST

Of illustrated books recently published, the following demand more than a mere note: there would not be room else to show the character of the illustrations, which are in each case so important a feature.

For the sake of his reputation as a wordslayer at the shrine of Beauty it is to be regretted that Mr. Oscar Wilde has told us that he "admires immensely" the design of the cover for his new book of *fury tales**. It may reasonably be supposed that the cover of a book should in itself be attractive, even if it be ugly for it must be limited that there is sometimes an extraordinary attractiveness and fascination about ugliness, but Mr. Wilde's cover is not ugly enough to be fascinating though it would be difficult to find a design for a similar purpose so devoid of charm.

No more need have been said about this cover had not Mr. Wilde attempted to defend it, and, by description and argument, even tried to make us like it against our better judgment. A critic wrote that a portion of the design on the left hand side of the cover reminded him of "an Indian club with a house-painter's brush on the top of it," while a portion on the right side led to him the idea of a chimney pot hat with a sponge in it. As a matter of fact, the one is intended to be a back view of a peacock, and the other to be some sort of fountain, but they certainly are more like the objects mentioned by the critic. In the *Speaker* of December 5th Mr. Wilde attempts to show that it does not matter what the details of a design suggest—peacocks, pomegranates, splashing fountains of gold water or Indian clubs and chimney-pot hats—it is a matter of indifference, and has nothing to do with the æsthetic quality and value of the design, and this would have been true had Mr. Wilde been speaking of forms used in

repetition to produce a pattern. Almost any form may be used for this purpose, and a good result obtained, but the peacock and the fountain or the club and chimney-pot hat, are objects separate from the pattern on the cover. They are large independent figures standing by themselves and are emphasized by being in gold. Under such circumstances it matters very considerably what the form may be, though if the form be beautiful the object it represents may be a matter of indifference. But clever as Mr. Wilde may be it will puzzle him to discover a single beautiful line or form about this disputed portion of his design.

The drawings by Mr. Ricketts which embellish but hardly illustrate the stories, have a good deal of that interest which attaches to his work generally. For such small illustrations they are perhaps drawn in rather too coarse a line. But Mr. Ricketts evidently admires and follows the old German and Italian line drawings and there is no doubt about their admirable simplicity. But the coarser lines of the old engravings were due to the necessary coarseness of their execution and materials, and not to choice. The work had to obey the limits of tools and this

working within imposed limits produces what we understand as style. We do not care to discuss the question whether a modern artist should impose on himself limits unavoidable by the old masters, but not necessary to every artist desiring such matters for himself. Personally we prefer Mr. Ricketts when he works with a finer line. But whatever the thickness of his line his pen work is always interesting and never commonplace.

As to the drawings by Mr. Shinnon we cannot say anything because we cannot see anything. We can only suppose that Mr. Wilde is ashamed of them but having commissioned them felt bound to use them. They are printed on separate pages but



THE FISHERMAN AND HIS SON.

(From "The House of Pomegranates." Drawn by C. R. Ricketts.)

* "The House of Pomegranates." By Oscar Wilde. (Osgood, McVivian and Co. London.)

in so faint a tone that it is a simple affectation to have printed them at all. If it is purposely done to



IN DISGUISED SURPRISE."

(From "Cranford" First by H. & T. Mason.)

prevent the coming of intuition in the artist's work it is perfectly successful.

"Cranford" is a little "Cranford" the book over which our fathers and mothers smiled and wept is little more than a name to the younger generation. It was a happy thought of Messrs. Macmillan to put the book into the hands of Mr. Hugh Thomson for illustration and this new edition should give it a new life. Everyone who has entered the charmed circle of the quaint society so sympathetically depicted in "Cranford" has a real affection for its members and it is curious to note how everyone seems to have known the delightful people and usually has a story to tell of him or her in quiet town or village lived in or known in early life. Mr. Thomson's illustrations are a pleasing addition to the book. It is a very difficult matter to do all the relative merit of different works. But if it seems the best work Mr. Thomson has produced has certainly done nothing better than "Cranford" is his "Year of Wreck II." It is a very charming book. The reproductions are very charming in their relation to the story and the artist is also better the people.

"The Book" is a very good one. (From "Cranford" First by H. & T. Mason.)

of the story the ladies are more ladylike, and the pretty people are prettier. We give a couple of examples of the illustrations—not the best ones by any means—when all are so good it is difficult to find a best—but simply to show the quality of dainty rendering in the artist's work.

As with all stories of which the period is not definitely settled by the author, there will be diversity of feeling as to just what time is intended and consequently what costumes were in vogue. Is the costume too late or should it be later? There will certainly be a division of opinion on this subject among the wise ones on the question of costume. This is certain. Mr. Thomson has not confined it usually to one period. The costume is very mixed and does not properly belong to any one definite time. But then the artist may plead justification. The dresses did not change with the fashion in Cranford but lingered on so that the last gigot the last tight scanty petticoat in wear in England was seen in Cranford, and seen without a smile. Costume in the villages must certainly have been mixed. Not the least attractive feature of this new edition is the delightful sympathetic preface by Mrs. Anne Thackeray Jackson.

Cats have never been a favourite subject with the painter. Dogs and horses, even lions and tigers have had their artistic devotees and many of them



"MR. JAMIESON ON ONE SIDE AND MY LADY MRS. HOGGINS ON THE OTHER."

(From "Cranford" First by H. & T. Mason.)

but poor puss has been left very much out in the cold. This has been no doubt owing to the diffi-

made him a baronet, but he feared to slight the memory of the great Sir Joshua.

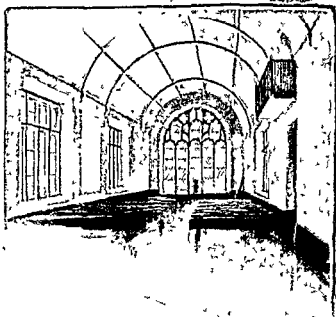
Natural beauties have very little to do with the formation of the artistic genius of those born in their midst. Leggy London produces more than her share of great artists. Turner's eyes opened in the dingy light of Maiden Lane and Hogarth in the parish of St. Martins, and of living artists to mention only two of many Mr J. C. Hook R.A. was born in Clerkenwell and Mr Holman Hunt in Wood Street, Ch. up side. On the other hand the stupendous grandeur of the Alps whose every gap yawns with tradition 'has given the Swiss only the sudden exclamation with difficulty restrained in its box.' But the beautiful neighbourhood of Plymouth a centre of tranquil pastoral beauty with its fair valleys of the Tavy the Tamar, and the Plym and the broad smiling surface of the sheltered Sound, has been not unfruitful in painters. La belle Haydon was Plymouth born and, later, the useful Solomon Hart, Professor of Painting at Burlington House. Reynolds was not only a Devonian but

owed most of his fortune, in art and in the world to Devon as will be shown.

Sir Joshua was the son of a clergyman, the Rev Samuel Reynolds who was headmaster of the Plympton Grammar School—not incumbent of the living—and it was in his father's school Sir Joshua obtained his education. The school-house was a not unimportant structure, for Plympton—a quiet little spot

four miles from Plymouth—has seen busier days. Under the school house was a play yard, supported by pillars and a drawing of this colonnade proves Reynolds's early study of perspective and helped to decide his father, who was aided by a knowledge of

the excellent living which Thomas Hudson a Devonshire portrait painter of the day was making in London to allow his son to become a painter. To this Thomas Hudson it was—his sister punching and denying herself to find £60 half the premium the rest having to be worked out—that in 1740 Reynolds was apprenticed. In two years Reynolds was home again



EXTERIOR AND INTERIOR OF THE GRAMMAR SCHOOL, PLYMPTON

(Drawn by G. F. H.)

Maybe the master was jealous of the pupil, maybe Joshua's refusal to carry a cane was through the many streets angered him. For two years Reynolds lived at the Dock as Devonport was then most often called and punted all the local notables. But even now we have moved so rapidly. It was Dick Edgumbe

of the Devonian Mount Edgumbe family, who when Joshua was but thirteen got him to paint his first portrait of Thomas Smart of Miter, and it was a Lord Mount Edgumbe who gave him his eventual introduction to Captain Keppel and extended patronage.

to him in London in his earlier and needier days. In 1746 Samuel Leynolds a gentle patient and profoundly religious man "passing rich on forty pounds a year" as Joshua's friend subsequently put it, summoned his son home to hear his last words.

Twelve months afterwards Joshua had settled

Venetian Titians, which inspired his colour that Sir Joshua turned to be the Revival of fame. Of Keppel Sir Joshua subsequently painted a portrait which added greatly to his reputation—a portrait which of the man was venetian and of a hero moving to battle a noble picture. In 1778—Sir Joshua Leynolds had been knighted five years earlier—

—he became Mayor of Plympton. When asked to send his portrait to the Fitz Gallery he wrote "Vae non oppidi natalis dicti Plympton comitatu Devon prefectus, justitius morum Censor on the back of it. When George III congratulated him on his majority Sir Joshua bluntly told the King it was the honour he valued most of all—an uncourtier like remark he did something to modify by adding except that conferred on him by your Majesty. To the Mayor and Corporation of Plympton Sir Joshua presented his portrait painted by himself but the worthy provincial or the successors finding to their astonishment people existed unwary enough to give money for the lot of engravings converted it into cash.

In 1755 Leynolds took up his permanent residence in London. Five years later the great portrait painter of lovely children and beautiful women of Kitty Fisher Mrs. Johnson Fanny Kemble Johnson Sterne Garrick and Goldsmith and Mrs Siddons—portraits which as Chesneau rightly says are before all things pictures added early lustre to his fame by lining the beautiful sisters Gunning. The coach with the four sea-sons painted on the panels the six sisters and £6000 a year quickly followed. In 1762 Reynolds exhibited at the Incorporated Society of Artists, but that the first regular exhibiting body was soon rent in twain over the question—just as trouble some to day—of the Hanging Committee.

Sir Joshua appears to have discreetly refused to take sides but when the main body of the just as their opponents called them developed into the Royal Academy in 1768 lured it was said by the promise of knighthood he threw in his lot with the new institution and became its first President in Dilton's Auction Rooms Pall Mall. Four months before Sir Joshua's death Sir Godfrey Kneller last of the foreign court painters died. Sir James Thornhill Hogarth's father-in-law and executor of St Pauls had succeeded him. Hogarth Father of the English school was then six and twenty. The school Hogarth founded burst instantly into splendour for Reynolds worked side by side with Gainsborough and Romney and Wilson and Turner was a junior of seventeen when



THE TOWN HALL, PLYMPTON

(Drawn by G. F. H. R.)

against him with and was greatly influenced by the counsels of a Jacobite artist one William Carlyson of a pupil of Van Dyck to whom are due some of his riches of colour and some of his unfortunate selectness of pigment—which may even Walpole in his day alarm for the permanency of the master's work. It was at Devonport that the young painter accepted the hospitality of the subsequently glorious Admiral Keppel and sailed aboard HMS Centurion a vessel bearing a name ever to be honoured in our naval history for his long-cherished-of paradise of Italy. It was while studying the Italian masterpieces which at first disappointed him the Michel Angelos which it was rather his affectation chiefly to honour the Correggios which gave him his grace and the

Sir Joshua died. But British art passed through a truculent youth: a glance at the old pamphlets will show—especially those by I bent Strange who accused Moore of practically stealing the Trustees and other properties from the St Martin's Lane Academy. Strange himself was told he was too ignorant to be allowed speech having described the subject of one picture as a "She-bone-Defending-Lion-Young" and another as "Neptune Attending his Turtles."

Reynolds was before all things a man of intellect. He himself thought that had he been a doctor he could have attained to the same fame as that he had won as painter. After intellect came a magnificent colour sense and a power of reproduction which was test in many Italian oil-masters. It has been alleged that in his celebrated "Addresses" he was aided in days when orthography was a matter of private judgment his spelling was various and because with Johnson, Sterne, Colman and Burke to select from the temptation to employ a ghost was great. But we find too much of Pyralis in these lectures to believe that. They are so smooth so intelligent so polished so intensely modern that Sir Frederick Leighton might almost as well deliver any one of them to-day as his own. But in the manner of delivery there would indeed be a difference. Sir Joshua had injured his upper lip in Minerva's contracted deafness in Florence and almost desperately avoided the oratorio. In 1790 the result of a double quarrel about the election of Ponnini his *protégé* Sir Joshua resigned

both the presidency and his chair. There were such caldies and the Academy were so very illiberal, but he exhibited—for the last time—that year, and at the King's desire reassumed office.

Of all his Addresses the fourth tells us most of his theory. Here in characteristic sentences Apollonius was low time and of man appearance

none of these defects ought to appear in a piece of which he is here

The great end of art is to strike the imagination. The painter therefore is to make no ostentation of the means by which this is done. What would he have said of the masterly dexterity the musician uses in technique of to-day? And then

It is the inferior style that marks the variety of stuffs. With him (the historical painter) the clothing is neither wool, linen nor linen nor silk satin or velvet—it is drapery, it is nothing more.

His last address concluded thus: "I should desire that the last words I should pronounce in this Academy and from this place might be the name of Michel Angelo. Then Burke stepping up gave Reynolds his

hand as he descended from the rostrum exclaiming—

The angel ended and I in a hazy ear
So charming left I a voice that he would be
Though I must still speaking and I too I fix I to I car

Of no English master can it so truly be said as of Sir Joshua Reynolds that he long dead his left word so sympathetically beautiful to our eye that we pass as we admire and feel that its creator must be still a living fellow man. I J S



TOUR OF SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS IN THE CRYPT OF ST. PAUL.

(Drawn by A. B. de la Tour.)

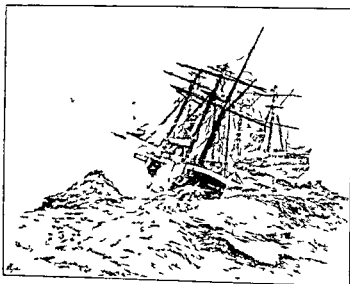
OUR ILLUSTRATED NOTE BOOK

WF live can now express our opinion that the days of Art Unions were numbered and that the great work they were founded to accomplish

A strong movement is on foot in favor of erecting to the memory of Lord Walter I. Puck Hamilton V.C. the statue in which Mr C. I. Puck

A.I.A. commemorated the young sailor's heroism at the Royal Academy of 1890. Hamilton's splendid deeds in selling his life so dear when Sir Louis Cavagnari and his party were massacred at Chul in 1879 inspired Mr Puck to produce not only one of his best works but one of the most spirited groups of sculpture ever executed in this country. A powerful committee has been brought together with a view to raising subscriptions for the reproduction of this admirable work in bronze and its erection on an appropriate site.

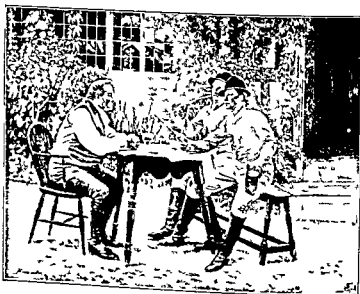
The kindly nature and the high talent of Sir Joseph Edgar Boehm will live long in the hearts of his friends, but given in brass the memory of his life and work will henceforth be brought to the minds of those who stand in the Artists' Corner of St Paul's Cathedral close by Reynolds and Wren Landscap West and many another of immortal fame. The massive brass covers his grave the tablet is in the wall at its head. P. H.



THE ESCAPE OF H.M.S. "CALLIOPE" MARCH 15, 1890

(From the Original Engraving by R. W. Puck A.P.A. to be presented to their Subscribers by the Art Union of London.)

was done so far as Art Unions can do it for the results which enable them such useful and proper institutions have altered and progressed. It must be admitted that the greatest of them all—the London Art Union—is doing very hard for the principal reason that it keeps so well abreast with public taste. Its chief merit this year lies in the fact that declining to double further in price—aggravation—an admirable process in its way but not with all its patrons—advocate Art Union to the exclusion of national taste—it has returned to culture. Its selection might do much to be improved upon but it might be said to be Mr. D. S. Salter's "St. Francis" of 1890—his selection by Mr. J. D. L. and Mr. W. A. L. A. has produced capital proof of "The Escape of H.M.S. Calliope" both of which will certainly appeal to the taste of the class for which Art Unions especially cater.



"STUFFING IS GOOD FOR EVERYONE"

(From the Engraving by W. Dendy Salter. An Etching by J. Dobson to be presented to their Subscribers by the Art Union of London.)

of emeralds. The cup in style Italian is well seen. It is on one side a shell displaying the Cardiff arms those of the Muggins of Butte being enmodelled upon the other. The handles are modelled in the Florentine style with two cylinders from which are arising large drop amethysts. It is rare that so am-
litious a work is produced and it is interesting to learn that none but Edinburgh hands have touched the cup from beginning to the end.



SIR SYDNEY WATERLOW

(From the *Illustrated London News*, 1881, p. 110)

in respect to design, modelling and execution.

Through the courtesy of the authorities of St. Bartholomew's Hospital and of the artist we are enabled to reproduce the portrait of Sir Sydney Waterlow which a few weeks since was presented to the aforesaid institution in memory of the many

and long continued services rendered to it by the distinguished sitter. The picture which was officially unveiled by the Prince of Wales with a certain amount of ceremony is the work of Professor Her-
man P. A. and



THE LATE CHAR ROBERT
BY P. A.

must be counted among his happiest likenesses and his most vigorous paintings.

Another memorial—dedicated to its purpose with still more official formality, and certainly with much more impressive surroundings—was the marble bust of the

late Matthew Arnold unveiled in the Poets' Corner in Westminster Abbey. It is the work of Mr. A. Bruce Joy and is strikingly successful both artistically and in point of resemblance. We would point out that our reproduction has not been made from the last direct cast from the original clay when it had not yet quite reached completion. But what it loses in finish the sketch gains greatly in robustness and in point of fact shows the artist at his best.

In these days when the wedding of art and sport usually brings forth an abomination of common place design or when it is refreshing to turn to the spirited silver group by Mr. Adrian Jones which has been so much discussed as the 'Oakley Testimonial'.

To the death of the late Mr. Robertson RWS we refer in our last number.



MATTHEW ARNOLD

(By A. Bruce Joy for the Poets' Corner in Westminster Abbey)



THE OAKLEY TESTIMONIAL

(From the *Illustrated London News*)

ART IN JANUARY

SIR FREDERICK LEIGHTON'S ADDRESS.

Last Prize-day, being Gold Medal year and, more over, solemn by reason of its being the anniversary of the establishment of the Royal Academy, Sir FREDERICK LEIGHTON resumed the series of his discourses, which tradition exacts shall be delivered every two years. It must be admitted that it is on such occasions as these that the "Admirable Crichton" of the Academy appears at his best. His learning and research, his command of language and expression, his clearness of insight into his subject, and his lucidity of demonstration to his youthful audience are embellished and not veiled by that rather high flown literary quality which sometimes sounds a little strained when embroidered on to after-dinner oratory. Continuing the cycle of his historical "inquiries" into the art of Europe, he came to that of France, and seeking there its highest form of expression, found it in its architecture. To that, therefore, he addressed himself, seeking first to discover the influences—topographical, atmospheric, political, and communal—which go to make up that extraordinary but delightful psychological compound known as the French mind. It was remarkable to find a painter so thoroughly imbued with his somewhat foreign subject, evidently charmed with that novelty he charged the French with over fondness for, but yet with a thorough knowledge of it in all its logical development. He traced the growth of Gothic, and the absorption of Italian Renaissance, into the art life of the people, and only stopped with a withering reference to the Rococo which disfigures to this day so many a 'home of taste' in England and on the Continent alike. We might venture to doubt the accuracy of one or two of his dates, and the nationality of an architect he branded as an Italian, but with the whole substance of the paper none could be otherwise than charmed and impressed, more particularly with his eloquent appeal to the student to regard the Gothic order with the reverence due to it, but not to seek to apply its mediæval beauties to the architecture of to-day, nor to fancy that because it was the outcome of the demands of one age, it can therefore comply with the requirements and stern necessities of another.

THE ROYAL ACADEMY SCHOOLS, 1901

Having referred to the President's address, we must turn for a moment to the students' work, of the most important of which we shall next month publish reproductions. To Mr PERCIVAL were awarded the Gold Medal and Travelling Studentship (£200) for the historical painting ('Victory'), but a Mention was adjudged to Mr MOIRA for a more painter-like picture, though less satisfactory as a school piece. The Turner Gold Medal and Scholarship (£200) were won by Mr F. I. MACKENZIE. The Gold Medal and Travelling Studentship (£200) in Sculpture ("Jacob Wrestling with the Angel") were gained by Mr PAUL RAHAEL MONTFORD, a young man of extraordinary promise of whom we propose to give some account in our next number. He achieved on this occasion the unprecedented feat of securing no fewer than six important prizes

in two departments of art—(1) the Sculpture Studentship already referred to, (2) the First Amalgam Prize and Bronze Medal for a design in monochrome for a figure picture, (3) a design for the decoration of a public building, (4) a set of three models from life (second prize), (5) a model of a design ('Joy'), and (6) the Landseer Scholarship in Sculpture. Total, two medals and £240 in money. The Silver Medal and Prize for a cartoon of a draped figure were carried off by Mr HORWITZ, the same for six drawings from the life, by Mr G. S. WATSON, the same for three models from life by Mr LECHESTER who also won the First Prize for the model of "Joy." The Architectural Gold Medal and Travelling Studentship were awarded to Mr A. H. HART. Altogether forty-two prizes (to the money value of £1,200) were won by twenty-two students—fifteen male and seven female.

ART IN THE LAW COURTS.

In the course of the proceedings in 'Oshone & Har greaves,' the action for slander recently heard, Mr Justice DUNNAN expressed his disapproval, with curious simplicity, of the growing practice indulged in by members of the Junior Bar of making sketches of parties and witnesses in *court clothes*. The skill and practice of Mr LOCKWOOD Q.C., "Stuff" GOWNSMAN, of the late Vice-Chancellor LECOCK and others in this direction have for some time been matters of common repute in legal circles, so that the 'Juniors' to whom the judge's remarks were addressed have a sufficient precedent for their offence. It will be noted, however, that Mr Justice DUNNAN referred especially to members of the Bar so that it would appear that non-legal sketchers of forensic life, amateur or otherwise, are not included in the judicial anathema.

With respect to the action of the Parisian police against the obscenity of certain 'artistic' journals to which we referred a couple of months ago we have now to record that the manager and acting editor of the *Correspondant Français* have both been fined and sent to gaol whilst the draughtsman of the offending picture only escaped through a legal loophole. Nine convictions in as many months must shortly have a healthy effect upon those who while willing to kneel for gun-butt the altar of the Goddess Lubricity, have no mind to let official up as a sacrifice.

AN 'ÆSTHETIC' SOCIETY OF THE ROSA + CROSS

The foundation in Paris of an order styling itself La Rosa + Croix du Temple may in spite of its more childish features, have considerable effect upon the rising school of art of that city. The attempt to establish a society of art for Rosemasons has doubtless some affirmations for the elements which live to play at Jesuitry and mysticism and grail-like, to have a secret. Like the Pre-Phœbe Brotherhood, the Society aims at artistic reform. As the Lullabrotherhood was a protest against the manities, conventions, and the generalisations of the day and braved its bulk in carrying out its tenets of "sincerity," so the new

Positivians exist to proclaim by the work of their hand against the triumph of brain work and the excess of realism. To them technique or excellence of execution is no longer paramount, religious fervour and the "Beautiful" are what they care for. Portraits of all favoured persons will be rigidly excluded from their exhibitions, and only the legends of religion and of life are eligible. It will be the Apotheosis of the Pretty—a demonstration against the Fallen Archangel Courbet. This position would be a perfectly reasonable one to take up if the votaries of the new cult were unaffectedly earnest and sincere. But when we find that only five out of all the rules and regulations are at first made public and when the moving spirits style themselves Sir (the President) and the Trinity, Sir, Adar and Samas, we naturally stop to inquire what this masquerade may mean. We are far from desiring to pay into the secrets that amuse them; indeed we should not have referred to them were it not for the eminent artists who are said to be among the chosen few of the elect. When we find Messrs. CHARLES CAZIN, KHINOFF, BLANCHÉ, C. MELVIER, and that richly gifted artist LUC OLIVIER Merson allied together with several others to suppress so far as they are concerned all the portraits of all but hand some persons, all pictures of ugliness and still life in all forms (together with pictures however beautiful and religious from a female hand) we may be sure that some thing must come of it. If they will but determine a standard of the beautiful in the service of which they are mysteriously linked, they will have established their claim to immortality. We are fanatics, they declare. To infuse into contemporary art and especially into æsthetic culture the theocratic essence is the new line along which we advance. To overthrow the fetish of fine execution, to stamp out the dilatoriness of methods, to subordinate the Arts to Art—that is to say to return to aiming at the ideal as the sole end of artistic effort whether architectonic, pictorial or plastic—that is our cult. An interesting regulation of the new society is that a new member must have two supporters who, if he does aught in his artistic career contrary to this search after and devotion to the ideal will be forthwith turned out along with him. An exhibition is to be held by the Society in the Galerie Durand Rue on the 10th of March of this year, when the world will see how much importance belongs to the new movement, and how far, if at all, it can stem the flow of the pre-entide.

RECENT EXHIBITIONS.

From an artistic point of view the New Gallery series of historical exhibitions, which now concludes with that illustrating the first three quarters of her Majesty's gracious reign, is interesting chiefly because of the magnificent display it has given us of the work of the great portrait painters. What Holbein and Sir A. More were to the Tudor period Sir Anthony Vandick Rubens, and Sir Peter Lely to the Stuart, and Sir Godfrey Kneller, Hoppner, Hogarth Sir Joshua Reynolds, Gainsborough, Romney, Sir Henry Raeburn and Sir Thomas Lawrence to the Georgian that to our own are Mr G. F. Watts, R.A. Sir John Millais, Mr Ouseley, Mr Herkomer and the late Frank Holl. The Watts portraits in themselves form a most important exhibition—each one a picture, by a master, each a revelation of character by a profound student of men. Amongst them we find Sir Henry Taylor, Sir Anthony Panizza and Carlyle. His Matthew Arnold and Rossetti stand for Romance and Intellect in poetry. His portrait of Mrs.

Julia Cameron shows the Pre Raphaelite influence, and Mrs. Parnep might almost have been painted by Rossetti. Sir John Millais is ably represented by his scurly Cardinal Newman, by John Bright, and Berensfield, for which last the final sittings were robbed him by death. A little portrait of the late Charles Keene by Sir GEORGE FRED is a great work, as has been recognised by the readers of this Magazine. Mr WINTLERS famous Carlyle is truly lung. The painted records of the private life, of semi public, and state history of the reigning family mostly teach us that a period of commonplace taste in fashion and furniture finds its too faithful mirror in art.

An interesting collection of bronzes has been drawing considerable attention to the Goupil Gallery, New Bond Street. Many of these are very modern Russian little groups of figures representing various phases of moujik and Tatar life wrought with affectionate detail and full of an odd veracity which makes them exceedingly instructive to the student of comparative national customs and manners. At the same time it must be admitted that these are hardly the qualities we most desire in statuary, however minute. It is before all things, the art of noble reticence not of insistent detail and these little things with all their fascination of vivid realism and spontaneity, their comic and pathetic touches such as are conveyed in the ribbed eloquence of some of the Romantics the Cossack troopers' busts, and their educational value as to the make of Muscovite farm carts, highwaymen's firearms, market women's costumes, and other interesting matters, strike us only as they struck us two years or more ago at Messrs. Pellman and Ivey's—that is to say, as being a glorified form of the skill which gives us those quaint little figures carved by the Swiss in wood, and not as approximating in artistic feeling the dwarf bronzes and waxes of Japan. But the Goupil Gallery offers other allurements. There are reproductions in miniature of some of the masterpieces of FREMIET, especially his "Jenne d'Arc." Fremiet's mediæval statues have a wonderful grace and feeling of chivalry about them, but he has rather a passion for making the heavy warrior approximate the modern thoroughbred and he lacks the massive romance of Marochetti. Priceless Bayes are dotted about—little bronze lions, tigers, and leopards of a few inches statue, which absolutely leave nothing to be told of the undisciplined dignity, nature, and tragically puissant muscularity of these mighty cats. Mr J. M. SWAYNE'S "Young Himalayan Tiger" shows how nearly the great English animal er gets to the French master whom he worships. "The Sluggard," by Sir FREDERICK BRINGTON, and evidences of Mr HAMO THORNTON and Mr OSNLOW FORD, all demonstrate the right we have to rejoice in the renaissance—or as it nasencef—of English sculpture.

Mr A. W. WEDON would probably describe himself as of the Coxon school, but his new development in the direction of golden brown colouring as displayed in his County of Kent drawings at the Society of Arts Galleries shows the strong influence of De Wint. Some of these drawings are very beautiful especially "Richborough Evening"—a broad and open landscape a shining river winding through a plain, with a beautiful effect of tranquil, mellow golden light. In some other drawings we find, the artists widening popularity has been conducive to speed rather than quality. In an adjoining room it will be found that Mrs. HEATCOTE has had the graceful fancy to illustrate Shelley's Italian travels, fitting felicitously each drawing with a quotation from her bard.

Mr JOHN COLIN FOLLEN, of the Royal Canadian Academy—an institution which is a monument to the days when the Princess Louise was a vice-queen—has painted an effective portrait of Mr Gladstone for the Canadian Liberals to present to the National Liberal Club. It is on view at Messrs. Graves, Pall Mall. The right hon. gentleman stands erect by a table in his study, dressed in frock coat and trousers of a warm grey, white waistcoat and loose, blue bow cravat. The attitude is good and truthful, half oratorical, as though clenching an argument the index finger (which in the interests of truth we must state he does not possess) of the half extended right hand pointing down to emphasise some proven statement. There are character and truth in the face—which seems a little too broad and unrefined—and vigour in the alert figure.

Mr WILFRED BALL has the happiest sense of red and grey, and his "Impressions of Nuremberg, with its red tiles and sullen skies, shown at the Rembrandt Head" in Vigo Street, proved that he has known where to go for subjects. There is no peculiar subtlety in Mr Ball's work, and it always lacks distance, whilst one drawing is very much like another. To come suddenly upon one of his sketches is often delightful, but he does himself an injustice in attempting a "one man show."

Mr W W MAY, R.I. produces with a pleasing facility unambitious drawings of sea and shore, and has a knack of dealing with shipping subjects with not less than the usual accuracy. A year or so ago he visited Madeira and saw Funchal bright and clear in sepia and cobalt. This summer he has indulged himself in one of those much advertised public steam yacht trips to the Land of the Midnight Sun, and at Messrs. Buck and Reid's, in Bond Street it can be seen in a little set of drawings how agreeably the scenery, ships, and tenders and more sympathetic atmosphere of Norway impressed him.

REVIEWS.

All lovers of 'the great George Cruikshank's' work and all students of what we may call political as well as social art of the beginning of the century, will welcome the beautiful form in which Mr Nimmo has issued "*The Cruikshankian Momus by the three Cruikshanks, Isaac Robert, and the Great George*." This collection of many of the best and rarest of the broadsides and song heads executed by the father and his two sons is, on the whole, an excellent selection—formed we suspect, by Mr JOSEPH GREY—of the earliest work of George in the department of humorous and sentimental caricature. The songs, consisting of verses by Dibdin, Colman, and others, were embellished by copper plate etchings coloured by hand, and these, to the number of fifty two, have been reproduced on a reduced scale, but coloured like the originals in admirable facsimile. It could be wished that the collection of these rarities were more complete—as it might easily have been made—and that the authorship ascribed was invariably accurate. The one fault of the volume is the absence of any introduction or explanatory notes. The readers might then have been told how what are here given as the joint efforts of Isaac and his son George are in reality the entire design of the former for the most part, executed with only the slight assistance of the latter—such as the backgrounds, maybe, or perhaps only the tinting in. They might have learned that in the spirited song head of "Irish Hospitality" and in "Sound Philosophy" the two chief figures are those of Messrs. Laurie and Whittle, the publishers of most of the song heads of this sort at the time and for a good many

years after. And they might have been informed that the tail pieces, which correspond in subject with the chief illustrations, are drawn from Dibdin's sea songs, Grimm, the "Universal Songster," "My sketchbook," "Jack Sheppard," "The Points of Humour," the "Almanac," and other masterpieces of Cruikshankian achievements both in wood drawing and etching. The probabilities, too, might have been discussed as to the correctness of several of the ascriptions. But for many the abstention from "editing" will perhaps be an advantage for here we have the Cruikshanks unadulterated, painted and published as they probably never dared to dream or hope for, and without the intervention of the "traitor" annotator.

The artists of England owe a debt of gratitude to Mr ANDERSON, the new Professor of Anatomy at the Royal Academy, for his introduction to them of the translation of ERNST LEUCKERT'S work on "*The Human Figure its Beauties and Defects*" (H. Grevel and Co). It is some thing of a novelty in these days of realism on the one hand, and impressionism on the other, to come across a professor who has the boldness to assert that there is a beauty of the human figure which is apart from any mere copying, however accurate, of the human model, that human models have defects which are not to be reproduced, that it is the duty of an artist to cultivate his natural perception of beauty of line and surface, and to study in a regular, comparative method the best examples in nature and art, and that only by the combination of these two factors is it possible for anyone to become competent to form a sound judgment on the beauty or defects of the figure in art. It is surely "the voice of one crying in the wilderness" that there is an ideal beauty for artists to aim at. We have forgotten it, we have denied it, until the power to perceive beauty has almost disappeared from our mind. We have said that the only beauty desirable was the beauty of the method by which any ugliness was painted. We have concerned ourselves so long with the more photographic details that to copy ugliness truthfully has been everything to us and beauty of form nothing. This little book is all through a protest against the scientific critic whose only demand is for truth, and unintentionally, is an earnest appeal to the artist to study the figure from a standpoint higher than the scientific and it not only makes this demand on him but it shows him the way. Professor Brucke takes the figure part by part, and shows by comparison its possible beauties and defects. He holds that, just as lovers of the horse know his "points" his beauties and defects, so the figure-painter should know the points of the human figure, and instead of becoming the slave of his imperfect model should himself be able to recognise and correct its faults.

Cats have been a good deal to the fore lately. The last contribution to feline literature is Mrs. GRAHAM R. TOMSON'S graceful little anthology "*Concerning Cats*" (T. Fisher Unwin), prettily though unpretendingly illustrated by Mr ARTHUR TOMSON. In this little volume a selection is made of what many of our poets, as well as those of France, have sung of the cat—the litter being 'too excellent to leave out, too subtle to translate.' Mr Tomson's contributions are some capital sketches of cats, distinctly impressionist, and decorative in feeling, full of truthful observation, and reminiscent now of Minda's work, now of the Japanese. We must also draw attention to "*Peter, a Cat o'-one Tail*" (Pall Mall Gazette Office), an amusing sketch by Mr CHARLES MORLEY, with many illustrations by Mr LOUIS WAIN, and to "*Catonaenetia*," edited by its illustrator, Mr W T JENYNS, the engraver, and nominally

written by Miss HETTERE BROWN, a young lady of colour. To the sumptuous work on "*Hermione Runes*" we refer in the body of this number of the Magazine.

It is rather late in the day to welcome a "*Catalogue of Painters of the English School*" (Sampson Low and Co.), by the late RICHARD REDFERN, C.B., R.A., and SAMUEL L'EDRIDGE, of which a second edition, "abridged and continued to the present time," has recently been issued. This republication of an admirable work is a genuine service to the art student, while the suppression of many of the more technical criticisms renders the book available to many to whom before it was inaccessible. That the work has sufficed so little from its curtailment is evidence that in a treatise of this sort the artist is not the best critic—the author being undecided as to whether he should address himself to the public or should lecture artists on his vehicles and varnishes, glazes and scumbleings. As a matter of fact, this edition appeals rather to the student and the general reader than to the artist, while gaining in its more readable qualities. To a few points in the book we would take exception. Writing in praise of the academic system, the authors say that it "was established in the great Italian cities, where art flourished but would it not be true to write, 'where art showed signs of decay.' They say, in effect, that the *atelier* system produced worthy pupils, but the academic system gave rise to worthless masters. How, then do they account for Hogarth, Reynolds, Gainsborough, and Wilson in England?—for we are entitled to maintain that Shipley's "Academy" counted for little or nothing. Again it is suggested that the portrait painters of the day could not paint hands and draperies, but surely the existence of drapery and background painters was wholly due not to the incapacity of the chiefs, but to their indisposition to employ their time on accessories while they could more profitably spend it, according to the custom of the day, upon heads. The authors, referring to the Royal Academy and its working, make two errors—for so they must be considered, as the work is brought up to the present time—it is said that the Associates have no share in the government of the Academy, and that then number is unlimited. To say that Wale is remembered only as a book-illustrator is as unjust as is the commentary on Hoppner while the praise awarded to Samuel Palmer strikes us as somewhat fulsome, having in view the fact that at one period Palmer was really a copyist—and that a rather vulgar one—of Turner's richer glories. Of absolute mistakes there are a few, which should be corrected. On page 370 Roberts is said to be the first President of the Society of British Artists—that is to say, in 1831, while on page 411 we are told that Henry occupied the self-same position in 1814. Proper distinction is not drawn between the two Pinks father and son. The great Eddy pictures are not in the Royal Scottish Academy, but in the National Gallery of Scotland. Several blunders too, occur in the chapter on the Die Bräutchen. The *Germ* was a monthly, not a weekly, magazine, Seldon was not a P.R.B., Holman Hunt, "who has gained eminence," has certainly not "more or less ignored the early principles of the Brotherhood," Inchbold was not an original "brother," nor was his work writing in atmosphere. These are the chief, and we believe, the whole of the errors of this book, and if we have drawn particular attention to them it is because this work, so full of fact, so admirably written, so excellent in taste, and dealing so intelligently with a vast and rather unwieldy mass of material, might easily be made faultless. Indeed, as it stands, it is indispensable to the art student and highly valuable to the general reader.

The continuous improvement which has marked the progress of "*The Art Annual*" since its foundation is this year fully maintained. The art of the twelvemonth is better treated than heretofore, being almost free from such typographical errors as previously disfigured it. As it stands it is a work which no one who takes an interest in his own times can afford to be without.

NOTABILIA

MR PIERCE CLARKE, C.P.E., who was recently appointed to the Kippership of the South Kensington Museum, has been promoted to the Assistant Directorship.

The Fitzroy Picture Society has come to the support of the Art for Schools Association, and is issuing a series of well coloured but cheap Biblical pictures. These are designed by such skilful draughtsmen as Mr HENWOOD SIMPSON, Mr WHITE, Mr SELWYN IMAGE, and Mr HERBERT P. HOULME.

The princely gift of the Due d'Aumale to the French Academy of Fine Arts of the forty miniatures by JEAN LEONER, painted to illustrate Chaucer's *Legendary*, must be recorded here. These miniatures, which are said to have cost the Duke £12,000, are among the masterpieces by Louis XI's court painter.

The movement of true æstheticism has broken out in a new place. A non-commercial firm—that is to say, one to which artistic and executive excellence is the first, and gain but the second consideration—has been established by Mr Reginald Blomfield, Mr Stephen Webb, Mr Lethaby, and others, under the name of "Kenton and Co.," for the manufacture of well-designed furniture.

The proposal of the French Minister of Fine Arts, which we recently reported, that the coffins of the State Museums and Galleries should be filled by laying a charge on visitors, has been rejected by the Budget Committee, who recommend that, for the purpose required, an annual Parliamentary grant should be made to the amount of £20,000. This recommendation requires ratification.

We recently printed a list of the portraits of the late JOHN BIRCH, numbering in all nineteen. Mr A. BRUCE JOY writes to say that we omitted to mention the successful statue and bust by himself, while Mr STEVENSON reminds us of his work, a bust, at the Reform Club, London. We are glad to acknowledge these communications, but we did not wish it to be considered that our list pretended to be complete.

A statue to the memory of LOUIS GALLAIT is to be erected at Tourmay, the commission is in the hands of M. CHARLIER. Another to BIROT is commissioned by the municipality of Bienton. The reproach that no artist in England has ever been thought worthy of a public statue is about to be removed by the Corporation of Milton Keynes, who are proposing to set up such a memorial to their eminent townsman ROBERT.

In the summer of 1890 M. FAHNER was commissioned by the French Government to visit England and draw up a report on the state of the arts in this country, and move particularly on the relation of Art and the State. The result is a very intelligent document. In the course of it, however, appears a statement likely to astonish his readers. It is coolly stated that the number of pictures at Hampton Court amounts to a million! There is here an error of 939,000 canvases or thereabouts.

Our obituary notices are held over till next month.



THE WATERING PLACE.

The Old Mill Pond.

THE OLD MASTERS AT THE ROYAL ACADEMY

By CHARLES WHIFFY

THE winter exhibition at Burlington House is a triumph of English painting. The examples in the first and third galleries are of unequal pieces which environ it. An inapposite suggestion of Hellenism does not atone for the lost colour and speckled effect of this unfortunate experiment * and



MRS. J. ADDY.

(From the collection of the Earl of Pembroke.)

merit but all save one belong to the great school. The exception is P. Walker's 'Sunny Thames', which has been put to the supreme test and is found wanting. Sir John Mordaunt's oil in these places that Tim was the greatest of the Old Masters and James Mellowing's hand perchance may chasten the irritating crudity of Walker's canvas. But whatever fate the future has in store for it one point at least is certain: the 'Sunny Thames' will not stand comparison with the older master

whatever view be taken of Walker's talent: it must be conceded that the honour put him this year will not enhance his reputation. When you turn from the new to the old you find much to interest and delight. Richard Wilson's 'Clara Harris' is a superb example. Classical in the broadest sense it is as large in treatment and as harmonious in colour as any Wilson I can call to mind and

* We take the picture not as Walker felt it but as it has been worked upon by Mr. N. R. W. S.—THE EDITOR.

though less characteristic it has a meek subtlety, a finer charm than *Apoll* and the *Seasons*, which hangs hard by. The strength and weakness of Turner have seldom been so conspicuously illustrated. A painter of extravagant talent he was not incapable of committing outrages upon his art in the name of originality and imagination. His faults have been glorified as virtues. If his vision narrow on his colour sense full the indiscreet among his admirers proclaim that he has drawn with unparalleled precision or has conceived a harmony undreamt before so that it has become the fashion to lavish indiscriminate praise upon whatever bears the name of Turner. Happily there are at least three canvases at Burlington House whose strength and beauty need the attestation of no signature. Lord Leconfield's *Sea Piece* is a noble and grandiose composition while the *View of Petworth* has a classic repose and elegance and yet your true Titianist will press them both by its composition and reserve his ecstasy for the little blue water colour and the flumoyant *Queen Adelaide*. John Cromie's *Woodland Scene* is a pious attempt to see nature through the eyes of Holbein while the two sketches of *Yarmouth* are as dainty and aerial as any canvases in the gallery. Concerning the huge *Landscape* now ascribed to Crome there is still a doubt. Once the credit was given to Crome and I know not on what evidence the name has been changed. But apart from all questions of authorship the work itself is well lit and precious in effect though the colour is somewhat hot and forced. Constable's imposing *Whitehall Stairs* is finer in passages than as a whole. Despite the beauty of the distance the canvas is too restless to hang together and I prefer the painter's simpler and bolder effects. *W. J. Muller's* *Eel Bucks at Going* is at once an imitation of Constable's manner and a *tour de force*. It was painted at a single sitting and inscribed on the back are these words: "Left as a sketch for some fool to finish and ruin. Handled with an almost savage energy and go it is a frank piece of naturalism but it is not beautiful and its very strength is an element of irritation."

If evidence were needed of the mastery and grandeur of the early British portrait painters there is never a winter exhibition at the Academy that would not supply it. Year after year a serious demand is made upon the national stock of Reynolds, Gainsboroughs and Towneys and still their talent is unexhausted though it is needless to point out that like other distinguished artists, these too were creatures of mood. Their canvases in fact are not all masterpieces. Poyntney especially has been injured by the capriciousness of

such as possess his works to exaggerate his talent. He has lately been the victim of an indiscreet advertisement which, even a century after his death, has imperilled his fame, but while fashion passes in a year, merit alone endures and prudence, succeeding enthusiasm will put Romney in his place again. His pictures of this year—save his best portrait of Mrs. Jordan so familiar in stipple—appear thin and miniature by the side of Gainsborough and Sir Joshua. Time has done its worst to the minority of the twelve canvases by Sir Joshua Reynolds, but the graciousness of Mrs. Braddyll is still untouched, and there is an august severity in the full length portrait of Viscount Lifford. In *The Death of Dido* he attempted the heroic style with the ill success which ever attends him who travels beyond his *modus*. If the colour of Gainsborough's *Portrait of Mrs. Portman* of Brynston has suffered and change its large simplicity and the fine drawing of the head remain unimpaired. Put the charming Mrs. Billington is his best work, though the *Portrait of Elizabeth Duchess of Grafton* is worthy to hang by its side. Then there is a respectable portrait of William Harvey, the discoverer of the circulation of the blood by that rarely seen master, William Dobson which shows how a respect for tradition will refine a commonplace talent, two sound portraits by Richard and a fresh directly painted head of Sir Walter Scott by Andrew Geddes. Such are the more conspicuous of the oil paintings by deceased masters of the British school and it is matter for congratulation that the committee has excluded all examples of the early Victorian school which we want to mar the effect of the winter exhibitions.

But when we come to consider the water colours there is another tale to tell. To the drawings in this medium an indiscriminate hospitality has been extended, the imprudence of which gives the enemy cause to blaspheme and is likely to bring the school into discredit. For some years past it has been the fashion to regard the slightest specimen of British water colour with a kind of superstitions awe. Good and bad have been treasured with equal pile as though there were a virtue in the medium quite apart from the technical merit of each example. Now it is incontestable that water colour was handled in England with the wisest mastery and—what indeed is of the smallest importance—at the earliest period, so that the admirers of the medium have a right to claim it as in a certain sense antithetical but hitherto piety has obscured criticism and justice will hardly be done until it is realised that British water colours must be judged by precisely the same canons whereby the

medium is appraised in other countries. In the present exhibition there are half a dozen drawings by Cotman which for breadth of handling and purity of colour cannot be excelled. The sketch "On the Great Yorkshire" may be accepted as a type and exemplar of the art while "Trentish Church" and "St. Luke's Chapel, Norwich Cathedral" are masterpieces in little, and side by side with these finished works hang arrangements in blue and yellow and trifling architectural diagrams by the same author which are little better than the worst of Turner—which may this year be studied at your leisure—in the admired performances of Samuel Prout. Mr. Hunt has fired no better. While "Pray Church" is the work of a painter. The "Calling of Elisha" is an offence to the eye. Even though you allow a certain latitude to individual taste, there must still be a difference between good and bad, and why exempt drawings from criticism which were they in another medium would be judged sternly and unphilly on their merits? The works of William Hunt have been praised on every ground save the only fair

water-colour in England and though had it is a strong master it is not improbable that criticism will some day in the one medium as in the other separate the sheep from the goats.

So much has been said concerning the works of the English school because they impose character and distinction upon the exhibition. But though there is this year no magnificent array of masterpieces by Paul Rubens or Velasquez the foreign schools are by no means ill represented. The second gallery as always is principally devoted to the Dutch school. There are—to mention but a few—three Hobbemas, a fine Metzou the Queen's Listener by Nicolaes Maes which has been exhibited quite recently and an "Interior" by Peter de Hooghe which if not a first rate example is yet luminous and characteristic. Of the two portraits by Rembrandt the smaller which belongs to Mr. Willett is by far the more distinguished and if Van Dyck and Jan Steen are seen at their worst there is an elegant "Accordée du Village" by Antoine Watteau and a dainty interior bearing the fantastic title "Pegret for the Violon



PLAYING OF WATERLOO BRIDGE WHITEHALL STAIRS, JUNE 18TH 1812

(From the Print by J. Constable)

ness of artistic quality. Their faithful imitation of nature which is incidental has been extravagantly belated their sentiment of reverence and domesticity which is impossible is accounted unto them for righteousness, but when all irrelevant issues are put aside there remain only a handling which is always small and a lack of selection which renders a deliberate colour scheme or a harmony of tone impossible and a patient realism which though it may be nature is not art. To class these works with Cotman's fine drawings is to put Rembrandt and Michael Shakespeare and Mrs. Hemans in the same category, but for years it has been the national habit to pronounce insignificant the position of all who have practised

collo play, by Jan de Duer. In the large gallery besides the English pictures which we have already mentioned is a goodly collection of French Italian and Flemish works. Tintoretto's two portraits are rich in colour and stately in effect as only the great Venetian could make them, while Titian is represented by two canvases which are scarcely *chefs d'œuvre*. Claude's

* We have allowed Mr. Whitley as a leading representative of the modern school of criticism to say against the work of William Hunt "but we must record our disagreement with him in more than one point of his estimate. He here gives no credit for the extraordinary technical skill of the painter and other qualities in the manipulation of water colour and ignores his merit of having shown the almost unlimited possibilities of the medium." —THE EDITOR.

Philip Pay using the Luncheon is an exquisite specimen of classical landscape, the grace and refinement of which not even the proximity of Palma Vecchio's

Flemish rivals to spoil. The portraits of the princesses of the Guinigli family by Palcos are painted with an almost primitive austerity, yet the sumptuous

and quite disproportionate to their merits. It is in Italian the taste for exotic angularity seems declining at last and once more the French have stooped to follow our example. The Primitives in Paris are in truth the most formidable opponents of the Impressionists. Technique is *l'ingros* says the most



HEAD OF A MAN
(Portrait of a Man by Titian)

ness of the drawing and the fine presentation of a thousand curious details which are still locally treated give a large sense of dignity to the work.

The collection of Primitives is larger and more interesting than usual. It should be remembered that their value is archaeological rather than artistic and that though they were doubtless a fitting adornment of the place whence they came, they seem grotesque—even humorous—in a London exhibition. Their *verve* in reality the result of ignorance has become a modern fashion—a fact which helps to explain their popularity. The preaching of Mr. Ruskin and the vogue of the Impressionist school have made so keen an admiration of the old schools methods and tentative drawings of the early Italians that the works of these masters occupy a place at the National Gallery and in the public re-

mains of the cities, and the artist is supplied the education of the advanced professor. To learn to draw that you may afterwards conceal your skill from the curiosity has produced the most amazing results which is they feel sure they are not more permanent than clever exercises. The Primitive of today tells its tale and is useful as my friend of his shortcomings, the Primitive of the fifteenth century was quaint and personal because he knew no better and his work with all its imperfections is a distinct living place in the history of art. So far as may be judged from present appearance the Italian Primitives had no fine sense of colour. But time plays strange pranks with pigments and the lapse of centuries which has softened the harshness of many ancient Italian canvases has doubtless injured as many others. From the collection of

Lord Dufferin there are no fewer than five examples of Terzio and an early and on its own merits undistinguished "Crucifixion" by Lapiol. Of the two pictures by Piero della Francesca the one—Mrs. Alfred Sevimus—has a certain decorative quality the other is merely curious. That cunning Venetian Carlo Crivelli is represented by a "Leda and the Swan" and Ulfeld which might serve as types of the Primitive style. Then a profusion of detail

of the 15th. It is wiser to regard it as a strange specimen which deserves a place in a museum rather than in a picture gallery. The same may be said of the pictures of the Italian and Flemish schools of the innocently childish "Death of Dido" by Tiberio da Verona—the property of the National Gallery—of the vast "Adoration of the Magi" by Lucas van Leyden which perhaps once wore a solemn aspect over the dark altar of a Flemish church.



MRS. LOWELL.

(From the Portfolio by John Everett Millais.)

and the low and expression of their painted limbs though minutely accurate, rendered them artistically ineffective. The "Peter" is a striking example of that fatal tendency which has so far to the works of the boy. That is to say it is a frank, even brutal expression of pain. It is long, far removed from the actual life of everyday it must shock by a vulgar reality the nerves of the most sensitive. Yet to live with such a work were indeed a cruel thing.

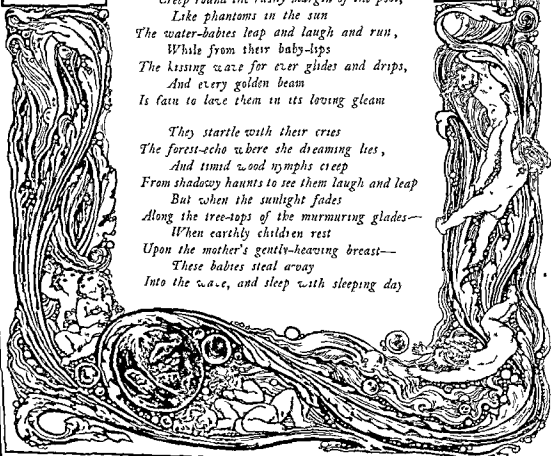
But it is all to be commended, while the student of history will deem it not irrelevant to fill up the gaps in his knowledge the student of art will find some education in the earnestness of the Titian. But it is all to be commended, while the student of history will deem it not irrelevant to fill up the gaps in his knowledge the student of art will find some education in the earnestness of the Titian. But it is all to be commended, while the student of history will deem it not irrelevant to fill up the gaps in his knowledge the student of art will find some education in the earnestness of the Titian.

Water-Babies.



*WHERE mosses green and cool
Creep round the rushy margin of the pool,
Like phantoms in the sun
The water-babies leap and laugh and run,
While from their baby-lips
The kissing wave for ever glides and drips,
And every golden beam
Is fain to lave them in its loving gleam*

*They startle with their cries
The forest-echo where she dreaming lies,
And timid wood nymphs creep
From shadowy haunts to see them laugh and leap
But when the sunlight fades
Along the tree-tops of the murmuring glades—
When earthly children rest
Upon the mother's gently-heaving breast—
These babies steal away
Into the wave, and sleep with sleeping day*



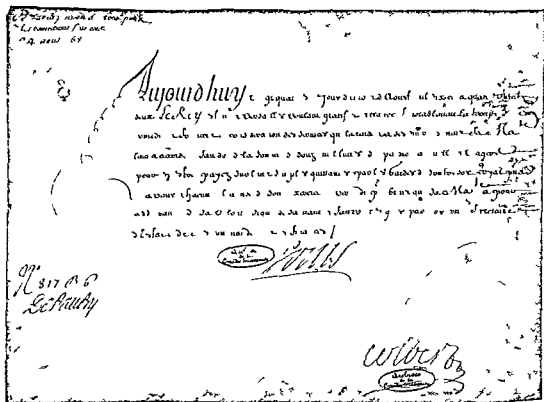
ART TREASURES OF THE COMEDIE FRANCAISE

IN TWO PARTS—PART I

BY THEODORE CHILD

La Maison de Molière is the principal affectionate title which the comedians gave to the Comédie Française—that noble monument where the play of Molière is enshrined. The House of Molière is

his Cleopatra statue of Paganism impersonating the tragic man with sinister mien and a pained in his brow. Around the walls are listed numerous and in the second vestibule at the entrance on the



DECREE OF LOUIS XIV. IN FAVOUR OF THE COMPANY OF HIS FRENCH COMEDIANS.

in lead the house of a grand seigneur with its stucco, and inel with statues its sumptuous and its galleries of statuary and painting its thousand souvenirs and relics of the past that bear witness to a long and illustrious history. It is unlike any other theatre. In the vestibule the exhibition of the art treasures of the house begins. It is a room with vaulted roof walls covered with murals and stuccoes in relief on either hand. In the centre is a small statue by David of Augustus representing Talma in the attitude of a Caesar stands in a roll. On each side of Talma is an allegorical statue. Truly by Thiers and "Comedically" Duret the former recollects the features of Molière and the latter those of Molière. Near

side of the Place du Palais Royal contains niches that are softly lighted at night by two modest red lanterns are the tutelary genies of the house Corneille and Molière by Falconet and Audran.

Let us mount the grand staircase with its fine carvatures by Carrier-Bellée its admirable balustrade and its grandiose architectural lines. At the top we turn to the left and find ourselves in the place of the first which is the appearance of a magnificent triumphal arch. In this room are some masterpieces of sculpture notably Caffieri's bust of Molière and Halden's sculpture. On one side of the monumental chimney-piece is a bust of Molière and on the other a list of French Comedians while in front of each of the sixteen fluted pilasters that panel the

walls of the room is the milk must of some celestial author of the just signed by Honore Catherin. In the last of the admirable works which is continued along the adjoining gallery, at the end of which we admire a seated figure of Georges Similly

just contains two works in marble that are placed amongst the greatest and worthy to take their place side by side with the rarest pearls of antique art. Surrounded by plants and flowers Voltare occupies the place of honour not in his quality of dramatic



GALLERY OF THE COMEDIE FRANCAISE

Closely. This public enthusiasm and the gallery that runs along the facade of the theatre constitute the Museum of the Comedie Francaise so far as concerns the public. As Ars in Hysse has remarked the gallery of busts is the Hys in Fichs of the Dramatic Muse a promenade full of souvenirs and of symbol of great names and of glorious talents. Dumas Le Sage J B Rousseau Diderot Sully De La Harpe Voltaire Corneille Moliere. The scene is mixed the sculpt is to me of one just talent for while Catherin signs J B Rousseau and Diderot the milk must Dumas Diderot signs the classes of Scene and Marivau.

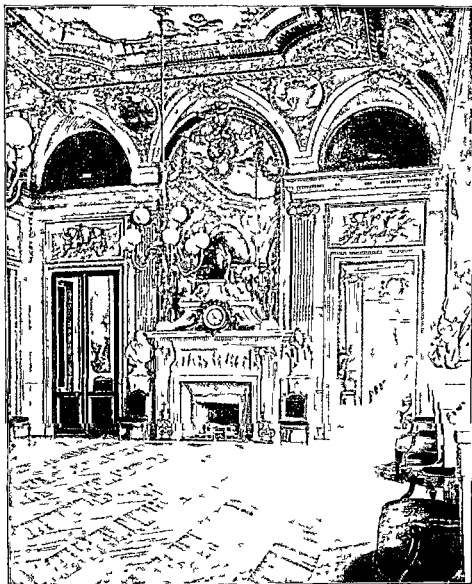
The Comedie Francaise is rich in works of sculpture and taken altogether its statues and busts are far superior to its pictures. The public

author not yet is an ancestor of the Hys of Moliere but I cause his statue in white marble is the indisputable masterpiece of Houdon and more over a masterpiece of masterpieces. No one who has ever seen this work can forget its intense realism more real than reality. Certainly the ample flowing garments of Houdon's marble are not those of the real Voltare that noble drapery with its heroic folds bears no distant resemblance even to the dressing, was and tail coats that Voltare wore in the flesh, it is rather the gulf of all time a synthesis of clothing. Voltare in reality wore a wig and so Houdon has depicted him in a hat, but in this grand statue the sculptor has given his model a soft billow of white linen and it is only just and fitting that he should have done so for as Theodore de Banville has magnanimously observed the

author of Candide could not allow his hall
ness to prove the laughter of the inhabitants of
Hells while on the other hand in the realm of
shadows one cannot wear a wig however well made
it may be. Thus in the genius's simplification of
moral being is all vulgar and temporary details
have disappeared and Voltaire is seen as he ought
to be seen not in his materialistic of chit
clothes for eternity immortal by the thoughtful
ness of his brow and by the irony of his mouth.

ideal head of genius and noble virility? How fine
to Cassien's lust of Corneille calm and meditative.
How very stately his instruction with style and how in
tensely expressive is the work of this great genius
whose chisel combines the splendor of Venice with
the lucidity in the perfection of the French mind.

In the public foyer with a hanging gallery we
see only a small part of the treasures of the
Comédie Française. In the committee rooms the
directors cabinet the green room and in all the



THE PUBLIC FOYER COMÉDIE FRANÇAISE.

What great richness of expression on his the sculp
tor's art in Lucille in Cassien's lust of Iron that
heal flaming with life passion and heroism that

is as an all ble of the part of the house reserved
for the actors and the administration there are busts
statues and pictures innumerable placed somewhat



walls of the room is the marble bust of some ecclesiastical authority of the past, and by Houdon's Caïus Fabius is the man himself, one which is continued along the adjoining gallery at the end of which we admire a seated figure of Georges Sand by

J. J. contains two works in marble that are great monuments the greatest and worthy to take their place side by side with the most pearls of antique art. Surrounded by plants and flowers Voltaire occupies the place of honour not in his quality of dramatic



GREEN 1. VIEW OF THE COMÉDIE FRANÇAISE.

Chénier. Thus the circle of artists and the gallery that surround the bust of the theatre constitute the Museum of the French Drama so far as concerns the public. As for the House of the Drama, the Museum is full of souvenirs and of symbols of great names and of glorious talent. Duport, Le Sage, La Fontaine, Molière, Voltaire, Diderot, Beaumarchais, Chénier, and others. Alfred Musset, Paul Meunier, and others. The sculpture is the sculpture of the great names of the French Drama, the sculpture of the great names of the French Drama, the sculpture of the great names of the French Drama.

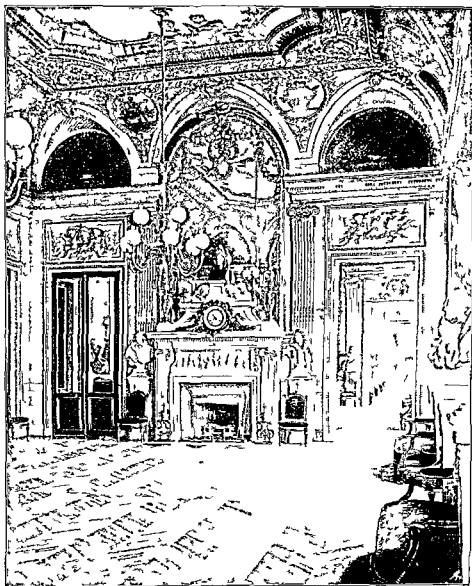
The Comédie Française is particularly rich in works of sculpture, and takes altogether its title and its name from its sculptures. The public

and the artist is an ancestor of the House of Molière but it is his statue in white marble, the majestic mystery of Houdon and the over a masterpiece of masterpieces. No one who has ever seen this work can forget its intense human and more real than life. Certainly the majestic and majestic of the Voltaire that noble drapery with its fierce folds bears no distant resemblance even to the flesh it is rather the soul of France a synthesis of all things. Voltaire in reality was a work and so Houdon has depicted him in a statue but in this grand statue the sculptor has given him the soft and silky air of white marble and it was only just and fitting that he should have done so for as Théodore Pinville has magnificently carved the

author of *Candide* could not be allowed to hold his tongue to provoke the laughter of the misanthropes of Hall who on the other hand in the midst of shillows one cannot win a wig. However well it may be. Thus in the generous simplification of intellectual digressions all vulgar and temporary details have disappeared and Voltaire is seen solely as he is to be seen in antiquity in a figure of which but of that for eternity immortal by the thoughtfulness of his brow and the nobility of his mouth.

His head of genius and noble virility? How fine too Corneille's bust of Corneille calm and meditative. How majestic how instinct with style and how intensely expressive is the work of this great genius whose chisel combines the splendour of Verice with the lucidity and ponderation of the French mind.

In the public *foyer* and the adjoining gallery we see only a small part of the treasures of the Comédie Française. In the committee rooms the directors cabinet the green room and in all the



THE PUBLIC FOYER COMÉDIE FRANÇAISE

What greater in itself? Expressions has the sculptor put in the bust of Corneille's bust of Corneille that he is flaming with life, passion and heroism that

It is as an illustration of the part of the house reserved for the actors and the illustration there in busts statues and picture innumerable placed some what

pell mell for want of room. At the present moment the catalogue which is not complete contains nearly four hundred numbers comprising marbles, bronzes, terracottas, pictures, drawings, and engravings with out counting the drawings and engravings that are preserved in the portfolios of the archives of the library. This collection of works of art and of sciences this museum of the Comédie Française if we may so call it is of relatively modern creation.

In 1774 the green room possessed only one portrait that of Mlle Duchesne in the role of Armande by Largillière. Subsequently other portraits were added but the idea of systematically forming a museum was first suggested by the late M. de La Harpe.

At that time the collection of the new collection and towards making the green room in his own words "Le théâtre de portraits de ceux qui ont illustré la scène." For besides the busts of Molière and Corneille already mentioned the Comédie possessed by Caffieri the busts in marble of Pierre La Chapelle, De Belloy, Talma, Dussan, and Talma, Corneille and Talma in terracotta of La Fontaine and Quinault. The two latter played in a ballad at the height of the stature of the albumen are a remarkable work and one may say that they are absolutely unknown to the public. The same is the case with the marble busts of Mlle Dumesnil (1741) and of Adrien Lecour (1741) the latter a very charming work.

If we did the Comédie obtain all the works of art it is preserved in the archives we shall form the second collection we have limited the terracottas of La Fontaine and Quinault to twenty-five busts each but the marble busts at three thousand francs each but the terracottas did not pay money. In 1777 Talma and Caffieri conceived the idea of making the busts of the Comédie and

asked his friend De Belloy to make terms with the comedians. The negotiations took place by correspondence and here is the first letter from De Belloy to the actor Molé —

MON CHER MOLÉ. Caffieri offre aux comédiens d'exécuter le buste en marbre de Piron à la seule condition de ses entrées en tout temps pendant sa vie. DE BELLOY.

The comedians accepted the offer and placed Caffieri on the free list for life and henceforward in

exchange for each bust in marble they gave the sculptor a free pass for his lifetime with the right of transferring it to another person. Thus the comedians allowed their green room without any cutting and Caffieri received indirectly payment for busts to make which interested him but which he would doubtless have found difficulty in disposing of otherwise. The price of a life entrance to the Comédie Française was reckoned at three thousand francs. A private individual who wished to purchase such an entrance had the advantage of credit and payment by instalments in dealing with Caffieri rather than with the Comédie directly. Indeed the sculptor seems to have amused himself speculating with these life entrances and he did



ADRIENNE LECOURELLE.

(By Court.)

not always get the best of the bargain as we may see from his correspondence published by M. Jules Guiffrey in his excellent volume *Les Caffieri Sculpteurs et Fondateurs éclairés* (Paris 1877). The example of Caffieri was followed by other artists as soon as it became known. In March 1778 Houdon offered a marble bust of Voltaire in exchange for a life entrance. Ignace Fouché, Loizat and Moret treated on the same terms for the busts of Dufrenoy, Duncourt, Piron and Talma and so from year to year the number of works of art increased. In 1790 Mm. Dussan, Lecour and Lecour of Voltaire gave to the Comédie the pearl of its collection a most superb marble statue by Houdon which is the glory of the public gallery.

THE ROYAL WATER COLOUR SOCIETY. ITS RISE AND HISTORY.*

By F. G. STEPHENS.



MR ROGET was requested by several members of the famous 'Old Society' which hardly covered itself with glory by craving for and accepting the much hackneyed title of 'Royal,' to test, verify,

and complete for publication with much additional matter of the biographical sort a vast mass of materials collected by the since-deceased John Joseph Jenkins, a member of this body, and its quondam Secretary. It had been the chief hope of Jenkins that he might be spared to carry out a task for which none was fitter than he or had better materials, opportunities, and facilities than those fortune seemed to have thrust upon him. Late, nevertheless, refused his wish, hulked his zeal, accomplishments, and industry, and Death intervened ere so much as half the work was done. His friends were wise in calling to their aid the indomitable patience, inexhaustible care, and considerable literary skill of his *locum tenens*, whose success is attested in the large and solid volumes now before me, and—although of a ponderous description, and fitter for a history of the Alsatian sort, and as books of reference, to occupy honoured places on the shelves, than to lie on study or drawing-room tables—are of the very best class of the more valuable and permanent nature.

The Royal Society, the College of Physicians, the Society of Antiquaries, and the Royal Academy have all and severally had historians. Of these Mr Smyth's fate was deservingly so or not, the least happy, and the so-called "Forty" of Burlington Gardens have yet to be duly and fully honoured in volumes still to be written, while more than one of the other corporations would do well to put their records in modern hands. The "Old Society" whose eighty-six years elum for it our veneration—although it is by far the youngest, least distinguished and energetic body of the group in question—is incomparably the most fortunate in its recorder, whose task was however and of course, manifestly the easiest, least complex and opposite of all those to which I refer. It must be remembered that in 1807, when that which is

now the "Old Society" came into existence, the Academy was already nearly forty years of age, so that of its original members but few survived; likewise that unlike the "Society" the Academy is and always has been, a teaching and pursuing body, charged with all the complex duties which belong to an art university, and to a wealthy benevolent institution, administering numerous funds in trust as well as the proprietors of the largest and most popular exhibition in the world, neither controlled nor supported by the State. Of course it is our good fortune as well as the Society's and Mr Roget's that, while its records are still manageable by one writer, hands so careful and a will so conscientious as his have been found to do them justice.

Doubtless it would be easy to find petty errors, trivial inaccuracies, and incomplete statements of the minor sort in the more than eleven hundred pages before us, but even in respect to those blunders in name-spelling and the like which it is the delight of duffers to discover and carping fault-finders to record as if in such exploits were the end of criticism, the number is much below the average. Of important mistakes and grave omissions considerable is due to defects of care and study. I have not found any worth mentioning in a review the needful brevity of which compels the critic to make it a summary. The misfortune of the History is that it takes a great deal of reading to get through a single volume much more the whole work. This drawback is chiefly due to the smallness of the matters Mr Roget at all had to chronicle, and not much less is it due to the fact that while no one could sympathise better with his subjects—i.e. the Society and its members, the author's style is distinctly laborious and affects details to an excess which although precious in the biographies of individuals of great renown is foolish not to say out of place when added to the history of a fraternity at large, and concerning many persons who never emerged far out of obscurity, while most of them are already retiring behind the veil of Time.

Of its best and worst let it be said that in future no one will refer to the history of the "Old Society" except in Mr Roget's company, or with it; his and that of the defunct Secretary, the one for the foundation of the work, the other for its superstructure, order, completeness, and most of its ornaments.

* A History of the Old Water Colour Society in the Royal Society of Painters in Water Colours. By F. G. STEPHENS. Two Volumes. (Longmans, Green and Co.)

Not least valuable of its many elements is an admirable index, the worst I can say of which is that it is not quite perfect. Having ventured to affirm that this text is overloaded with matters concerning the unimportant, it would be unjust to omit that of the list of many of the better sort, of whom the world is always glad to hear, Mr. Roget's criticisms are generally delicate discriminating and clear while especially of worthiness of the first class, such as David Cox, Copley Fielding (whose powers I care less for than our author seems to do) W. Hunt, John Varley, Polson, Girtin and Turner the notices are all that can be desired and much better than could have been expected.

It is to be regretted that Mr. Roget who has given us the first as well as the most complete sketch of those societies of water colour painters which from time to time contested public favour with the more astutely managed and more fortunate.

Old boy did not carry further but his researches into illustrations of the history of the art itself to which those societies devoted themselves. It would no doubt have been beyond his purpose, and external to his province to treat even briefly the distemper painting of the Egyptians, Assyrians, Greeks, Romans and medieval architectural decorators or the fresco-work of Italy. The art in body colour of the eighteenth century and the miniature painting on ivory and cards in which Hollam, his German contemporaries, the Clouets and others of France, Hilliard, the Hosiings, Elstman and the Copes of England one and all extremely excelled were no doubt, hardly enough within the purview of Mr. Roget to demand from him anything like an exhaustive and connected series of sketches. Nevertheless we desired more than that bare mention he has made of some of the most prominent of these categories while several of them have not a word of any kind in his opening sketches of the history of an art which his subjects of the Society have developed and practised with unimpeded zeal distinction and success.

As to the calendar of painters of the kind in question it is not generally known how many there have been and what their fortunes were. Mr. Roget gives a terse account of the "Rise of Exhibitions" as he calls it, including those primary events in this country (he is quite silent as to the Salon of the Louvre which was the prototype of all such institutions) the so-called Hogarth exhibitions held at the Foundling Hospital—of which, by the way, he does not give the dates—and the more important gathering held in 1760 at the original Great Room of the Society of Arts in the Strand. It is noteworthy that although he mentions drawings as among the contents of this forerunner of all British art shows, Mr. Roget

does not inform us in what these instances consisted, nor where, if any, even one among them is now to be seen. We already know nearly all the fine oil pictures and choice engravings which appear on this memorable occasion in the Rooms to the Wilsons, and the prints of Woollett, and it would be desirable to learn if any of the "tinted" and tempera drawings were still to be seen. When the Society of Artists exhibiting in the Great Room divided itself and one moiety departed for Spring Gardens, the other company remaining in the Strand as was the case in 1761 there was an improved clinic for the water colour men—whether they contented themselves with "stunning" paper with pale grey or blue tints or loaded it with body colours or tempera they had at least two openings for their art. Paul Sandby, that British punch of the sort here in view worked much profitably and long in both these methods, and painted in oil to boot. Tempera was, I have reason to think his favourite method although no doubt he freely affected "tinted drawings outlined with a pen shaded in grey and finished in washes of local colour" as Mr. Roget has it.

According to this author, who ignores (as he was it is likely to do) the earlier efforts of the miniaturists I have mentioned, and disregards the somewhat full colouring of Ostade and others when painting in water colours at a much earlier epoch, it is chiefly to Paul Sandby and the "tinted" method of which he was then the leading professor, are due the honours of laying so to say, the foundation of that technique which Britons boast to have established developed and made beautiful exceedingly—to wit the lovely, varied and splendid art of painting in water colours of which the Old Society not unfairly supposes itself to possess the *arcana* if not the palladium likewise. Many critics differ from Mr. Roget in estimating at the highest rate the abilities, good fortune, and success of Sandby. I have not space to discuss the claims put forward on that worthy's behalf and am content to aver that his powers being very considerable indeed his influence was great in his example precious. Mr. Roget says that in 1775 drawings by him representing Welsh views are named for the first time in the Royal Academy catalogues. If we are to understand by this that Sandby in any sense discovered Wales, it is a great mistake. Long before the Academy itself was founded in 1768 Welsh subjects had been painted with zest and propriety so great that their influence on the development of modern landscape is mercurial, although it had never been fully recognised, much less duly studied and illustrated. However this may be, it is certain that Paul did yeoman's service in the line in question although he no more discovered Wales than Cox did or, as some one has aptly said,

Mr. Ruskin 'discovered' Turner, who was a Royal Academician before the 'Oxford Graduate' was cut of long clothes.

Speaking of Sandby's connection with the Royal Academy about which Mr. Rogt, although it does not belong to the main line of his studies, has much to say, it is hard to guess what is meant by this passage: "By the time Paul Sandby had assumed the rank of Royal Academician 'Ac.' Likewise it is hard to follow our author when we read, "Artists' colourmen were unknown in those days and Whatman's paper was not yet made at the Turkey mill." I have reason to think that even before Sir Godfrey Kneller long ere Sandby's time, set up one of his servants in London as an artists' colourman as it is recorded he did pigments ready for use were sold to painters by dyersellers, chemists and instrument makers while French materials were freely imported from Paris where even in the previous century many of the articles we now employ were manufactured. As to paper for drawing on much of it came from Turkey, some from Venice, a good deal from France, and most of all in Sandby's time, from Holland where even early in the seventeenth century, as numerous *plagiarismes* attest, abundant paper making fit for draughtsmen and engravers went on especially at Amsterdam. It is a mistake to suppose that "Sandby and his contemporaries had [perforce] to draw on common writing paper with such pigments as they could get and manufacture for themselves." The quotation of two well known letters of Gainsborough written from Bath in November, 1767 asking Delaney to supply him with a certain kind of "paper for drawings," is beside the subject of Mr. Rogt's text. In a similar connection it is worth while to point out (see p. 101 vol. 1) that if Henry Richter, who was born in 1772, told J. J. Banks that "in his early days Great Newport Street was the only street in London in which there was a printshop," the information was thoroughly wrong. Such shops as *manipulative*

publication lines enable me to affirm, abounded in London from the Old Bailey and St. Pauls Churchyard where the Bowleses and their compere were long established to Temple Bar, near to which Legg and others had shops, and to St. Martin's Court, where Matthew Darby put forth countless satiric prints, etchings and what not.

According to an excellent system, Mr. Rogt has divided his copious and comprehensive text into distinct and appropriate parts which, after the water colour art of the eighteenth century has been some what too briefly dealt with, more liberally treat of Sandby, of the art topographical, and its rapid development into what is aptly called "picturesque topography," next Alexander Cozens and the artists who travelled abroad come to review the drawing-masters who, with Shakespeare and the musical glasses served a fashionable taste, come next, to be succeeded by Turner, Girtin (of whom there is a capital study) and others. Then we reach the main theme of this work, the "Old Society," its foundation, early members and troubles, its successive exhibitions in Brook Street (1805-6) Pall Mall and Bond Street (1807-8) and Spring Gardens (1809-12) Next we study what is not happily called the 'Fall of the First Society'—*i.e.*, the interval (1813-20) when it a hunted oil painters as members. This leads to an account of the so-called "Restoration of the Water Colour Society," and so on with its records under successive presidents, including biographies of nearly all the members and associate exhibitors, criticisms on their works, and the series of exhibitions in Pall Mall last from 1820 till the present time. An appendix contains a quasi-official narrative of the proceedings intended to promote an amalgamation of the 'Old Society' with the then Institute of Painters in Water Colours to which the former body, much to the disgust of the latter and ambitious one did not see *deserving well*

“THE WATERING PLACE.”

PAINTED BY TROYON. ETCHED BY CHANVEL.

"THE WATERING PLACE" must be numbered among the happiest and most admirable of the compositions of Troyon—the Paul Potter of his country and of his age—who broke away in his youth from the tracts of David's classic faith, and threw in his genius and his lot with the work of the Romantic school. The superb conception of the sky, its building up and its perspective, the arrangement of the figures and the scheme of light and shade, here com-

bine to form a picture typical of Troyon at his best. This most interesting of painters has been fortunate in his etcher, M. Théophile Narcisse Chanvel, who has produced several plates and lithographic stones after the master, and who has himself gained the highest awards it has been within the power of the Salon to bestow. He was created Knight of the Legion of Honour in 1879, and three years later he won the Médaille d'Honneur.



HIGHLAND SCENE WITH CATTLE
(From the Paintings by Auguste Do Teur)

THE DIXON BEQUEST AT BETHNAL GREEN.

I.—THE FOREIGN OIL PAINTINGS

By WALTER SHAW SPARROW

SEVERAL French journalists have been puzzling their readers of late with an interesting question—a question I think of uncommon interest and one too the chances are that has occurred repeatedly to thousands of English people. At all events here it is. What becomes of all the paintings good and bad large and small which numerous merchants and artists let loose each year upon the world? All our houses in town and country should surely be well stored by this time with cheap but clever pictures and yet with the exception of a few art loving homes whose owners have money enough to be fashionably artistic, we only find such feeble counterfeit presentations of nature as could never have been hung in any exhibition. No doubt our corporation collections account for many of the works produced by eminent R.A.s and A.I.A.s, but the struggling rank and file of our vast army of painters do not depend for support upon official patronage which usually invests its superfluous wealth in entitled talents alone but

in the patronage of private buyers. And no doubt America used to take several tons a year of painted canvas in gilded frames but since a heavy duty has been imposed on our artists' skill and industry it is doubtful whether any, save the very best works cross the herring pond. Where then are the accumulated art treasures of the last half-century? For the most part I believe, in little known museums such as the MACAZINE or ART introduces to your notice from month to month. These unknown collections which are usually of a very mixed character are equally common in Belgium where, for example the King and the Count of Flanders have absolutely crammed every nook and corner in their palaces with pictorial odds and ends, and yet they go on buying, and in France also where many have been already found and more have yet to be discovered. All art Wolff the late art critic of the *Figaro* who died three months ago used to tell us story of a philanthropic old gentleman a merchant of great wealth, whose hobby it was to turn

his house into a home for rejected ecclesiastics in art and in whose cellars and attics were stored more than two thousand paintings all of which the owner gratuitously priced although he rarely saw them.

Frenchmen are justly proud of this true philanthropist's bequest and even noble hollies and we as Englishmen have every reason to be as justly proud of Mr. John Dixon who died on the 7th of

December 1887 leaving a large and valuable collection of works of art to the Bethnal Green Branch of the South Kensington Museum. Opened in 1872 this Branch Museum it is pleasant to say becomes year by year more popular and Mr. Dixon's bequest which is only one of many attractions is certainly appreciated as it ought to be. Roughly speaking about four hundred thousand persons passed the turnstiles in 1891, and the galleries brilliantly lighted by electric lights are open to the public on Mondays Tuesdays and Saturdays till 10 p.m. many a winter's evening in spite of all its climatic horrors find its duties relaxed and its misery nullified. I know that this is the case for I spent one of the worst evenings of last January in the Central Hall round which the pictures are hung and down the centre of which stand many—perhaps sixty—large cases filled with old French furniture with Japanese and Chinese porcelain and lacquer work with Welsh woodware Venetian and German glass Dresden china and precious bric-à-brac of all kinds and pleasant as it was to watch the intelligent interest of the work-

men there assembled it was pleasanter still to listen to the sharp remarks of numerous youngsters in a dogmatic shew. Indeed if some of our well-known artists only heard what I then heard only saw what I then saw I think they would come to the conclusion that the time is not far distant when painting for mere money making will be impossible. And when this time has come—that is to say when the public is educated until a bad picture by a good man will be a bad picture still artists will find that an increased intelligence on the part of the million will demand an increased thoughtful-

ness on their own part too and then no doubt they will think still more of glory and less of gain.

And now let us turn to the foreign artists whose works I have to notice foremost amongst whom by virtue of the alphabet is Auguste Bonheur whose large canvas "Highland Scene with Cattle" tells one that the painter turned from nature to his sister's loss for inspiration and instruction. But this in-



THE CATTLE STORY

(From the Portfolio by H. Edwards)

fluence of his sister's art is not perceived in a servile imitation on the contrary it manifests itself shrewdly in the stiffening of rugged surfaces and of all strongly marked characteristics. The titles of the cattle for example which De Haas the Belgian painter would have made shaggy tangle and uncomfortable-looking live so to speak been meticulously groomed and the animals in consequence seem just a little out of place on a rock stunted tract of coarse mountain pasture where the winds are muffled and eager and where beauty reigns in harmony with half-concealed barrenness. Yet the picture is good and

interesting, despite these slight defects and is a composition in light and shade, it is full of fruitful lessons for such as choose to study it.

Hurdly hangs another little piece by H. Busch at Munich, an artist who knows how to represent a tree tossed by the wind—how to paint scudding, dark run-fallen clouds. As to the horses calve and cows sheltering under a yollard oak on our right—well they are positively sleepy with the cold but the drawing of one or two of them

a thatched conical shaped roof cuts up clear and sharp against the clean western sky, whilst two women and a man all sturdy middle-aged peasant jog so quaintly homewards along a rutty pathway on our right that one must needs suppose that the dirt discomforts and moist mienings of the day are quite forgotten. With regard to the horses the sheep and the cows they could not well be bettered. In short this little work is an all round achievement for in its gloom there is a touch of gladness.



DORT ON THE MEUSE

(From the collection of the artist)

is certainly defective. However defective drawing in this case is almost excused by the truth and power of the general impression, and besides Busch may have painted direct from nature, in which case his hand would have been too benumbed to do itself full justice. So far I have been restricted to qualified praise, but now a delightful little gem by G. Isenmann claims all the admiration that I can give. It is a chilly evening after a damp day and the air is moist with the consequence, but the several farm buildings as well as the piled haystacks and well-fed cows just returned from the fields bear the cold humblity with patience—in deed some laugh and joke as they water a chestnut tree at a well on our left, beyond which, by the way, a quaint farm building with

lately and though finished with quite astonishing minuteness it is but a withal and free and masterly.

There are other evening scenes hard by, but none surpass this one's unostentatious excellence. Here Lemmermeier gives us an impressive piece of twilight (taken I think from his favourite sketching ground—Ftarg aux Heron, near to Clumphon) in which the cloud forms are as truthful as is usual in this true artist's work, whilst L. Muntz who is well represented by two pictures introduces us in his Holbein-like style to a grey sunset sky, and to a wan bleak expanse of snow and ice, with a hungry rook here a miserable cabin there and a fringe of ragged trees along the low horizon. Of the marine pictures I have but little to say. M. de Schamheleers' 'Dort on the Meuse' will speak





HEAD OF A GIRL

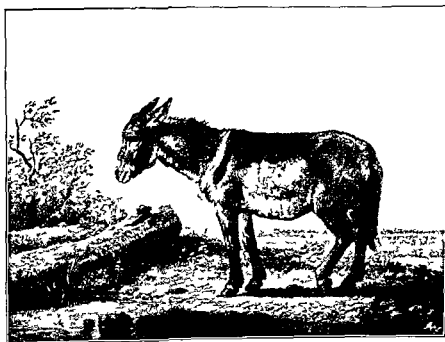
(From the Painting by J. C. H. Dolm)

have a glimpse of the Scheldt but that mysterious slummer which Peter Clays imparts to the little noisy waves and the *calme plat* of this luscious river is conspicuous by its absence indeed the water is so still that it might almost tempt the skater

Totering past a big landscape in coll greys and brownish greens painted at Middel in Flemish Prussia by Joseph Van Luyken and representing a little used roadway shaded by tall fir and larching oaks we come to something warm sunny coloured to a panoramic view in situ of the Grand Canal of the glorious City in the Sea. It is a big bit of real outdoor nature by C. von Malschus and its subtle sun light—for it is early morning—and its gentle atmospheric effect and lazy shimmering water must be refreshing indeed to all whose tastes are not too critical

And now we pass a View of Constantinople by F. Bissuet and come to the figure pictures first standing which is a very well known one that Hugo Oermolen sketched in 1882. It shows us a number of cherry cheeked youngsters trooping out of a domestic school their arms laden with Christmas

for itself though a faithful interpreter the illustration on p. 160 it is only necessary for me to say that the piece is a direct and careful transcript of nature painted with a cool brush loaded with grey colours. The humility of the sky and the stately movements of the clouds are I think very happily recorded whilst the water though lacking in form moves with an oily slothfulness that is eminently true to nature. By Louis Iulienckx another Belgian who glories in ashen greys we



DONKEY

(From the Painting by Eugène Verboeckhoven)

Present, and their faces wreathed in smiles. Through the crimson that covers the courtyard the happy little creatures slowly step some clattering together in eager whisper others silently looking at their golden oranges and painted toys and all without exception are so unconscious of themselves

his name is weak in drawing and tame in interest. Yet the subject—a playful faced servant girl holding out a light green daisy that her young mistress may find just fault with it—might have been made both interesting and humorous as much so perhaps as the *Cure's Story* (see p. 109)



LITERARY RESEARCHES
(From the *Panorama* by C. Soler)

and of the painter that one is immediately reminded of many an expert little gem by Pierre Edouard. From the first in Della Porta whose art very bravely records what the School found very little in the expression—the art is so simple and the execution is so brilliant and the scene is so intimate and delightful play actors and children. There is a wonderful figure of the French school is also a great deal but the little bit that he is

which M. Chevallier tells so judiciously. S. Zimmermann too gives us a scene of ecclesiastical drollery but very much broader both in fun and finish than the last. Here a thin monk reads aloud with mock gravity from a large book to three clerical gentlemen. Looks are scattered about everywhere and in every case they are painted with a detail that is not distinctive of those lying on the table in Henriette Prown's fine picture of the little girl who studies are interrupted by a pet bird but as a whole this latter work is altogether admirable. The cleverness for instance by which the white sleeves are detached from the white wall is an evidence of great dexterity (from the point of view of handicraft) on the artist's part.

Of Soler's highly wrought panel "Literary Researches" what need be said? It is interesting no doubt quite as much so as a much larger painting of

Spanish washerwomen disputing in a picture painted by J. Amunies y Aranda and yet in both cases the interest lies not quite so much in the result as in the intention. I might almost the excellent drawing of Verboeckhoven's "Donkey" and the affectionate care with which it is painted but I would ask for what Verboeckhoven only put in his studies—a little mud and less speech and spangles.

ARTISTIC HOMES

THE CHOICE OF WALL PAPERS

By LEWIS T. DAY

WALL-PAPER is in the nature of a makeshift—it is but a substitute for decoration of a more serious and substantial kind. No one would pretend that it has the dignity of wall painting, but it has if not the effect of wall painting much of its effectiveness, and so long as we lease our houses and improve them at our own expense to the profit of the owner, wall paper may be considered indispensable to the tenantable repair of modern and the class dwelling.

The choice of wall papers has accordingly very much to do with the appearance of our rooms and becomes relatively an important consideration. It is moreover something to which the householder can attend himself and should attend—may must attend if he care at all about his surroundings. The choice for example between cheerful coloring and low tones between warm colour and cold between light and dark is one for his own personal consideration; it is a question not of art or taste but of liking and for him therefore to determine.

Even as regards art, although a man's tastes may indicate only the lack of taste he is likely to be at least as good a judge as the salesman who turns over the pattern book, and if he have any artistic qualification at all (and who is there who will confess to the lack of it?) he will certainly be able to do better than accept the first thing put before him or the last thing out.

The mutual difficulty in selection arises from the number of patterns there are to choose from. Of making many books—even pattern books—there is no end. Life is not long enough there is not time to see everything nor yet one tithe of what is

produced—even though one were to tile wall paper decoration so seriously as to think it worth while.

The decorator simplifies matters by submitting to you only this year's goods and the patterns of only a limited number of manufacturers—not perhaps always the best. It is to his interest obviously to sell that which he has in stock and on which for this or other reason he gets most profit. He is unduly prejudiced too in favour of the cur-

rent fashion whatever it may be. If then you want to give your choice full play, what you have to do is to find out the names of the best paper stencillers and insist upon seeing their books—not merely those of the current year but of several years past. A decorator fit to be employed will probably have them put away somewhere out of sight and if he has not he can always borrow them from the manufacturer for you to see and when he finds that you are not otherwise to be satisfied he will make no further difficulty about it. The names of the best makers occur in



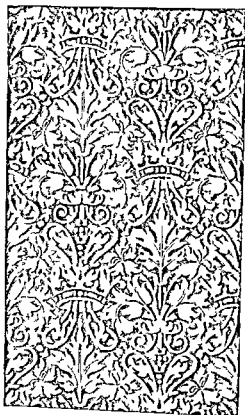
FIRE BRICKS PATTERN

(Now sold red by S. H. Cuthbertson & Co.)

the most part in these pages, there has been no attempt to place them in order but you will have no difficulty in discovering those I place first. It should be mentioned however that two or three of the manufacturers to whom application was made for the purpose of this notice did not send specimens for review and some either did not send them best or are not producing such good things as they once did. The useful design by Scott Cuthbertson and Co. on this page is of the rather harmless kind which is happily common enough nowa days yet it is the last they sent.

Another difficulty arises from the fact that even with the pattern books before you you have to

choose from them not the pattern which there pleases you best but that which will best satisfy you on the wall—which is quite another thing for since it is from the pattern look you buy the



"CROWN" PATTERN

(Manufactured by the L. Scrutton Co.)

pattern look is naturally got up with a view rather to what it will there be pleasing than to what it will form effective decoration.

Accordingly the fault common to the greater part of wall paper patterns is that they aim too particularly at finish. Breadth which is the desideratum is sacrificed to quite useless delicacy of detail. It is a fact that some of the most absolutely satisfactory wall papers never sell from the pattern book at all; it is only when they are shown on a screen about the size of a wall that the purchaser understands in the least what their effect will be *in situ*. If you are in doubt about the size of a pattern be sure it is too small, if you hesitate about its finish be sure it is too full of work, the thing to beware against is prettiness. To look to choose the big broad thing—it is scarcely likely to be too big or too broad—your danger lies the other way in the direction of the finish.

The patterns of the last year or two cannot be

said to show any marked advance in taste. A certain reaction in favour of the later, looser French styles of decoration has brought into the market a number of designs which fifteen years ago no one pretending to taste would have endured. A manufacturer confessed to me not long ago that he had of late years brought out from the lumber store old blocks which were in use before the Exhibition of 1851 and used them again very much to his profit. That is not encouraging. Even the more cultivated producers who would prefer to bring out only the best original work feel themselves compelled (I do not say they are) to reproduce old silks and velvets if they wish to keep their factories going. Some of the old Danish designs make it is true admirable wall papers *let* for the vertical stripes they take on the wall. That did not matter much in saloons meant to hang in fells and the designers of old did not take what may have seemed to them the superfluous trouble of getting over a defect belonging



THE "GRISAILLE" PATTERN

(Designed by H. W. Bailey. Manufactured by Jeffrey and Co.)

any more or less to the loom but if paper stainers reproduce these designs they might at least correct them in this respect. And before you settle upon any such design for your walls it would be as well

to look out for any indication in it of a vertical stripe likely to occur where the breadth of paper meet.

I had some thoughts of illustrating the modern

rate happily because one sees now some hope that there may be a reaction in favour of design *vice* reproduction no longer profitable. Where an old pattern is better than we can do that is at least an excuse for its reproduction where it is not the antiquity of the form itself is no excuse for their ugliness. Old designs often leave much to be desired in the matter of drawing even where there is no absolute reason for modification to fit them for the purpose of reproducing. In way of contrast to the mere reproduction of old work may be mentioned Mr. Butley's design on page 166



THE "PEACOCK" PATTERN

(Designed by Walter Crane. Manufactured by J. Goss & Co.)

tendency to reproduce old stuff, and I find innumerable examples of the work of the various manufacturers—they are more or less sinners for the most part—but I found the things on the whole not only uninteresting, but so familiar that it did not seem worth while. One has heard enough of them and it would hardly be worth sacrifice to them work which good and bad represents at all events the effort of the day in direction of wall paper design.

Moreover if I had illustrated a reproduction of a well-known (one might have felt aggrieved that I had not shown *their* reproduction of the same design)—for the same pattern has sometimes been brought out by two or more rival firms much to the disadvantage. The truth is unhappy or happily the textile manufacturers of Europe have been racked for models and the fine things have all been reproduced—unhappily because some manufacturers have taken to reproducing what is second or third



THE "ST. JAMES" PATTERN

(Designed by W. E. Morris.)

The source of his inspiration is obvious. He has succeeded in getting very much the effect of seventeenth century brocade but without paying it the details are invented not borrowed and the drawing

is as crisp as could be. The Lincrusta pattern on p. 166 is a deliberate imitation of a frieze of a good period would fit all applications were so well worth reproducing.

The severer styles of design having been as I



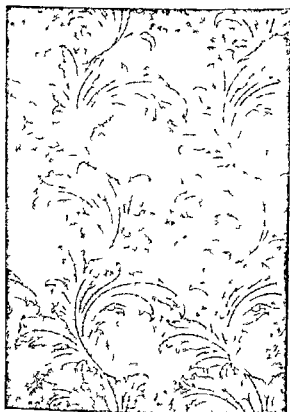
THE GROTESQUE"

(Designed by L. & F. Day. Manufactured by J. G. & Co.)

studied in a measure worked out (so far as reproduction is concerned) there is just now an attempt on the part of some leading firms of decorators to run once more the later French styles and firms that are not in any sense leading but the reverse are following in their direction. That persons of unperverted taste will follow this lead is I think most unlikely. Those who do will find themselves very certainly before long under the necessity of making what they have rashly done in the way of decoration which is just what the decorator desires. Only a part be may find too late that he has not witted himself when people tell them selves that it may be as well to go straight to Paris for what the Frenchman does so much better than we can. Our safety is in doing what we can do best.

Whether or not the style of Louis XIV or of Louis XV or of Louis XVI will quite meet the wants of Mr. Smith he himself must decide

Leaving out of account the Pococo (there is no occasion to insult the readers of THE MAGAZINE OF ART by supposing them so far fallen away from seriousness as that) there is no doubt that the wall of Louis XIV's time is often rich enough that done under Louis XVI's metaphors very delicate. But the richness of the one and the delicacy of the other is seen in subtly coloured silk or satin or in exquisitely painted panels such as French mirrors could command—all this is lost in mere wall paper which as a matter of fact does not bid itself to such rivalry or only at a cost at which it is not worth doing. If you really must have Louis XVI you had better paint your walls or hang them with silk and not paper them. Needless to say that such wall decoration to be available more than a caricature of the real thing must naturally cost many times the price of the most



THE "WANCOTE" PATTERN

(Designed by J. M. & Co. Manufactured by J. G. & Co.)

extravagant thing ever done in the way of wall paper which is about the least costly although the most effective item in house decoration. It is a bargain in which the papers even though you choose the best of their kind will cost a hundred pounds but a hundred pounds does not go far

when it comes to what is called "painting and decorating."

That we are not dependent upon any 'historic' style for nineteenth century design, has been shown by Mr William Morris, Mr Walter Crane and others—some of them not very well known to fame. Mr Morris was one of the first if not the first, to show the way to better things in wall paper design. He had a way of his own and the courage to persist in it and perhaps some of us who have gone our way have been encouraged by his example. It was to some extent his doing that wall papers began to attract attention. Characteristic examples of his work are shown on pp. 167 and 171.

One of the great charms of his papers apart from their merits of design, is that they are his, for all their very considerable variety, each one of them is stamped with his individuality. There is no concession on his part to the passing craze for "Adams" or "Queen Anne," or whoever it may be who reigns for the moment in Bond Street or Tottenham Court Road. The manner, whether it be to your liking or not, is the manner of the man Morris.

One word of caution may be given as to the selection of a paper even by Mr Morris. He has

a strong liking for marked lines on his papers. I do not object to that myself (if the lines are right) but many persons do and it may be a disappointment to them to see on the wall horizontal or other bands of colour for which the pattern shown did not require them. If you prefer an 'all over' effect it will be as well to look out for those lines and to select something of his in which there is no danger of lines too emphatic in you. The opinion of any fairly intelligent decorator as to the safety of a given design, in that respect, is worth taking. His experience helps him to anticipate results which you can hardly be expected

to foresee. But if you notice a line at all in the sample, you may be quite sure that it will be increasingly evident on the wall.

It was astonishing to find when it came to comparing the patterns sent by various makers for review how much alike some of them were—as if the same half dozen or so of designers had been employed by rival manufacturers. One came upon numerous variations of the very same design—I should say obviously by the same hand but that hints even of good taste are not always

above borrowing designs which their competitors have long since paid for and I may therefore be attributing to want of invention on the part of the artist what is due really to the 'advised' commercial class of his employer.

Of the work of Jeffrey and Co it is difficult for me to speak as I have for some years past designed for them, but I may say, without fear of favouring them that among actual producers (which Morris and Co are not) they certainly take the lead in design some of the artists whom they first prevailed upon to design for them having since been sought after by less enterprising competitors. One of Mr Walter Crane's hyacinth wall patterns



THE "WYTHEN" PATTERN

(Designed by Mr. J. B. P. Morris and set by Messrs. J. B. P. Morris)

is given on p. 167. One of the late T. D. Seddings will be given in a future number. In each case the artist has availed himself of the free hand given him and expressed himself. A design of my own for embossed paper occurs on p. 168.

The name of Essex and Co deserves also to be included among those few manufacturers who seem to have convictions and the courage of them. They have produced a striking pattern book, their designs some of which is given on p. 168) have character—the character if I mistake not of Mr Voysey. The originality is a little strained at times, and there is a tendency in their work to insist upon a certain

parallel which verges now and then upon the childishness in the case of a stucco decoration of theirs which consists of a paper imitation of small tiles.



THE JONGKIL PATTERN

(Des. good & 1 Ma. fact. red & 1/2 Sn. dress & 1 Co.)

dark for the dado and light for the upper wall which suggests the doll's house rather than serious decoration but take it on the whole their papers are a welcome relief from and a timely protest against the heterogeneous collection of papers in the pattern books of some perhaps better known publishers and dealers any one of whose productions might just as well have been produced by any other firm for all the individual character there is about them.

The fashion of the moment over and above the craze for imitation of seventeenth and eighteenth century silks is in favour of enormously large designs. There is reason in that especially as a protest against the popular prejudice in favour of fondly small patterns. Messrs Hayward and Sons have brought out some papers which are certainly very bold and need only judicious use to be most effective on the wall. I shall have more to say about this firm in my next article. Meanwhile there is given on p. 169 a very vigorous design of theirs by Mr. A. B. Pitt.

Large in style again and characteristic also in their way although in great part taken or adapted from old plaster work are Mr. Scott Morton's designs for Fynecastle canvas of which, once more further mention is reserved.

Almost everyone in fact, has lately brought out giant patterns as well as millions of old stuffs. Messrs Arthur and Co. who have gone out of their way to produce a wall paper of exceptional width for the purpose it would seem of getting flowers of impossible dimensions have rather overstepped the mark. The huge scale of their designs one might accept but the choice of natural flowers for representation on that unnatural scale is surely a mistake in taste. Flowers twice as large as life or more lose all the charm of nature, they



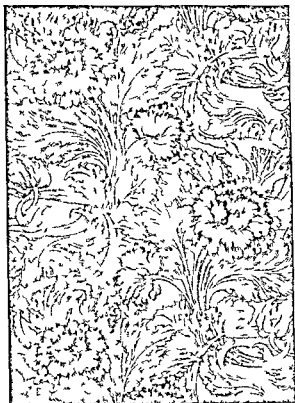
THE POPPY PATTERN

(Des. et al. 1 Ma. of 1 & 1/2 by F. A. H. and Co.)

round one rather unpleasantly at Mr. Tennel Gulliver and the naturalistic treatment of floral forms—in itself at least questionable when it comes to their mechanical multiplication as in

wall paper—strikes one as inconsistent with that linelessness of treatment which the cork here adopted lead us to expect.

The jongal design of Messrs. Sanderson and Co. on p. 170 on a natural scale is more graceful and in every way more satisfactory than the manner



THE POPPY PATTERN

(Designed by Mr. Emory. Manufactured by Woolfs and Co.)

poppy on this page. Perhaps this last would be more justly compared with Messrs. Woolfs and Co.'s duly conventional poppy by Mr. Dreyfus, in which is exemplified as seems to me in altogether better treatment of the flower. Let those who prefer floral fancies choose by all means according to their liking. I think however that even those who do not see the objection which some of us (who have at least given some thought to the subject) have to the repetition of the same natural flower as if we were to see over a room will find when they come to live with such repetition that fancies less given in the natural are nevertheless to the eye. One may admire a clever bit of flower painting and appreciate the skill with which it is reproduced in a printing and yet be not its dull repetition in all over the wall.

And there is another thing. In seeking natural

effect the designer is apt to forget if he do not altogether despise the consideration of that effect as required upon which the success of wall paper as a decoration so entirely depend. It is no easy matter even for the experienced and accomplished designer to foresee and provide against all the dangers incident to the rejection of repetition. In the case of ornament in which there is no pretence of adhering to natural effect he can however at all events devote him self untrammelled to the decorative purpose he has in view whereas the aim of the flower painter who would make a pattern of natural flowers is divided. His success in naturalistic rendering is very possibly at the cost of design. Besides the choice of a natural motive is not even argued that the man has had any care for decorative effect—which the mere ornamentalist tries for at least. It may be worth remembering then that of the two

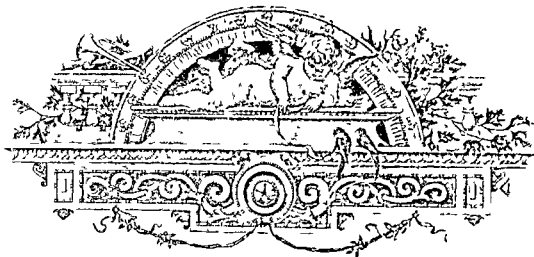


THE IRIS PATTERN

(Designed by Mr. William Morris.)

kinds of patterns the chief ones are that the more conventional design is likely to bear repetition better and to produce the more satisfactory effect upon the wall.

NOTE.—All patterns reproduced in this article are reduced to uniform scale.



ARCHITECTURE — A PROFESSION OR AN ART?

BY E. MORTY HODDER



URING the last quarter of a century or more it has been evident to all that a change of method in the building has come about in the style of building especially in domestic work brought about by a few leading men.

The unrelaxable monotony

of Gower Street has been relaxed at last and we not only now stashed with red brick terraced cottages or some equally showy building material the long streets of stucco houses so characteristic of the last century are gradually being interspersed with new varieties of this ornate description. The infection spreads apace and nothing is now so lurid but red brick. Consequently at the present time there is an unusual activity in the building trade. The architectural profession is glutted with candidates who with no special artistic qualification think that here is an opening for a living. There are besides upstarts in the way of builders and others who cannot understand the necessity of the existence of architecture by itself and see no objection to the combination of architect, builder, surveyor or even undertaker.

Few questions could be asked at such a time so dispiriting to the architectural body at large or so indicative of an uncertain and faltering outlook, as this of 'A Profession or an Art?' But it has been heard, as far as a question on this subject could reach—in the *Times* and other papers and in the professional enclosure, with much discussion and division. That few outside the profession know of the question or even to see it satisfactorily answered is really the secret of its origin. Much is due to the

influence of Englishmen to the men who make their surroundings and to their representatives in Parliament to whom we are indebted for so many architectural disgraces—men who hamper all beautiful form by their old-fashioned building Act who long ago prevented Whitehall from being completed and who to this day take little pride in the grandeur of their buildings or the beauty of their streets.

It has been often said that the three arts of painting, architecture, and sculpture were indissoluble—that pictures must have noble buildings and noble buildings noble sculpture. The Royal Academy of Arts yearly exhibits within its walls the best work of the three arts. But is a like interest evoked for each? Our painters, or even sculptors, are discussed and criticised by all alike and each knows his favourite. But the architectural room at the Academy is rarely visited or at least with any eagerness and few know the architects who are producing the best work. Architectural drawings are often difficult to understand and somewhat uninteresting but this is mainly due to ignorance and long neglect of observation on this subject. Perhaps the minority of the last century has everything to answer for, and we have not yet realised the possibility of living surrounded by beautifully and consistently designed houses. The importance of greater insight in these matters, which would in time make us detect and alter all material deceptions and mere flimsy display of ornament at the expense of design is both degrading to live in and to behold around us, cannot be too strongly urged at a time when we are likely to mistake such display for beauty and design. Instead of hesitating and questioning our architects should we rise ourselves, not doubting their ability

more than the painter, and instead of merely being ornament on bricks and mortar, and receiving commission should feel that the enduring effect of a noble building on the men and women who require it duly is worth all present return and should have a greater influence in some respects than the greatest picture or the finest sculpture but rarely seen.

But who is the demon of incompetence on whom the Royal Institute looks with so jealous an eye?

Practically says Pushkin the person whom you will build the most attractive missions at the least cost is the architect who knows where to find the worst bricks, the worst iron and the worst workmen and has mastered the cleverest tricks by which to turn these to account. He will turn them to account by giving the external appearance to his edifices which he finds likely to be attractive to the majority of the public in such a design. He will have stucco imitations, veneered balconies and cast iron pillars. But as his own commission will be paid in the outset he will usually make the building costly with least trouble to himself by putting into it somewhere vast masses of merely spiritual stones, chiselled so as to employ handicraftsmen on whose wages commission can be charged and who all the year round may be doing the same thing without giving any trouble by asking for directions.

This is an instance of what is duly going on around us and will continue as long as we are ignorant and indifferent to matters so relative to our everyday happiness. Ugliness is potent for evil; it deforms the taste of the thoughtless and is an occasion for rejected forms of visible deformity. Happily there are men who all unnoticed have been erecting worthy buildings as will be seen when a few years have passed over them. But these works are individual and few compared with the rows and rows of dwellings that are daily being built. Show us any good! will be the cry when we have become entrained with the excess and abundance of the materials with which we cover a lifeless skeleton of bricks and mortar. A monotony of pretentiousness is taking the place of the old monotony of sameness until we wonder which is preferable. We too easily settle down into what is built for us with a fatal indifference forgetting that we shared the form of our dwellings that the jerry builder enticed us with our

own snare. Let us concern ourselves less with the outward appearance, let us look to the inner durability and soundness—the serviceableness of the fading veneer of our houses.

An idiom for a building is often hazarded but is immediately and tongue quivered by the statement that from an architectural point of view it may not be so. This is another clear indication of a general uncertainty and want of interest which argues ill for the encouragement of the noblest form in brick and stone around us. The greatest buildings as well as the smallest that ever had any merit have been in harmony with their surroundings looking well from all points absolutely suitable to their purpose and beautiful only in so far as that use was fulfilled.

What is required more and more every day is the kindling of an intelligent popular interest giving an opportunity to the men who have studied these matters to indicate what is best—pointing men's eyes on the one side to the beauty they might possess and consider in their streets on the other to the degrading forms which their indifference and ignorance at present encourage. We shun evil thoughts and discordant sounds as far as possible but forget that to see unwearying forms of ugliness as quite as harmful. With the disappearance of so much of ugliness around us a new and keener moral sensitiveness to beauty would arise kept alive by the contrast of unavoidable shapes of deformity.

In so far as the architect falls short of the ideal of the painter and of the sculptor or ceases to live an ideal beyond his mere bricks and mortar he is not worthy of the name *architect* but in the measure that he seeks to make the richest cathedral or mansion or the humblest homes of the people suitable and materially beautiful he has become a benefactor of many men and times and is indeed an artist of the beautiful.

It will be a blessed time when a National Gallery, a museum baptised with the name of our country, become monuments to which we can look with pride and which shall exercise an elevating influence upon the spirit of the humblest. Such a time need not be far distant if a better ideal be held up by the leaders in the profession—a more appreciative interest by the public.



THE ROYAL ACADEMY STUDENTS' COMPETITION.



THE EARL OF SANDWICH

IN fulfilment of the promise we made last month we place before our readers reproductions of the chief prize-winning works executed by the students of the Royal Academy Schools and published upon at the end of the hundred session in December last.

Considering them in the order in which they occur in the official list

we begin with the Gold Medal and Travelling Studentship (£200) in Historical Painting for which the subject of Antony was given. The competition produced several works of high promise, canvases displaying very considerable power in respect to drawing, composition and invention, in which the influence of what is called modernity was much in evidence. As a whole these works were satisfactory testimony of the efficiency of the Academy as a scholastic institution, but two of them stood out from the rest with unmistakable distinction. These were the canvases of Mr Ralph Peacock and Mr Gerald Monro respectively, and their competitive merits exercised the minds of the

judicating Academicians not a little. In the end the palm was awarded and we believe with justice, to Mr Peacock, while an Honorary Mention was accorded to Mr Monro. Now as a picture pure and simple the canvas of the latter talented student was we consider the better work. Save for a little defective, or at least exaggerated drawing of the mouth the picture was remarkable for painter-like qualities as well as for originality and spirit. But Mr Peacock had attempted much more. He had deliberately grappled with greater difficulties than Mr Monro had counted and if he did not produce so harmonious a picture, and even though his work is strongly reminiscent of the style of one of the more prominent Academicians, he

honestly met the examiners' demand for a school piece which should frankly show the extent of his power and the result of his study. His merits are not more distinctly displayed in this picture than his limitations, and his work is a pictorial examination-paper, not exactly brilliant, perhaps, but clever and solid suggestive of vigour and of thought. Students would do well to bear it in mind in mind the Academy competition is not held for the purpose of producing an exhibition-picture, but with the object of seeing to what point the student has profited by the course of artistic grammar and composition which he has followed, and that other things being equal he who meets the examiners frankly on their own ground, will triumph over him whose desire to exercise his full literary and sketch has obscured his appreciation of the Academic purpose.

The same reflection is prompted by the result of the Turner Gold Medal and Scholarship (£70) for Landscape Painting, the subject of which was to be found in the lines from Milton's "Lycidas"—

And with a sun that stept like all the lights,
And down was dropp'd into the western bar."

More than one of the dozen pictures illustrative of these suggestive lines touched an unusually high point. But here, again it was not the poetic



VICTORY

(Cross the Gold Medal Picture by Ralph Peacock)



VICTORY

(From the Picture by Gerald E. Moore)

mystery of twilight that was wanted not *à la mani* but in the manner of popular Academicians. The picture which secured the prize was a simple and pleasing transcript from nature by Mr. Francis J. Mckenzie boldly dealing with full daylight with the open sky and with every stone of the shingle in the foreground drawn with attention and coloured with care.

It is easy enough to cultivate breadth the verdict of the Council says as plainly as it can speak without words "but first you must show us that you are a master of draughtsmanship. Breadth covers a multitude of loose drawing, and what we want to know is whether you have acquired the first principles of an artist's education." I have used to paint as broadly as you choose, but his numerous studies proved after his death how minute and accurate were the studies he made for the figures and cattle he introduced with so much of present circlesness and breadth. Mrs. Louisa Long who won the Creswick prize of £50 with her picture of 'An English Lane' bore this principle in mind. Her picture was perhaps not quite the best judged solely as a picture, but the painting of pure sunlight in it was nothing less than a triumph for so young a student.

We now come to the work of Mr. Paul P. Montford. As we have already recorded he car-

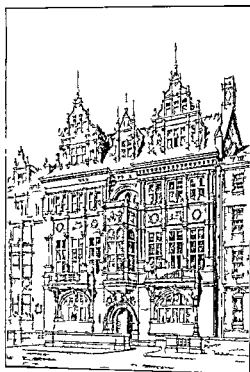
ried off the Gold Medal and Travelling Studentship (£200) for the Composition in Sculpture. The subject—Jacob Wrestling with the Angel—was one eminently fitted to display not only the student's technical skill both as anatomist and sculptor but his power of composition as well and the quality of his mind. Not only did Mr. Montford acquit himself with exceptional honour in this respect but he won also five other prizes both for drawing and design in the flat as well as in the round and for the best design of work done. Some particulars about this remarkably promising young artist may here be given.

The son of the Curator of the Academy School of Sculpture, Mr. Montford passed the entire second grade at South Kensington by his fourteenth year. At sixteen he became a pupil under Mr. Sparles at Lambeth School as a draughtsman and at the Sketching Club which he joined he took the second prize. Three years later he entered the schools of the Royal Academy and gained the Silver Medal for the best model from the antique. When he was twenty-one being a sculptor he competed with the draughtsmen and won the Silver Medal in 1882 for the best cartoon of 'Early Macbeth'—a technical study in drawing the figure. The same year he was awarded the Gilbert prize with a model of 'The



JACOB WRESTLING WITH THE ANGEL.

(From the Gold Medal Group by P. R. Montford)



OLD MEDAL DESIGN FOR A TOWN HOUSE

(By A. H. Hart)

Doon of Cuthillin. The following year Mr Montford won the Silver Medal offered by the Royal Academy for an ornamental panel representing The Chase and a few months later at the expiration of the first term of studentship he carried off the Lambeth Scholarship of £40 a year for two years while about the same time he gained the British Institution scholarship for a similar period of £50 a year. Meanwhile Mr Montford at the age of twenty had taken an art certificate in the Kensington examination at the same time winning a third grade prize. In his days during the sessional year just completed we have already referred and we cannot doubt that a young man who has already achieved so much will carry out the brilliant promise of his youth.

The character of the designs submitted in competition for the Gold Medal at the Royal Academy Architectural School this year was a little disappointing and the judges must have felt some hesitation in awarding the prize. Mr A. H. Hart who was adjudged the successful competitor submitted a design which showed a careful study of the requirements of planning. The difficult problems in connection with the efficient lighting of a town house with a comparatively narrow frontage were satisfactorily handled and the

building would certainly be well adapted for a large reception which is one of the chief requirements in a house of this size.

The elevation was inspired on the French Francois I style is interpreted in a recently erected building of some prominence in London. The composition was however somewhat weak and the character Mr Hart gave to the facade was not quite what we had anticipated for the town house of an English gentleman. Doubtless when Mr Hart returns from his travels he will have learnt to appreciate the difference between surface decoration and architecture and to see the advantages that he would have gained if he had devoted more time to the artistic disposition of his masses and less to the destruction of his plan by surface decoration and unnecessary application of irrelevant ornament. If we have spoken rather plainly in respect to Mr Hart's design it is not to disparage it. On the contrary it is so good a work that we have preferred to criticize it as we would that of an architect who had long since gained his spurs.

Such are the principal achievements of the biennial session of which the heroes would appear to be Mr Montford and Mr Mona. We propose similarly to record the work thus done in the future in every alternate year.

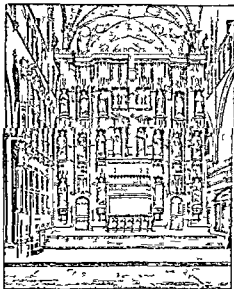


And now the sun had stretch'd out all the hills
And now was dropp'd into the western bay"

(From the Gold Medal Picture by F. J. Macke etc.)

OUR ILLUSTRATED NOTE BOOK

THE restoration of the High Altar Screen of St Alban's Cathedral Church has not long since been practically completed through the munificence



HIGH ALTAR SCREEN AT ST ALBAN'S.
(Restored at the Expense of H. Hicks Gibbs Esq. M.P.)

of Mr Henry Hicks Gibbs M.P. It will be remembered that two or three years ago that gentleman gained an action brought against him by Lord Grimthorpe who sought to prevent his rival tutelary saint of the Alley from spending £30,000 on this elaborately decorated screen. The work is about 42 feet high by 9 feet wide extending from the north to the south side of the sanctuary and contains fifty three statues and statuettes. A full description of the screen and of the assistance accorded by Sir A. W. Homboldt B.A. will be found in Mr Gibbs' handbook on the subject published in St. Albans.

Special interest always attaches to the finest work of Mr Zachsandorf the eminent tool binder who may be said to take rank among the four or five pre eminent professors of the lithographic art in this country. Two examples of his taste and skill are reproduced—sadly but unavoidably reduced in size. The chief illustration represents the case in which was enclosed the address presented to the Prince of Wales

on the occasion of his fiftieth birthday. It was of white morocco lined round the sides with a strip of yellow leather toolled in gold. The insides were of light blue morocco decorated with a floral design lined in colour and in the centre the emblems of the dramatic art were displayed each emblem in a different colour. On the opposite page which was also of blue the Prince's monogram and feathers were powdered the centre bearing musical instruments.

The purchase by the Lancelbourg of Mr Whistler's Portrait of My Mother is one on which the artist may be warmly congratulated for it is a compliment the like of which is rarely offered to foreign painters but in this case richly deserved. The sacrifice made by the artist in parting with the picture for £160 and the Officership of the Legion of Honour though he had had offers of over a thousand also deserves to be recorded. Another pleasant fact in accordance with this incident is the part taken by Messrs Jousset Valden and Co. They negotiated the little business and forewent their commission which on the much higher price they would certainly have earned. This is not the first time the firm has shown its patriotic spirit. In the same way they gave up Mr Swann's Prodigal Son and Mr Cluissens' Girl at the Gate both for the Chantry Bequest Collection. What other house we wonder would have done as much?



PARTS OF COVERS OF ADDRESS PRESENTED TO H. R. H. THE PRINCE OF WALES.
(Designed and executed by Mr. Zachsandorf.)

Two months ago we printed Mr Bigland's interesting statement as to how he painted his portrait of Mr Gladstone. We are now enabled to place a reproduction before the reader small but sufficient to suggest the picture. (See next page)

The Old Ped Hall of Bourne a building highly interesting both artistically and historically has been condemned to demolition. It is the reputation of

recently presented to Dr Temple, was designed by Sir Arthur Blomfield A.P.A., and was finely executed by Messrs Carrington, of Regent Street. The crook as will be seen (p. 180) rises from an hexagonal base corbelled out on beaten foliage from the circular stem. The base is composed of six richly carved niches or stalls in which are seated the figures of six bishops of the See. Mellitus St Erkenwald Maurice Poger le Noir Ridley and Compton. Each figure is distinguished by his dress and an appropriate emblem which his name is engraved on the step of the seat. Above the stalls are three secondary niches around the stem of the crook wherein are placed angels bearing the emblems of the Passion. From this point the crook attaining its hexagonal section gradually diminishes and in the circle formed by it is a rich jewel of open tracery surrounding the figures of Christ and St Paul in the Temple. The one fault in the design to which we would refer is the abrupt change of pattern in the fillet on the further side of the crook above the head of Christ. The whole work is of silver gilt.



MY MOTHER.

(Fig. J. May 1 Whistler. Recreated by A. F. Arch. Government for the L. Z. Labourers.)

being the home where Guy Fawkes hatched the Gunpowder Plot. It is partly surrounded by a deep moat and partly by a moor and was long in the possession of the Digby family. Another building also threatened with destruction is the beautifully quaint Fummet Hospital or Dures Almshouses as they used to be called. This fine old building standing in H. Plains Low is one of the few remaining remnants of Westminster and for the sake of the ground it stands on it is being hungrily attacked by churchmen and laymen alike. The verities have not attained of writing been dimly pronounced and it is to be hoped that the establishment now nearly three hundred years old may escape the clutches of the vandals.

We are happy to be able to publish the accepted design of Mr. A. W. Webb for the completion of the South Kensington Museum. The realisation of the scheme is one of the few measures in favour of the arts that the outgoing Government can put up with. It is to be proceeded with at once.

The help of London's voluntary staff

M. Alphonse (see p. 180) whose recent death has been recorded combined the high talents of the engineer with the fine and cultivated taste of the artist. To his inventive genius Paris owes in great part the beauty as well as the health of her city.



THE RIGHT HON. W. E. GLADSTONE, M.P.
(From the Liberal Portrait by Perry F. G. G. G.)

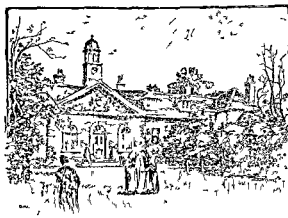
and in no less a measure the success of her international exhibitions whose bills he was ready to plan and to decorate and whose grounds he could

and eventually retired from the Navy with the rank of Captain. Marrying in 1861 Miss Laura Seymour, daughter of Admiral Sir George Seymour KCB he then assumed the title of Count Gleichen and from that time until his lamented death on the 31st of last December he resided chiefly at St James Palace.

Like several members of our Royal Family Prince Victor Hohenzollern had early exhibited distinct artistic talent and thus power he now found to account as a sculptor exhibiting

Wenlock were other of certainly not the least successful specimens of his talent. The remains of the Prince were laid quietly to rest at the little village

presentment of our beloved monarch. He also executed a colossal statue for Lord Wintour of Alfred the Great erected at Wantage as the birthplace of the Saxon king and unveiled there on the 14th of July, 1877 by the Prince of Wales. Another remarkable idealistic group 'The Deluge' and recumbent monumental statues of his father in law Sir George Seymour and of Countess the Princess



EMMANUEL HOSPITAL WESTMINSTER

(Drawn by H. E. de la Roche)



THE LATE M. ALPHAND

(From a Photograph by Eug. de la Roche)

various groups, statues and busts at the Fountains, Grosvenor Gallery and elsewhere. The mention of a very few of his works will serve to reveal the taste and manner of his art. His small statue of Her Majesty the Queen is a dignified



PASTORAL STAFF RECENTLY PRESENTED TO THE BISHOP OF LONDON

(Designed by Sir A. Fincham, A.R.A.)



THE LATE PRINCE VICTOR OF HOHENLOHE

(From a Photograph by I. de la Roche)

church of Sunningdale in Berkshire on the 4th ult. but to those of us who had the honour of the personal acquaintance of a good and brave man and a most courteous and kindly gentleman, his loss is certainly irreparable.



ART IN FEBRUARY

THE ROYAL ACADEMY ELECTION

The postponed election of three new Associates of the Royal Academy took place on the 27th of January, before one of the smallest gatherings ever recorded within the last quarter of a century only forty-four voting members being present. In the absence of Sir Frederick Leighton through bereavement Mr Calderon the Keeper presided. It was understood that a painter a sculptor and an architect should be elected in order to preserve the proper balance of parties in the Academy. Each election as the reader of THE MAGAZINE OF ART is aware is the result of two scratchings on paper and one final ballot each voting being an eliminating process. The figures were as follows—

FIRST ELECTION. *First Scratchings*—Mr Stanhope Forbes, 11 Mr J. M. Swan and Mr W. Logsdail, 9 Mr C. A. Lawson 6 Mr Harry Bates, 1 Mr Albert Moore 4

Second Scratchings (the tie voted off between Messrs. Swan and Logsdail)—Mr Swan 74 Mr Logsdail 20

Final Ballot—Mr Forbes 73 Mr Swan 19

SECOND ELECTION. *First Scratchings*—Mr Harry Bates, 13 Mr T. G. Jackson 7 Mr Swan, 6 Mr Lawson 6 Mr Logsdail, 5 Mr Arthur Hacker 3 Mr Denby Sadler 2 Mr Adrian Stokes, 1 Mr Albert Moore 1 Mr Sargent, 1 Mr Aston Webb 1

Second Scratchings—Mr Bates 18 Mr Swan, 9 Mr Lawson, 7 Mr T. G. Jackson 7 Mr Logsdail, 2

Final Ballot—Mr Bates, 20 Mr Swan 15

THIRD ELECTION. *First Scratchings*—Mr Jackson, 7 Mr Swan 10 Mr Lawson, 3 Mr Logsdail 3 Mr Webb, 2 Mr Hacker 1 Mr Moore 1

(Only two candidates obtained more than three votes so that no others, by virtue of the rules, got upon the blackboard, and no second scratching therefore took place.)

Final Ballot—Mr T. G. Jackson 20 Mr Swan 14

THE NEW ASSOCIATES.

It must be admitted that the Academicians have in this election chosen the right men. Mr Swan may be a more brilliant and exquisite artist than Mr Forbes but the reason of his non-election is not that he is not so popular with the public (so fine an artist can never be entirely popular) but that as he "recovered" the Academy so very recently years after he was painting fine things, the institution could hardly in order to recognise him pass over a painter of exceptional talent and high achievement who for years had been contributing to the success of their exhibitions. That Mr Forbes is an excellent painter no one can doubt—we have followed his career closely in the galleries, and are satisfied that he is destined to travel much further on the road of success. Mr Harry Bates has been a "marked man" ever since he gained so brilliantly the Academy Travelling Studentship for sculpture. His statue of Pandora and his busts and statuettes, no less than his *reliefs* in bronze and marble, proclaim him a sculptor of the very highest promise and already of remarkable achievement. As distinguished in his own line as Mr T. G. Jackson the architect Associate. An artist to the finger tips, he has done much to rescue his art from the tyranny of the professional architect surveyor—the mere

builder, who in this country masquerades and is accepted as an artist. His ecclesiastical and domestic work is extensive and important but it is on his Oxford achievements—at Brasenose at the Examination Schools, and at several other colleges—that his reputation rests. To-day, when the very status of architecture forms the subject of argument and discord amongst its professors, the election of such a man into the Royal Academy has a special significance.

ART IN THE LAW COURTS.

A case recently heard at the Birmingham County Court has considerable interest both for purchasers of pictures at a sale by auction, as well as for the auctioneer commissioned to sell. It appears from the evidence that at a sale conducted by Mr Roberts, of the firm of Roberts, Ludlow, and Weller three pictures, described in the catalogue as the works of Guido, Rubens, and Salvator Rosa respectively were knocked down to a Mr Wood at the several prices of £10 10s., £14 14s. and £30. In the course of the sale Mr Roberts referred to the paintings in terms of high commendation and it was alleged that he emphatically stated that the picture offered as a "Rubens" was a genuine work. The purchaser was induced by these statements, together with those in the catalogue to believe that the pictures were what they were represented to be but being subsequently informed by experts that they were only copies he sued the auctioneers for damages for breach of warranty. The latter denied the "warranty" and further contended that they were protected from liability by the conditions of sale which stated that purchasers would have to take the pictures without a guarantee of genuineness, but which however the plaintiff asserted he had not noticed. The jury decided against the auctioneers and awarded the purchaser damages assessed at the sum of the prices paid. The result appears somewhat startling and may create a new factor in connection with sales by auction of pictures and other works of art at Christie's and elsewhere as the effect of the verdict seems to be that it lies in the power of a jury to nullify express conditions of sale and to render an auctioneer liable in damages for statements made at an auction notwithstanding that the name of the person for whom he sells is disclosed. Whether this is a true construction of the law on the subject remains to be seen.

In the consolidated actions of Lums, Marsden and the Berlin Photographic Co. v. Williams one further damages were awarded to each of the plaintiffs for infringement of their copyrights in certain paintings of which printed prints had been sold by the defendant who moreover was absolved by the jury from the payment of the penalties for infringement inflicted by the Copyright Acts on the grounds that it was not proved that he had acted with knowledge of the prints having been printed. This plea of ignorance of the rights of the plaintiffs, which practically constituted the defence is, no doubt good in law but it would be much more equitable if it were obligatory on a person who deals in reproductions of works of art to ascertain before disposing of them whether he is selling stolen goods or not.

MR VERESTCHAGIN ON AMERICAN PICTURE 'BOOMING'

MR VASSILI VERESTCHAGIN, the well known Russian painter, sends us from Moscow the following curious letter—we hasten to add, which hardly impresses us—it was evidently intended to do. We translate from the French in which it is written—

'I desire to address you on a personal matter which touches closely the interests of the public which concerns itself with art, and which consequently merits your attention.

'I have lately learned by my own experience, what a sale of well known pictures *à l'aveu* means. I learned with amazement that even the sale of the picture 'The Angelus,' about which there has been so much talk was *faites* that 500 000 francs were never paid for this canvas by the American speculator, S—, that it was never sold for 100 000 francs by that gentleman as was announced with so much noise that in a word, this sale like so many others, was nothing but one of those American booms 'carefully prepared and arranged before' and by those interested in order to astonish the *bourgeois* and to allure the simple and hesitating buyer.

You understand of course that the affair is well worth some trouble that if a picture of Millet is sold even fictitiously for 500 000 francs all the other works of the painter even the most insignificant sketches mount in price to 20 40 and 40 000 francs and more and consequently realise a fine profit to those who hold them in stock.

In my personal experience this same Mr S— who has exhibited and sold my pictures offered to my agent to 'boom' this sale that is to make it a great and resounding success—on condition that he might be permitted to puff it in prices artificially by fictitious buyers, and to present false figures to the public, by which he would have been enabled to speculate with my pictures *ad infinitum*. Naturally my agent and I declined to lend ourselves to this trickery although at his expense.

I have learned art that nearly all the prices which so arouse the admiration of European art lovers are swollen and presented to the public the real values being doubled or tripled.

I invite your attention to these manoeuvres, and beg to say

Now we assume that Mr S— can perfectly well meet the charge and will forthwith proceed to do so, if he considers it worth while. For our part—whatever truth there may be in these revelations of picture "booming"—we assume that the cause of this startling outburst on the part of M Verestchagin is to be found in the disappointing prices fetched by his pictures at a sale of which we received news at about the same time as the arrival of his letter. It appears that at a sale in New York, M Verestchagin's 111 canvases brought in only £13 700 or an average of £123 10s. a piece for pictures of no great artistic merit, but which have for years been "boomed" throughout Europe. The enormous "Plowing from Guns in British India" was knocked down for £200—a large price for such a painted lie. For the artist painted the picture as a representation of fact. The real may remember that we challenged the good faith of M Verestchagin in these columns at the time and that in reply he made a rambling political statement all the while carefully avoiding our distinct charge.

UPCOMING EXHIBITIONS.

In order to indicate the period of the Christmas holidays, the date of opening the exhibitions of the Royal Scottish Academy has been altered from the middle of February to the first week of December, and accordingly, two displays were held in the course of 1901. In the exhibition now on view, very special prominence has been given to a loan collection of the work of the late Sir WILLIAM PITTIES. In the PRIMA A selection of seventeen of his water colour drawings on entering the galleries, while thirty seven of his oil pictures—in fifty figure pieces, but including a

few landscapes—occupy nearly the whole east wall of the Great Room. Exquisite in their delicate and spirited finish, and in their rich and powerful colouring the examples of his art now shown cannot fail to increase the reputation of this very accomplished painter. The productions of the younger artists of Glasgow appear in the present exhibition with a prominence and importance not hitherto accorded to them here—Mr E. A. WALTON showing "Bluettes"—his vigorous, life sized picture of a country child standing with her hands filled with corn flowers, an important landscape, and a fine pastel head of a rustic model, Mr JAMES GUTHRIE sending his striking full length of "Mrs Fergus," a "Pastoral," and three pastel sketches, two of them—"Workers on the Shore, Helensburgh, and "Esplanade, Sundown"—being especially fascinating works, Mr GEORGE HENRY's contributions including a delightful picture of two children in a wood, and Mr LAVERIE sending two portrait studies, and his noble classical subject of the deserted "Ariadne." Sir GEORGE REID the new President is at his strongest in the seven portraits that represent him. His full length of Lord Provost John Ure in official robes, painted for the Corporation of Glasgow is masterly in the decision of its pose and arrangement. Professor Tait shows a powerful, intellectual head, treated with the unflinching realism which it deserves.

Mrs Macfie of Dregburn is one of those delicate, cabinet sized half lengths of the artist with the surroundings of the interior in which the lady is seated rendered with a finish which secures the charm proper to a fine work of genre. Mr ROBERT GIBB and Mr OTTO LEYDE also show excellent portraits but Mr McLAGGART's three subjects have less than usual of that brilliant feeling of powerful open air lighting in the portrayal of which this artist, at his best, is without a Scottish rival. By Mr G. O. REID are some crisply touched and vigorous little figure pieces, and in landscape Mr LAWTON WINGATE, Mr W. D. MCKAY, Mr DENOVAN ADAM, Mr JAMES PATERSON, and Mr C. H. MACRAE, all show things of worth. The most important contributions by London artists are Sir JOHN MILLAR's "Miss Muffet" Mr TADEMAS "Audience with Agrippa" and his portrait of Paderewski, Mr PFTTIE's portrait of J. C. Noble, R.S.A. and Mr TOM GRAHAM's fresh and spirited "Crofters." The works of sculpture include several striking portrait busts by Mr PITTENDRIGH MACGILLIVRAY, of Glasgow, and the most notable exhibit in the Water Colour Room is a study of greyhounds, 'The Finish of the Course' by Mr R. ALEXANDER.

It may well be questioned whether the Fine Art Society in New Bond Street ever had a finer collection of pictures on view than those by Mr H. W. B. DAVIS, R.A. The artist's terms his sixty canvases—with but one or two exceptions—"studies," but half a dozen of them are of five feet dimensions, and these, with some others, might generally be considered finished paintings. Mr Davis brings the result of a highly cultivated mind to his work, and, as a consequence, we find his pictures of sheep, deer, cattle, and other animals, invested with some sentiment that appeals through the intellect to an educated taste. The leading works at any rate in size in the gallery are "Now Came Still Evening On"—the Royal Academy picture and almost the only finished one, as Mr Davis considers in the gallery—a singularly beautiful realisation of the last glow of the departing sun on sheep, shepherd, and moorland. And then we have among the larger studies "The Fringe of the Dunes at Condetta" (4) one of the artist's beloved views in Picardy, "A Pause—Re ploughing in Spring" (31)

white cart horses working on the fallow, 'Conyhurst Hill, Fwhurst, Surrey' (46) the well known ever beautiful hill in which the stretch of sand forms so charming a study of colour, and 'The Farm Gate, St Etienne, Pas de Calais' (34), a sunlit lane forming the entrance to the artist's own premises at St Etienne. 'Scene in Applecross Deer Forests' (13), and 'The Way to the Sanctuary' (17), are two of the artist's Scotch studies. A picture upon which we must confess to dwelling with peculiar delight is 'A Surrey Cottage Orchard' (29) a rustic cottage on the left, with orchard in which are some calves, and the shadows of coming night stealing over to the ground towards the distant, still sunny landscape.

A collection of studies in pencil and water colour by the late Mr AMBROSE POYNTER, architect has been lent to the South Kensington Museum by his daughter and son—Miss H. M. Poynter and Mr E. J. Poynter, R.A. The great interest of these drawings is to be found in the pencil sketches, which are excellent proofs of the extreme facility possessed by Mr Poynter in the use of his pencil. The long sketch of Messina was executed in 1821 when in quarantine there, during one of his voyages to the East, which he made partly in the company of Angell, Cockerell, and Donaldson. A considerable number of the charming little drawings of Paris and the delightful old towns of Normandy with their beautiful cathedrals was done during his stay in France in the years 1830-2. There is also quite a number of sketches of English castles, churches and landscapes, some quite as charming and as highly finished as his French drawings. Pages from his sketch books have also been mounted, and are exceedingly interesting because they show the appearance of certain spots in London about the year 1816 such as the Old Angel at Islington, Marylebone Park, St Bartholomew's Church, the Greyhound Inn, Smithfield, and the ruins of the Old Savoy. It may be further mentioned that there is a certain appropriateness in holding this exhibition of Mr Poynter's works in the South Kensington Museum as he was one of the Inspectors of the Schools of Design at Somerset House.

REVIEWS.

Mr FRITH is always a charming companion, who has cultivated the art of story telling, for which he has a special talent, as assiduously as that of painting. His gift of humour and his brightness of expression, reinforcing his rich fund of anecdote, made his autobiography "A book of the year." It was, therefore expected that with so promising a subject as "John Leech His Life and Work" (Bentley and Son), a humorist with whom he had not a little in common, and with whom he enjoyed a cordial private friendship, Mr Frith would produce a book of transcendent interest and of exceptional value. If he has only partially succeeded, it is not so much through his own fault as through the abstinence of many of those on whose assistance and kindly interest he thought—and not without good reason—that he could count. Some of those who knew Leech best, and could have contributed valuable letters or illustrations, have declined to help his biographer and several of the pictures to which the author attached the greatest importance have at the last moment had to be omitted from the book. Yet Mr Frith gives us a very complete idea of the man so lovable, so pathetic, and so modest, with all his genius. He has crowded his pages with reproductions of many of his happiest woodcuts and his most delicate and most famous etchings. He has sought and obtained literary contributions from many of Leech's friends

and has set their welcome pages before the reader, and has treated his subject with a gentleness and humour well in harmony with the feelings of those who knew him. We can hardly find fault with Mr Frith for the strong tone of hero worship he adopts throughout (he unhesitatingly places Leech, along with Dickens, by the side of Shakespeare), for it is perhaps only natural in the circumstances to worship such a hero. But with two or three modifications and additions the book would double its value—the arrangement should be strictly chronological, the descriptions of the books which Leech illustrated, amusing as they are, should be greatly condensed, and a description of Leech's artistic education and methods, and an exhaustive criticism on his work—which Mr Frith is so well qualified to give—should be added. Until that is done the true 'life and labours' of John Leech is still to be written, and seeing how easily the task would be, in spite of all the dogs in the manger who selfishly withhold their treasures, we still may look to Mr Frith to carry out the task in the near future. Till then the highly entertaining volumes before us are a charming, though not the final, tribute to the great master of humorous art, and form most welcome *mémoires pour servir*.

Among contemporary writers no man is so well equipped as Mr ALFRED DONSON for the task of producing a history of the Great Master of English art. His "*William Hogarth*" (Simpson Low and Co.) is an expansion of his well known contribution to the 'Great Artists' series, and is as admirable as we might expect from one who is steeped to the finger tips in the life of the period, in the lore of Pope and Walpole, and whose appreciation of Hogarth's art is as keenly sympathetic and critical as his appreciation of Hogarth's humanity. This handsome volume, in which the author has incorporated the excellent paper he contributed on the subject to the pages of this Magazine, includes such fresh information as has come to light during the last decade—mainly details respecting the dates of original issue of plates, and so forth—but of important new facts there is naturally a dearth. The latter half of the book consists of three portions—firstly, of a very complete and exhaustive bibliography of books, &c., relating to Hogarth and his work (but we see with some surprise that no mention is made of the somewhat important Memoir of the painter which appeared in "Arnold's Library of the Fine Arts" in 1832), secondly of a catalogue (with descriptions of 'states') of all prints by, or after, Hogarth, and lastly, a catalogue of paintings by, or attributed to, the master. It is of course, inevitable that in so troublesome a compilation now completely made for the first time, a few minor errors should have crept in. The book as it stands must be accepted as the most important and most valuable work yet issued on the subject, making another treatise almost impossible. It is the authors tribute to the genius of the painter and a testimony of his own powers as a writer and critic. The illustrations are not unworthy of the book.

"*Gelatine Chloride Printing-out Process*," by Mr W. E. WOODBURY (Hazzell, Watson and Viney Limited), is a well arranged, well printed handbook for photographers, which treats exhaustively of the manipulations necessary in this silver printing method. For artists who use the hand or other camera to secure notes of subjects which strike them, and who wish to reproduce all the detail of their negatives, this is the most useful process of printing. The enamelled surface, so easily produced on the paper, assists in giving the most minute and delicate detail of any subject.

photographed with clear and accurate definition. In addition to all other necessary particulars as to working the methods of securing this high gloss are fully gone into. We may just add that photographers will find no difficulty in stripping their prints from glass if they have been previously treated with the alum bath.

A compilation of formulae for processes, most of which are in common use amongst photographers has been issued by the same publishers under the title of "*One Hundred Photographic Formulae*," by W. L. ROGERS. It will prove a convenient reminder book for those who are already practically acquainted with the methods to which the formulae relate. If reference were given to the sources from which the bare formulae have been collated the work would also be useful to those who are in search of fresh and complete information about the processes. The arrangement and type of the book are simple and bold to facilitate reference in the dark room.

Selections from the writings of authors are, as a rule, not worth much consideration—they are apt to reflect too much of the mind of the selector. But there is a good reason for issuing such a work as that recently published by Macmillan and Co.—a selection from the poems of SHELLEY—for they are accompanied by a set of beautifully reproduced illustrations drawn by ELLA DELL and engraved on wood by J. D. COOPER. The book is published because of the illustrations—the poems do but accompany them. The artist has been looking a great deal at Turner and perhaps also at Gustave Doré, but there is no mistaking the Turner influence. The drawings are fanciful rather than imaginative, they are unreal, but always graceful, and the care which Mr. Cooper has bestowed on the reproductions is beyond all praise.

"*Reynolds and Children's Portraiture in England*" is the title of the last addition to the Vere Foster Drawing Books (Blackie). Mr. E. J. FLORIS has made water colour copies of eight portraits or pictures of children mostly by Reynolds and these copies have been reproduced in colour by chromo lithography. It is proposed to teach the art of figure painting in water colour by the use of these reproductions as copies to be imitated. Mr. Floris tells how the student is to work from these copies, and Mr. Loftie supplies some supplementary text. It is almost needless to add that the copying and recopying has left very little of the original pictures in these chromo-litho graphic reproductions, but were they as excellent as they are and deficient it would still be very doubtful whether copies from oil pictures are likely to make good examples from which to teach painting in another medium.

NOTABILIA

Mr. ALMA TADEMA, R.A., has succeeded to the chair of the late Signor VFILA in the Académie des Beaux Arts.

The "Life Society" has been founded by several gentlemen interested in the art and life of Japan, with the view to the reading of papers, the formation of a library, and kindred objects.

Certain of the Parisian press announce the deaths of two eminent English sculptors—Count Gleichen and the Prince Victor of Hohenlohe, to each of whom an obituary is devoted in the same column.

Messrs. DAGVAN BOLVERET, AIZELIN, and DAUMET have been created Officers of the Legion of Honour, while the following painters have been admitted as Knights

Messrs. JULIEN DUINÉ, ADAM, BÉTEAUX, GUÉNAUD, PLATTJAN, and TOUDOUZ.

An important step has been taken in France by removing the Manufactures Nationales (i.e., Sevres, Gobelins, &c.) from the department of Fine Arts to that of Education. In other words it is a recognition of the fact that those art factories have changed their character from art producing to simply educational institutions.

We understand that the Institute of Journalists intend again to bring the subject of the extension of Press day before the notice of the Royal Academy. Last year the Council replied that they were endeavouring to comply with the request of the Institute in the matter of increased facilities for criticism, but that it was not possible to deal with it in time for the then forthcoming exhibition. As the Institute is moving in the matter not in the interests of the critics but in those of the descriptive writers and reporters of the whole British press—an infinitely larger body—its representations cannot but carry the greatest weight.

OBITUARY

We regret to have to record the death of M. BAILLY, in his eighty-second year. This eminent architect, who was a member of the Institut de France, was the President of the Société des Artistes Français, and consequently one of the official heads of the artists of France. Always in some sense an 'official' architect, he was connected with several of perhaps the finest buildings in his country, and certainly some of the best restorations. He was buried with considerable pomp, funeral orations being pronounced by the Minister of Fine Arts, M. PUECH de CHAVANNE, and the Comte Henri Delaborde.

THE COMTE DE NIFUWERBERG, a sculいた of note in the days of Louis Philippe, and under that regime and the later one of the Third Empire a spoiled child of the Court, has died, at the age of eighty-one. He united it is said the features of an Olympian god to the frame of a Hercules, and became a 'social success.' He was a Superintendent of Fine Arts under the Empire, and remained at the head of the museums until that dynasty was swept away.

IL CAVALIÈRE FRANCESCO GRANDI, Director of Mosaics in the Vatican, has died at Rome at the age of sixty. His most important works include both frescoes and mosaics, and may be seen in the Church of Lucchesa, in the Basilica of San Lorenzo, and in the apse of St. John Lateran.

M. CHARLES LOUIS MULLER, who was a member of the Institute, was born in 1815. After leaving the studios of Gros and Cogniet, he began to exhibit at the Salon in 1837, and did not cease to contribute till fifty years later. From the beginning he painted history, sacred and profane, in the grand style and on a grand scale. In 1844 he exhibited his enormous 'Entry of Jesus Christ into Jerusalem' while his 'Appeal of the Last Victims under the Reign of Terror' at the Salon of 1850 was received with a whirlwind of applause. Later on his pictures became somewhat metaphysical and still later they occasionally descended into *genre*. In 1840 he became Officer of the Legion of Honour and five years later he succeeded Flaminio in the Académie, occupying the eighth chair.

Obituary notices of Messrs. J. D. WATSON, ALPHAND, WOLFF, EMILE BAYARD, and the Prince Victor of Hohenlohe (Count Gleichen) will be found on pages 178-180 of "Our Illustrated Note Book."

Our notice of the late M. HENRIQUEL DUPONT Hon. R.A., is postponed till next month.

STANHOPE A. FORBES, A.R.A.

BY MARION HEWORTH DIXON

WHATEVER faults may be found at the doors of the Royal Academy a want of liberality can hardly be numbered among them. More than once in our own day has this body lifted itself above small prejudice and latent conservatism more than once has it embraced the daring and unconventional and in so doing shown the world that all school even the youngest and perhaps least tolerant can find tolerance with the devoted forty. The election of Mr Stanhope Forbes, one of the most modern of modern painters gives conclusive point to the argument. It suggests that even the least fortunate of former selections—from the critical point of view—may have been forced on the Academy by public pressure instead of coming freely and spontaneously from within. Arguing from inference it may be but how else shall we account for the handsome treatment accorded the youthful leader of so ambitious a school as the Newlyn school of painting? The authoritative Burlington House no less than the youthful school referred to are to be congratulated on the election of the new Associate. Today no less than families are stimulated by fresh blood and the newcomer as one of the more characteristic exponents of the *plein air* methods was precisely the man to introduce the neglected red particles.

Mr Stanhope Forbes was born in 1858 of mixed parentage. Mrs Forbes the painter's mother being French. The boy however grew up in seclusion from inquiry sulim in a district as Dulwich—a fact which explains that the painter is English enough at the present moment to smile over the mistakes he

avoids he makes when he attempts the Gallic tongue. Encouraged by some juvenile achievements the boy began his art training at the Royal Academy. Yet even here the attractions of Purism methods as was natural to a lad with such conceivably affinitas drew his eyes across the rough-and-tumble streak. Accordingly in 1881 and the following year we find Mr Forbes enrolled among Mr Tinnits student.

The summers of this course of more strictly speaking three summers were thus spent in Britain the fruit of the triple seasons seldom being seen and judged on the walls of Burlington House. One of these was the chief spot selected of the painter the picture exhibited in 1881 called *A Street in Brittany* being as we know no other than that picture the village. This Mr Tinnits teaching proved efficient that the groundwork of classic superstructure on the well known portrait painter's system was useful to Mr Stanhope Forbes goes without saying. Impressionism enough and to spare could be got from his own characteristic luminous and from the evanescent and ever-changing effects studied in his strenuous open air work.



STANHOPE A. FORBES, A.R.A.

(From the photograph by H. B. Robinson, Portland Street.)

What he gained and what so many impressions need to gain was enough exact science to portray learnedly and faithfully what is by nature changing and evanescent. De Gas if we needed an example is a painter who has attained this double excellence, and naturally De Gas is one of the painters whose work Mr Forbes seems to be getting.

Yet if the artist were closely questioned and asked to give his art a name I doubt not but that he would rank himself among the realistic rather

than what we know by the impressionist schools of painting. In a word while delighting in frank, open effects in the natural lighting of his cottage interiors as opposed to the lygones artificial methods of illumination Mr Stanhope Forbes unquestionably feels that he has pushed his work a stage farther than is generally attempted by the ordinary impressionist. For besides what is obviously well gripped and striding in his work as a whole the painter has a keen sense for what are called values a nice eye for what in the diction of the *Pari Monnaie* is named the masses. These once secured the painter who works on Mr Forbes lines is light of heart. For what is merely pretty in colour for what is merely classical in outline it may be noticed the school concerns itself hardly at all. What of charm and of magic belongs to such workers is their earnestness and then truth. If they sin (from the point of view of blind convention) they love much. The charm in the magic of open air is theirs and with it that something large and vital which brings us actually in touch with open air things. With them it may be said is no question of an artist or a handful of artists holidaying a summer by the sea. Mr Stanhope Forbes and each and all of his fellows for that matter live with the simple people whose lives they have elected to depict. Therein lies it to tell us something of the whisper of moaning seas of skies lurid and lowering in the grey watched for dawn something of the vastness of wide horizon lines of the fatefulness of lives trusted day by day and year by year to a grim merciless element. Something of the labour the patience the endurance of simple fisherfolk whose sear'd countenances bear the traces of Decembers as well as Junes.

Thus then is the gist of the Newlyn message though I may have delivered it all unwittingly in a thought too doleful a form. In general sooth Mr Stanhope Forbes has little of the pessimist in him. His shrewd Cornish fishermen go sturdily about their business. They chaffer and chaff they chug in wine drink lusty toasts and damn them fully as lustily. They marry and give marriage. But let us look to it and even without their rummer ferrets one hears or seems to hear the life of winds and tides the lulling of waves the hearse cry of lulls as they rise and fall on the shore line. The sun though it up or not or at most is caught fully through the fluted pane of a cottage window—the sea is always with us.

But to return to the artist whom we left at Canick before the name of Newlyn was heard. Some portraits belong to this period an interesting fact inasmuch as Mr Stanhope Forbes has only this year told his hint at in them. The only

portrait of the artist's uncle Mr Alexander Forbes was not lucky enough to find grace in Academic eyes but the Briton pictures found ready acceptance though buyers still remained chary. This reluctance inconvenient at least to a young man dependent on his own resources induced him to seek subjects nearer home. Two Birmingham men the well known water colour painter Mr Walter Langley and Mr Warrington had settled themselves at the moment in a Cornish fishing village and in writing to Mr Stanhope Forbes spoke volumes in its praise. The transition and change from Britanny to the country just across the water implies little change to a lover of marine things. So much that is direct picturesque and primitive belong in common to both coasts. Hence probably it was with no great wrench or indeed pleasantly taken that Mr Forbes journeyed to the small Cornish village which was so soon afterwards to be associated with his name.

To see the place was to be captivated and not only captivated but captured for Newlyn was made for Mr Stanhope Forbes as Mr Stanhope Forbes was made for Newlyn. Difficulties existed at the outset but to men with any guts in them difficulties exist to be overthrown. At the first lush a fishermen's cottage might seem to be a limited area in which to wield a six foot canvas and nothing but fishermen's cottages existed at the moment in the new art centre. A Newlyn painter in those days was put to an awkward shift. A wall might peradventure be thrown down here and there a rend for slyght torn in a thatched roof but at best the thing was a picnic a hazard and men had to labour so to speak with their work on their faces. To say that Mr Stanhope Forbes buckled to his enterprise amid such untoward surroundings says much not only for his enterprise but his good-hood. Help however was at hand. Providence or more strictly speaking the enthusiastic amateur (in the person of Mr A. L. Hamer who has since quitted Penzance for one or other of the colonies) was to make Newlyn a city. The autumn of 1889 saw that grand upland known as Cribbarri bustling forth into well built studios at the instance of the Penzance providence and here accordingly in comparative ease and luxury Mr Stanhope Forbes has produced his last three years work.

Little more stimulating however has it proved than the product wrought in the teeth of so many obstacles. A Fish Sale which made something like the artistic sensation of the Academy of 1887 early attested and proclaimed the new painter's powers. Towers in truth of a noble hand were at once seen to belong to its author. Something



THE HEALTH OF THE FRYDE

(From the 9th Series of the 1st AR. P. 1)

SMITH & PETERS

than what we know by the impressionist schools of painting. In a word while delighting in frank open effects in the natural lighting of his cottage interiors as opposed to the Lyonic artificial methods of illumination, Mr Stanhope Forbes unquestionably feels that he has pushed his work a stage further than is generally attempted by the ordinary impressionist. For besides what is obviously well gripped and striking in his work as a whole the painter has a keen sense for what are called values a nice eye for what in the lecture of the *Four Masters* is named the masses. These once secured the painter who works on Mr Forbes's lines is light of heart. For what is merely pretty in colour for what is merely classical in outline it may be noticed the school concerns itself hardly at all. What of charm and of magic belongs to such workers is their earnestness and then truth. If they sin (from the point of view of Island convention) they live much. The charm and the magic of open air is theirs and with it that something large and vital which brings us actually in touch with open air things. With them at any rate it is no question of an artist or a handful of artists holiday making a summer by the sea. Mr Stanhope Forbes and each and all of his fellows for that matter live with the simple people whose lives they have elected to depict. Thence then is it to tell us something of the whisper of morning seas of skies blue and lowering in the grey watched for dawn something of the vastness of wide horizon lines of the fatfulness of lives trusted dry by day and year by year to a grim merciless element. Something of the limon the patience, the endurance of simple fisherfolk whose seared countenances bear the traces of Decembers as well as Junes.

Thus then is the gist of the Newlyn message, though I may have delivered it all unwittingly, in a thought too doubtful a form. In good sooth Mr Stanhope Forbes has little of the je ne sais in him. His shrewd Cornish fishermen go steadily about their business. They chatter and chatter they chaffer wares drink lusty toasts and drink them fully as lustily. They marry and give in marriage. But let us look to it and even without their marriage feet on hearse it seem to hear the life of winds and tides the booming of waves the hoarse cry of birds as they rise and fall on the shore line. The sun though it appear not or at most is caught fitfully through the flannel pane of a cottage window—the sea is always with us.

But to return to the artist, whom we left at Canalic before the name of Newlyn was heard. Some portraits belong to this period an interesting fact inasmuch as Mr Stanhope Forbes has only this year tried his hand at another. The only

portrait of the artists with Mr Alexander Forbes was not lucky enough to find grace in Academic eyes but the Briton pictures found ready acceptance though buyers still remained chary. This reluctance, inconvenient at best to a young man dependent on his own resources induced him to seek subjects nearer home. Two Birmingham men the well known water colour painter, Mr Walter Langley and Mr Wainwright had settled themselves at the moment in a Cornish fishing village and in writing to Mr Stanhope Forbes spoke volumes in its praise. The transition and change from Prittiny to the country just across the water implies little change to a lover of marine things. So much that is direct picturesque and primitive being in common to both coasts. Hence probably it was with no great wrench or indeed, preparation that Mr Forbes journeyed to the small Cornish village which was so soon afterwards to be associated with his name.

To see the place was to be captivated and not only captivated but captured for Newlyn was made for Mr Stanhope Forbes as Mr Stanhope Forbes was made for Newlyn. Difficulties existed at the outset but to men with ingenuity in them difficulties exist to be overthrown. At the first Flush, a fisherman's cottage might seem to be a limited area in which to wield a six foot canvas and nothing but fishermen's cottages existed at the moment in the new settlement. A Newlyn painter in these days was put to an awkward shift. A wall might peradventure be thrown down here and there, a road for skylight torn in a thatched roof but at best the thing was a pie in the hazard and man had to bide so to speak with their work on their knees. To say that Mr Stanhope Forbes buckled to his enterprise amid such untoward surroundings says much not only for his enterprise but his luck. Help, however, was at hand. Providence or more strictly speaking the enthusiastic amateur (in the person of Mr A. Baldwin who has since quitted Penzance for one or other of the colonies) was to make Newlyn artist city. The autumn of 1889 saw that grant of land known as California stretching forth into well built studios at the instance of the Penzance providence and here accordingly in comparative ease and luxury Mr Stanhope Forbes has produced his last three years work.

Little is so stimulating however as it proved than the product wrought in the teeth of so many obstacles. A Fish Sale, which made something like the artistic sensation of the Academy of 1884 early attested and proclaimed the new painter's powers. Towers in truth of a wide kind were at once seen to belong to its author. Something





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which was at once fresh forcible and—alluring quality in modern eyes—distinctively modern lifted the picture out of the rank and file. Qualities of technique there may have been in the handling which puzzled the excellent Fitzhugh. The canvas had precisely the affirmations which speak to the artist the critic. It was to borrow an expressive French phrase *fin d'œuvre*. Jewish power breadth of treatment a tuned eye will find all these things moreover were seen to belong to the work while in the ordinary sense at least it made little bid for the suffrages of the shuffling public.

Yet the public as not infrequently happens were allured by what I may call the painter's very in difference to it. Off to the Fishing Ground exhibited the following spring was one of the popular canvases of the year and continued to be a popular canvas at the Liverpool Walker Art Gallery where it has found a permanent abiding place. No less enterprising in this respect have been the cities of Melbourne and Birmingham. For Mr Stanhope Forbes's exhibit of 1887 a picture called *The Ever-shifting Home* was caught up for Victoria is *The Village Idyll* harmonic was acquired by the Corporation Gallery of Birmingham. The last named picture a favorite one with the painter secured a gold medal at the 1884 exhibition while the latter canvas by Order of the Court was selected for a like honour at Berlin last year. To make the list something more complete though it by no means exhausts the tale of the artist's achievements a work exhibited at the New English Art Club called *I don't try* deserves notice. The *Health of the Bute* purchased by Mr Tate in 1849 and dedicated even in its purchase to the nation is still so fresh in our memories as to need neither description nor praise of mine.

Solitaire and Sailors makes its bow to a luncheon next May while this year's work if brought to a head in the masterly fashion in which it is conceived will add to its author's reputation. As usual with the painter this last subject is a familiar village scene. Treated distinctly it has its own kind of spirit and truth but its qualities the

excellent ones actuality and breadth. Handling of a fine order will be found in it and conspicuous as heretofore is the admirable lighting.

And of the school and the delightful painter whom we know and honour as Miss Elizabeth Armstrong and who as we know has taken to herself the name of Stanhope Forbes? Of these and other matters of import we must learn another time. Another true journeying thither it may be mine to climb the steep cobbled street of the much painted Cornish village. To look maybe at this and that den of the trim whitewashed sailors cottages which constitute the Newlyn due des Beaux Arts. To hear of the poles the junctings the theatricals the toil the labour the ambitions of the little knot of men gathered together there. Another time it may be mine to seek that little town of distant encompment and find my way to find myself in the heart and centre of what we are pleased to call the modern art movement. For here hails Mr Walter Langley who charms us yearly with his impressive presentations of seafaring life and Mr Frank Bramley who give us something like a new emotion with his *Hopless Dawn* we shall find the creator of *By Order of the Court*. And not only the creator of the picture but as I have said the actual environment which saw its birth. The old order has changed in truth and something like a conventual studio has taken the place of the bath and plaster mud column in which of old time this Newlyn painter worked. Yet even here it will be less the latticed window the tiled over with the all wall space the hangings lamp which will attract and arrest our attention within these four walls. That I wager will be riveted by the sight of two in company two chosen comrades and fellow workers who also call themselves by the more ordinary name of husband and wife.

These fellow workers are known to the world as Mr and Mrs Stanhope Forbes. To see them at their work is to know that with their little life is a fastidious up the product of their hands is an earnest that it is a festival of hard work.





PRESS-DAY AND CRITICS—I.

GLIMPSES OF ARTIST LIFE

BY M. H. SPIELMANN



SLING to what importance Press-day has grown within recent years it is surprising that no attention what ever has hitherto been devoted to the physiology of the subject by those whom it most nearly concerns. Its history is still to be written

and yet it is, I take it, one of the most frequent outward and visible signs and proofs of the power of the Press. Few ceremonies or functions of any public interest or importance take place throughout the civilised world but the right of Presence of the Press is recognised and no exhibition or performance official or otherwise, throws open its doors to the public without polite overtures being first addressed to the Fourth Estate. The reporter is invited to record and the critic to judge. And if like Latham he withhold the sought-for verdict, protest is rarely made—at least in public—for there is in the vast majority of cases, no appeal beyond *Cassini Scripta*. The omnipotence and omniscience of the Press are becoming more or less an article of faith with the mass of the people in spite of themselves even in the face of critics' critics, while among the commercial class its shortcomings such as they be, detract but little from its importance, if regarded only as a medium of advertisement. In the power and quality of its *relime* indeed lies the pre-eminent value of Press-day to gallery managers and others and so long as that is secured, the tone and direction of the criticism are matters of minor moment. With Swift they doubtless feel that if men of wit would resolve under no circumstances to complin of their critics those who come after would never know that they had had any.

The critics—God speed them!—brindly look at the matter in this same cold, calculating and one might say, degraded light. As I have already pointed out in my previous paper on the relations of artists and critics they regard their calling, and rightly so, with respect and pride. They feel to the full—the well equipped among them do—the responsibility that devolves upon them, and neither flinch nor cower without a deep sense of the obligations attendant on the divine right of criticism. Nay, Press-day is to them much what the assizes are to judge and jury, they rarely slate without, in

their own minds, donning the black cap nor condemn without delving themselves with emotion. A great day this Press-day, for the earnest and responsible of the craft—a day of reflection and hard work of serious self-scrutiny and honest inquiry after truth.

In order to trace the origin of Press-day there is little occasion to grope in the remote recesses of a dusty past. Throw back your memory but half a century or so and you find yourself at the very source and fountain head of the institution. Prior that time the art-critic was treated severely indeed, although his words were valued his convenience was persistently and systematically ignored. While with more insight the dramatic critic had for generations been pampered by the manager in his work—even to the point of seats and porter upon the stage—the art-critic was beset with many a harassing regulation and barely told that if he wished to carry out his editor's instructions and meet the public's need he might, on the payment of his shilling entry with the crowd in the usual way, and make his notes evasive, staid, and judge (as best he might) hustled hither and thither in the bustle of a first day rush. Yet as I have said, he was already becoming a power in the land and his work was recognised as the great popularising factor in the development of the national taste. His words struck home then as much as they do to-day, and although he was often enough accused as now of not 'knowing a picture from a bull's foot' his pen has never been in any true sense a *quantité négligable*. In 1852, writing under a Press criticism of one of his own canvases Sir Edwin Landseer wrote to William Dyce—nineteen years before the first Royal Academy Press-day—"There is more of generosity and truth in your works than the critics are up to and be it—d to them!", and yet we find him some years later, standing before the very picture of his which had been severely criticised I whereby his ire was kindled against his judges in the Press—"The Dialogue at Waterloo"—and saying 'I must have been mad when I painted that!' It is the same old story the critical class (the Semitic race of the literary world) whose lot has so often and so long been the heritage of Cassandra—to prophesy more or less truly and not to be believed—was for generations treated with marked discourtesy and even contumely, until by its growing power and fast

of velvety talent it justified its existence and established itself a necessity. Indeed in due time it stormed the stronghold of the Academy itself just as its reportorial brethren had already forced the doors of Parliament. And Press-Day triumphed and is universal.

It is rather difficult to what particular society the honour of having initiated Press-day is due. The books of the Royal Institution's *Painters in Water Colours* show that it may not in 1844 it has existed. In that year the Institute then known as the "New Society" held an exhibition at 16 New Bond Street and the first who were taken to it at a special private view.

But this excellent example might have passed unimitated had it not been for the energy and persistence of Mr. F. J. Stephens, an critic of the *Athenæum* and several contributors to this Magazine, and one of the original Telegraphic brethren. To him its establishment is chiefly if not chiefly due. In 1862 the 10th issue of the International Exhibition had invited no newspaper representatives to a private view. Taking advantage of that circumstance, Mr. Stephens wrote to Mr. F. J. Jenkins, then secretary of the Royal Water Colour Society—the importance of which at that time entirely overshadowed the New Society—and after referring feelingly to the inconveniences of the existing arrangements pointed out that the wretches of the Press had not only been invited to the exhibition prior to the admission of the public but were actually encouraged to carry out their duties in comfort and that there had not even been an earthquake to speak of. The result of the correspondence was that in April 1863 the first two hours of the private view day were grudgingly enough set aside for the critics—a small mercy which nevertheless was accepted with gratitude. And so matters went on in Pall Mall East until the year 1878 when the increasing number of critics and reporters rendered the few two hours insufficient and the interposing of Press-men loyers and private-viewers acted and reacted adversely on the temper of all. And thus it came about that a whole day was set apart at last and given to the publication on the artistic side of Fleet Street.

But where the lack of a Press-day was most keenly felt was in that conservative of all human institutions—the Royal Academy. For years the matter had been a crying scandal and looking back one can only marvel how such a state of things was allowed to continue so long. The men who more than any others had made the exhibitions fashionable and popular and who contributed in no small degree to the reputation of many of the members—and in many cases it must be owned quite unjustifiably—

were treated with an indifference bordering on insolence even though some of them were the personal friends and intimates of the Academicians. Mr. Stephens, assisted by Mr. Carter Hill and others made unaided representations to the Academy and the former used his influence with many of the members to induce the Council to grant a day apart for the sole use and benefit of the critics. At last after many years of supplication and prayer, that was conceded which ought to have been accorded at once and, greatly through the enlightened assistance of Sir Frederick Leighton, the Press in April 1871, was for the first time officially invited by the Academy to visit and criticise the collection. Yet still as ever not with the best grace, for while the directors of other galleries "request the pleasure" of the critics attending, the Academy curtly directs its porters to admit the representative of such and such a paper on the Press and Private view days. Fifty words, no doubt, yet a straw showing how blows the Academic wind *versus* the Press.

At first the concession was confined to the principal London papers, the present liberal extension to country and foreign journals being due to the ever-courteous secretary, Mr. F. A. Eaton. The rule at the Academy now is that the applicants of no established and respectable paper which may not yet be on the list is ever rejected. The only regulation—and that an immutable one—laid down by the Council is that the editor of the paper must himself apply, and the ticket will be forwarded to him. No personal cards of admission are ever sent. This is a standing order which is said to provide much with among the ladies who write London letters for an indefinite number of provincial and American papers many of which are already on the list but to whom their respective editors strangely enough forget to send the anxiously desired Press ticket. In vain does Mr. Eaton refer the infuriated ladies to their editors. They persist as he himself says with true feminine perversity, in lying on the Academy the House of Commons to their artistic critical-cum-literary merits and Nobles-like, they decline to be comforted.

I make no apology for having treated of the use of Press-day in some detail for as I said at the beginning it has hitherto found no historian. It has developed and grown exceedingly from quite small things and on its own merits alone it deserves a record in the chronicles of the. Twenty years ago but a mere handful of art-writers were taken to the artistic feast, to-day they are numbered by hundreds. For every exhibition the Royal Academy now grants admission to representatives of the Press varying in number from two hundred and fifty to three hundred. A similar number of invitations are

issued by the Royal Institute which during 1885 the year of its removal the latter was temporarily increased to five hundred. The Royal Society of English Artists invite about two hundred dress men and the Royal Society of Painters in Water Colours an approximate number. Whether this extraordinary liberality is an unimpaired blessing is a matter for grave doubt. But before discussing dress by as it might be I propose in the next number of this Magazine

to deal with a problem—how best to meet the employers in the capital and give you in exchange—the few footsteps already running from the newly wired street within great half sleep. If we use echoes. But we are not alone a stifling procession of dress men and dress women is allowed up the main stairway and is scattering itself about the half deserted rooms which are redolent of wax and paint and fresh used turpentine.



PRESS DAY IN THE ROYAL ACADEMY

(Drawn by Walter Pater)

to describe Press day as it is in all its dreary light—usually selecting the summer season of the Royal Academy as offering the best and most complete illustration.

The last Wednesday in April is the day invariably set apart for the Press, and no sooner has notice been given than the clock tower of St James's over the way that in the doors of the Academy are opened and the early critics in the steps of Parliament House fully conscious of a long day's work before them and of a short day enough in which to perform it. Varnishing day is already taken place and the clowns have effectively removed all signs of that carnival of varnishes and chaos of ladders and ladders at the place. Yet the place seems not yet quite awake as is the porter with a pleasant wave of recognition clips off a corner of your

It is curious to observe and recognise the men in the world who represent art criticism to day as they arrive. Of course we have all the accredited art critics and reviewers who are the great men of Bond Street and Piccadilly. But besides you may observe a well known collector here or an enterprising picture dealer there who have possessed themselves of critics' power and so may not be much and that they are aware of the little irregularity which they have so cleverly managed is evident enough in their whole comportment. Reporters and delicate writers by the dozen lady fashion writers by the score managers of provincial galleries and museums dian at the critics' novels foreign correspondents in London all in the common ground of the floor of the Royal Academy. At these interesting persons we shall look more closely in the next number.

ARTISTIC HOMES

WALL PAPER DECORATION

By LEWIS F. DAY

THE choice of wall papers its difficulty and the pitfalls of the pattern book were discussed at some length in my last paper but the danger does not end here. We have to choose a paper not merely with regard to its effect as surface decoration but in reference to the particular wall to be papered with regard to the size, character and purpose of the room in question and to the position of frieze dado filling or main wall which the paper is destined to fill.

A design presents itself very often in quite a different light when you think of it as a ceiling pattern or a staircase pattern—and for the simple reason that it was designed for that object. One distinct purpose of a paper is to form a background—in a background is in its very nature not attractive. I remember an attempt on the part of

about with regard to wall paper is whether you want it to be merely a background or to form any thing like decoration. That will depend to some extent upon whether the walls are to be furnished with pictures or not. But even when you have pictures it is a poor compliment to the artist to shy them and it may be desirable therefore to divide the walls in two using a simple all-over pattern in two shades of one solid colour as a background to the

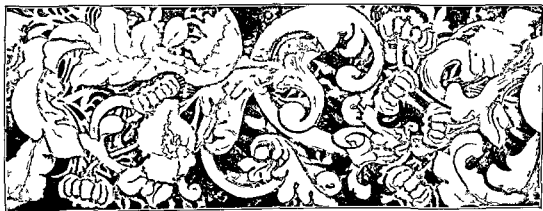
frieze and it will mark off a frieze.

the required depth. The depth of the frieze needs to be judiciously proportioned with regard to the room; there is very often some feature of construction which will indicate its limits. Should the frieze you wish to use be rather too narrow for your purpose it can be helped out with a kind of plan



THE "KING'S COLLEGE" FRIEZE

(Designed by Boulton and Co.)



THE "HAKWELL" FRIEZE

(Designed by Mr. G. C. G. for Haywood and Son.)

a manufacturer to show some papers of that kind at an exhibition but they were so really lack grounds that one did not recognise them as *exhibits* they seemed like so many girls in the show.

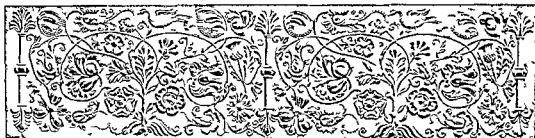
Perhaps the first thing to make up your mind

joint—and with a hintage since what most frieze papers lack is just that border of plain colour which is necessary to separate them from the wall below. In any case a frieze is best divided from the wall below by a picture rail of wood which is decoratively

is desirable as it is actually useful. On the whole it would be safe to advise that the frieze be deep. A narrow frieze has only the value of a border and is hardly worth while seeing that it is comparatively

not arrested by this lighter wall space, but carried up to the ceiling above.

An interesting variation on the merely printed wall paper has been introduced by Hayward and



FRIEZE IN TYNECASTLE CANVAS

(Designed by Scott Watson)

expensive for the price of a narrow five inch border one could have a frieze of ordinary paper twenty one inches deep which would form really a feature in the decoration. But deeper friezes of simple design especially as such are now made in plenty and may be very effectively used.

If it is worth while having a frieze it is ordinarily worth while having it of sufficient depth—say from eighteen inches to three feet deep. One can get then some effect and on a part of the wall which is not broken by furniture a very simple paper is often quite enough, and the cost of even a comparatively expensive frieze added to that of a single paint paper below amounts to not more than a single rather more elaborate paper all over the wall would have cost.

The frieze pattern by Woollins and Co. on p. 189 happens to be printed on a dark ground. The more useful colourings are on light grounds. A common error of the paper stainer (against which we have to guard ourselves) is to make the frieze approach too nearly both in character and colour the paper of the lower wall. The effect is lighter and surer when the frieze is more in the key of the cornice and ceiling. It is a popular superstition that this brings down the ceiling. It is nothing of the kind. The eye is

soon who have enriched sundry printed patterns with stencilling in water colour and have even stencilled wall paper altogether. That seems at first sight a very useful expedient. But it is less practical than it seems for you cannot by stencilling

in water colour make sure of uniformity of tint. The inequality of transparent colour as compared with flat distemper tint is indeed its charm, but when you come to hang one breadth of stencilling in water colour by the side of another, there are sure to be differences of depth which draw undue attention to the joints, and give the appearance of stripes.

For a frieze however to be hung in one continuous length round the room this added use of stencilling is a great help to the printed pattern and admits of a variety of colour practically beyond the range of wall paper painting. Yet even in the case of a frieze entirely stencilled one is inclined to ask, Why not stencil it at once on the wall? Mr. Crutwin has designed for Hayward and Son some very bold and original



DADO IN LINCHISTA

(Designed by the Lichfield Wall Co.)

frises. Fully painted and partly stencilled of which the example on the last page is a fair specimen. This is far enough away from the style of Louis XV but there is just a suspicion about it of a touch of the artist's own which

one would not wish to see carried much further. The style is, in fact, rather loose.



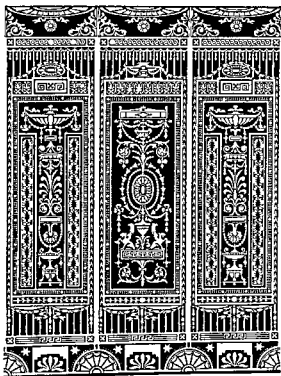
TILE PAPER.

(Designed by F. Arthur and Co.)

The frieze affords a good opportunity for the use of rich embossed leather paper so as to get the most effect out of it or Lincaster engravings which here again takes very much the place of plaster. It is in higher relief than leather paper Lincaster &c—and many of Mr Scott Morton's designs are in this style and very effective for the purpose for which they are intended. For my own liking they are a little too much like plaster. The example on the opposite page is taken directly from old plaster work. I imagine but apart from any prejudice one may have in favour of franker expression of material some of them could not well be better than they are. The difficulty with regard to manufactured friezes is in scheming the pattern so as to fit the wall space. It is only occasionally that one finds a design planned with a view to its adaptation to the unequal sides of the room and when such patterns are produced the paperhanger is usually too—well too much a paperhanger to trouble himself about such trifles. But it is trifles like this which go to make intelligent treatment. A certain ingenuity is indispensable in decoration.

* Plaster work" as applied to wall and ceiling decoration will be dealt with by Mr G. H. Robinson in a forthcoming number of this Magazine.—EDITOR.

a good decorator is fertile in expedient a bad one wants prompting at every turn. The use of the dado has in great measure gone out but it continues and will continue on staircases and in other places where it is desirable to varnish part of the wall for its protection. It has another use—viz in rooms which you want to keep light but where the furniture is dark. In that case a dark band round the lower wall without absorbing much light holds the objects in the room together and prevents the outlines of chairs and so on from standing out too sharply defined against a light background. The adoption of a dado enables you also to employ for that part of the wall which actually has to sustain hard usage a material more substantial than ordinary paper—painted flock for example or its more recent substitutes such as leather paper by whatever name it is called. Fine castle engravings or Lincaster—and that without the expense of carrying it all up the wall. The most substantial of these materials is undoubtedly Lincaster Walton—it is the material *par excellence* for an inexpensive dado. Unfortunately the makers have been led away (by the facility with which the die sinker can carve fine lines upon the metal cylinders they use) into producing patterns for the most part too finikin and fussy for use in any

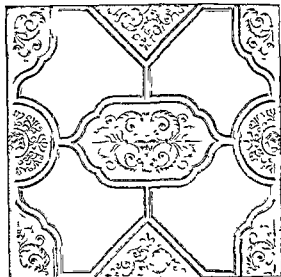


THE GROSVENOR DADO

(Designed by Owen Davis for Woodlams and Co.)

dignified scheme of decoration. They have produced some broad and simple designs but they are the minority in their pattern book and the best of them are borrowed from old work. That applies to our illustrations, the one on p. 166 adapted from an old velvet, the other on p. 190 taken from Arabian jewelry. The imitation of wood noticeable in some of the best dado patterns in this material will be to some a recommendation to others just the reverse. In the choice of Lin crust I would recommend the broadest simplest flattest and least pretentious patterns in them only you avoid the sin of fussiness which besets this in itself admirable material—the outcome as I

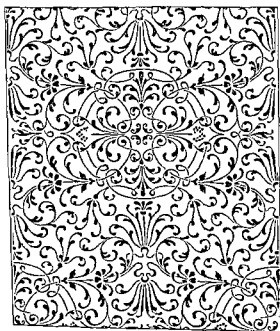
open character will prove to be too full. A pattern really appropriate to the ceiling is likely to



CEILING PAPER IN TYNECastle CANNAS

(Design by Scott W. to.)

look quite bare and mean in the pattern book, and to be rejected accordingly—rejected for the very qualities which to the experienced decorator are its recommendation. Thin and naked the appropriate ceiling paper may look in the sample there is no fear of that effect *in situ*. Then what seemed thin proves to be only light and you see the reason for not covering the ground with ornament. Examples of ceiling papers occur on this and the opposite page.



"RED GREEK" CEILING PAPER

(Design by J. Lee & F. Day for Jefferys and Co.)

said of the ease with which minute and meaning less detail can be elaborated.

What is known in the trade as the 'step dale' is essentially a paperhangers device—a makeshift obviously, but a very clever one, so convenient is it indeed that it has survived various changes of fashion and still flourishes. One of the cleverest designs of this kind is that for Woollams and Co. a singularly delicate version of Adams work executed very well adapted by Mr. Owen Davis to the purpose to which it is put. This was brought out some years ago but it is yet to last (p. 191).

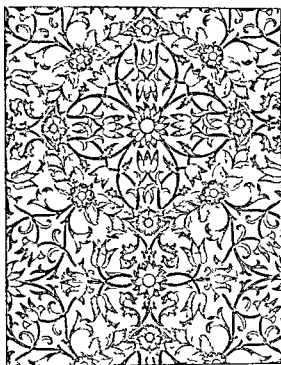
Ceiling papers form a class by themselves. On a ceiling the pattern can scarcely be too open. The danger is that even the design selected for its



THE "FOUR WINDS" PATTERN

(Design by Walter Crane for Jeffrey & Co.)

In the case of designs in relief embossed or what not some of the happiest designs are those



CEILING PAPER.

(Designed by William Morris.)

which are suggestive of (because reminiscent of) moulded ceilings with interlacing geometric ribs and not too much enclosing. Many of the typical curves designs are schemed for us with wood mouldings to be planted on the wall and artfully used they may be made to have very much the appearance of plaster work. It is obvious that by the exercise of a certain amount of contriving various embossed materials may be helped out with mouldings to produce at once a richer and more massive effect. For that contriving however one must depend upon one's architect or decorator to whom these pages are not addressed.

For a staircase you want something very different from the paper suitable to an ordinary dwelling room. There is not much fear of the pattern being too striking nor yet too severe and for a good sized hall and staircase it can scarcely be too large. Such a design as that by the late Mr. J. D. Sedding on this page is a happily appropriate. It is large, rich, and dignified. The simplicity of Mr. Morris's design on p. 194 has for me a still further charm, it is not so rich but it is bolder and manlier—it has a certain Gothic sternness which fits it especially for such a position.

My own liking here as in ceilings is for an

open pattern (see p. 194) one that is to say, much more open than suits the walls of a room. Comfort seems to require on the walls of a living room something comparatively rich in effect—the wall wants *finishing* and something equivalent to diminish or other stuff helps the effect of warmth and cosiness. A staircase may well be made colder in effect—you want rather the impression of airiness—the need is not so much to *cover* the wall as to feel that it is a wall.

That was the reason for the marble papers of an earlier generation and for the brick and masonry patterns of the Gothic revival. They were meant to suggest the mass rather than the perpendicular.

Logically there may be no reason for this but by the association of ideas one comes to expect in a hall and staircase something less finished in effect and more severe than in a sitting room and the open pattern with plenty of ground free of ornament lends itself to that result. There is another reason for this in London at least and other large towns where ground rents are high

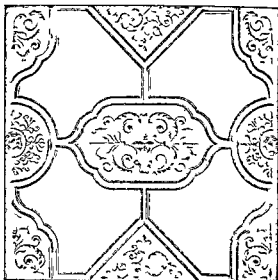


THE "JACOB FAN" STAIRCASE PAPER.

(Designed by the late J. D. Sedding.)

dignified scheme of decoration. They have produced some bold and simple designs but they are the minority in their pattern book and the best of them are borrowed from old wall. That applies to our illustrations: the one on p. 166 adapted from an old velvet, the other on p. 190 taken from Arabian joinery. The imitation of wood noticeable in some of the best drapery patterns in this material will be to some a recommendation to others just the reverse. In the choice of Lancaster I would recommend the broadest simplest flattest and least pretentious patterns in them only to avoid the sin of fussiness which besets this in itself admirable material—the outcome as I

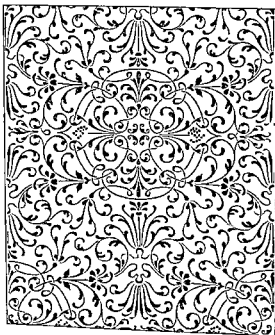
often character will prove to be too full. A pattern really appropriate to the ceiling is likely to



CEILING PAPER IN LYNCASTLE CANVAS

(Designed by Scott Watson)

look quite bare and mean in the pattern book and to be rejected accordingly—rejected for the very qualities which to the experienced decorator are its recommendation. Thin and naked the appropriate ceiling paper may look in the sample there is no fear of that effect in situ. There what seen then proves to be only light and you see the reason for not covering the ground with ornament. Examples of ceiling papers occur on this and the opposite page.



NEO GREC CEILING PAPER

(Designed by Lewis F. Day for Jeffrey and Co.)

scale of the ease with which minute and meaningless detail can be elaborated.

What is known in the trade as the "step dado" is essentially a paperhanger's device—a makeshift of course but every clever one so convenient is it in fact that it has survived various changes of fashion and still flourishes. One of the cleverest designs of this kind is that for Woollams and Co. a singularly delicate version of "Adams" work exceedingly well adapted by Mr. Owen Davis to the purpose to which it is put. This was brought out some years ago but it is yet to last (p. 191).

Ceiling papers form a class by themselves. On a ceiling the pattern can scarcely be too open. The danger is that even the design selected for its



THE FOUR WINDS PATTERN

(Designed by Walter Crane for J. Gray and Co.)

wall to mention only two out of many possible contingencies make it necessary to reconsider at every turn the line of subdivision. The very difficulties may suggest an artful not to say artistic solution of them anyway a little thought will certainly enable a capable decorator to get over some of his troubles. The best plan is to chalk out the lines on the wall and see how they come and how they can be modified to meet the difficulties as they occur. The line may be at times above your head (forming a frieze) at times below your shoulder (forming a dado) and only a certain piquancy result from the transition if only it be effected with taste. I have often found it expedient to divide the staircase wall likewise into three what was the upper paper in the hall forming the lower paper on the top landing. In any case the construction must determine the lines of division.

I suggest the making out of the scheme on the wall itself because it is easier for the amateur to understand that than to reach a what drawings mean and although he will not be able to dispense with the help of a decorator he may perhaps be able when he sees the lines marked out to suggest himself sometimes an expedient which would not have occurred to the orthodox decorator just because he is orthodox and it is not. Some of Mr. Chinn's rich wall papers—such as the peacock pattern on p. 167—are admirably adapted for use as high dados where they have in effect something of the value of tapestry.

Where there is (as there always should be) a

cornice crowning the walls it frames, so to speak the ceiling. But the builder is not careful always to frame ceilings and soffits of stairs: the hall ceiling is commonly cut into as it were by the wall of the staircase and is framed only on three sides and on the soffits there is very often not so much as a moulding to frame them in any way. It is a very usual thing to see wall paper and ceiling paper, or wall paper and distempered ceiling soffit meeting at awkward points abruptly without so much as a border line between them. That is always an offence to the eye. Incomplete and awkward construction gives awkward problems for the solution of the decorator but they have to be solved. One thing I would insist upon is that between any two papers or between paper and paint or distemper there should always be a margin of some sort—by preference a moulding but if not that at least an ample border even though it be only of paper. It is better, too to frame the soffits of the stairs with a border of paper or at least a marginal line of colour, and when the ceiling of the hall dies off into the soffit of the stair to plant a moulding or two at that awkward junction and so make separate panels of the ceiling and soffit.

In short if paper is worth hanging at all it is worth hanging with care and judgment which is my excuse for all these words about it.

[NOTE.—All the illustrations in this article have been selected so far as possible so that an accurate idea may be formed of the comparative sizes and other characteristics of the patterns shown.—EDITOR.]

"THE OLD STORY"

PAINTED BY L^{AS} ALMATADEMA, I A



THIS charming picture of *The Old Story* which is not unknown to the gallery visitor as one of a set of somewhat similar works painted by the artist. As we have already painted out in these pages Mr. Almatadema's rich paints a picture at rank him. He usually aims at an ideal and in his attempts to reach it—to realise his conception—he constantly produces several pictures in which the same idea is predominant. Thus the reader will readily call to mind the column pictures in which Mr. Talema sought to solve the prob-

lem of hanging together in well-ecceuted false relationship (so far as comparative height is concerned) human figures and the columns of classical dwellings. He will remember the pappy pictures the rose pictures the pictures with the large figure cut off in the foreground. In this dainty work *The Old Story* is well told for the attitudes and expressions alike rivet the attention. But the flesh against marble the blue sea and sky and the white and pink blossoms off together a complex picture otherwise interesting to the painter and this has two hundred and fifty-eight numbered work is one of several in which he has successfully solved it.

and staircases (which have to be planned as best they may) are apt to be dark you want light and the best means of getting it is to show plenty of light ground in your paper



THE "BRICES" STAIRCASE PAPER
(Designed by W. H. A. Morris)

You may print your paper in light colour, it is true but in a staircase there are objections to this. You have vast and often ill proportioned wall spaces to cover (cheap construction will have it so) and you want something rather pronounced in the way of pattern to disguise as far as may be this ugly fact. The case is therefore best met by a somewhat emphatic pattern sparsely distributed over a light ground.

The kind of pattern suitable is a pattern that would do to be stencilled. The objection to an actual imitation of stencilling is that it is imitation and that there are limitations in stencilling which it would be foolish in the paper stainer to lay unnecessarily upon himself. But in choosing a staircase paper it would not be a bad plan to select one in which the simplicity and breadth of a stencilled pattern its scale and its flatness were observed.

In a staircase moreover, even though you have no liking for marked lines it is almost necessary to have something of the kind. A horizontal line is invaluable in lessening the apparent height of the

inordinate length of featureless wall that presents itself to you as you go up-stairs. The lines need not be geometric unless you like but there should be at least emphatic features which must necessarily recur at regular intervals—the necessities of manufacture answer for that recurrence. What I have said refers to the upper wall of hall and staircase. For the sake of convenience to anticipate the wear and tear of the lower part of the wall, and also further to break the apparent height already referred to, some division of the wall horizontally is more often than not desirable.

The ordinary way of doing this is not very satisfactory. To fix on a certain height of dado and carry that line along the hall up the rake of the stairs round the landings and up the stairs again is to confess either that you have not tried to attack the problem of treatment or that I have given it up in despair and retreated on the commonplace.

In a room the line of a dado frieze, or whatever the division be is determined by its proportion and the accidents of its construction. In a hall and staircase the proportions vary there is no fixed height of wall for example and the



OPEN " STAIRCASE PAPER.
(Designed by Lewis F. Day for Jeffrey and Co.)

accidental way in which the panelling that screens the kitchen stairs stops perhaps against the plastering or the landing juts out into a sea of staircase

wall to mention only two out of many possible contingencies make it necessary to reconsider at every turn the line of subdivision. The very difficulties may suggest an artful not to say artistic, solution of them, anyway a little thought will certainly enable a capable decorator to get over some of his troubles. The best plan is to chalk out the lines on the wall and see how they come and how they can be modified to meet the difficulties as they come. The line may be at times above your head (forming a frieze) at times below your shoulder (forming a dado) and only a certain piquancy result from the transition if only it be effected with taste. I have often found it expedient to divide the staircase wall bandwise into three: what was the upper paper in the hall forming the lower paper on the top landing. In any case the construction must determine the lines of division.

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"THE OLD STORY"

PAINTED BY L. ALMA TALEMA, P.A.



HIS charming picture of 'The Old Story' which is not unknown to the gallery visitor is one of a set of somewhat similar works painted by the artist. As we have already pointed out in these pages Mr. Alma Talema rarely paints a picture at random. He usually aims at an ideal and in his attempts to reach it—to realise his conception—he constantly produces several pictures in which the same idea is predominant. Thus the reader will readily call to mind the column pictures in which Mr. Talema sought to solve the prob-

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SIR GEORGE REID, P R S A

By PROFESSOR BALDWIN BROWN

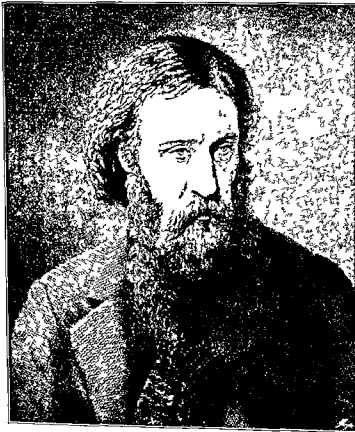
THE election of Sir George Reid to fill the presidential chair of the Royal Scottish Academy coinciding as it does with the successful issue of a new and liberal movement within the Academy

studies when moved to action he shows himself at once a born leader, with a clear eye, a steady mind and a fund of shrewd and practical counsel that he can convey in apt and convincing language. His wide artistic sympathies will be a guarantee against any possible recurrence of that spirit of narrow and jealous conservatism to which official bodies like academies of art are often supposed to be prone while another point on which the artistic public will look with confidence to Sir George Reid is the education of the artist student. On this he is known to hold reforming views and though himself a painter born and bred, he has no sympathy with that ostentatious disregard of form which is supposed in some quarters to mark the colourist. Although, as we shall see his own painting preserves many characteristic features of the traditional Scottish style, he passed several years of study, when a young man, with Continental masters such as Mellinger, Lyon and Teruel and will be in full sympathy with the Scottish student of today who desires to take the same means of fortifying his artistic style.

The general public knows Sir George Reid essentially as a portraitist and associates with his name like masses of a strong direct character, generally of male sitters that convey on the whole the impression of accurate conception and able workmanship rather than of artistic charm.

A closer acquaintance with his work modifies this first impression and reveals considerable versatility of talent.

This has never been displayed to any great extent in subject pictures. Indeed the only important work of the kind is the simple composition of two figures called the 'Last Sleep of Saxonwold' in the Corporation Art Gallery at Aldermen—a somnolent but powerful picture that recalls somewhat the chiaroscuro of Teruel's ('see p. 201'). It is to landscape and certain forms of still life that Sir George Reid has been drawn when the work of portrait painting has ceased for a while to engross him and in the former he has done perhaps his very finest work.



DR. GEORGE MACDONALD

(From an Engraving of the Portrait by Sir George Reid, P. R. S. A.)

itself is an event of happy augury for the future of art in Scotland. Henceforward under the revised charter of the Academy, there is to be no fixed limit to the number of associate members and this will enable it to gather in to its life from every part of Scotland the younger men on whom the future of the art of the country depends.

Now no one is more fitted than the new President to become a practical leader of the home-staying generation of Scottish painters and this as much through his force of character and independence as through his catholic sympathies in art. A man by no means naturally disposed to take up public work that will carry him away from his

Further it is in his summary studies of colour in flowers rather than in the drier and more formal portrait pieces that the painter in Sir George Reid finds freest expression while his exquisite and unique pen drawings reveal an almost feminine deli-

cate painters. By this quality in Continental work the young George Reid was attracted to Holland where he learned, under Mollenaer, the method of fixing a landscape first in a generalising spirit and putting down the essentials of the effect especially

as regards light and shade in the form of a tone study which should contain the artist's reading of his theme untrammelled by detail. This method he has pursued ever since. The "tone study" may be an impression of a river scene painted in about a quarter of an hour in early morning such as that reproduced herewith or a conscientious rendering of a few village houses in their exact relations of tone to the sky against which they are related. It is the artist's habit to follow up such generalised renderings by careful pencil drawings of the scene topographical and detailed—an analysis logical and searching to match the artistic synthesis of the tone study—while from these materials is afterwards evolved the picture elaborated into harmony as must be the case with all



TONE STUDY

(By Sir George Reid, P.R.S.A.)

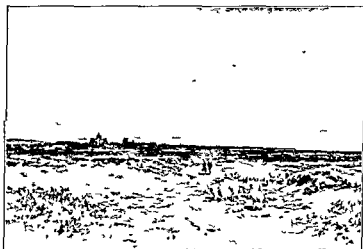
cacy in the hand that can make up with facile brush-strokes the rugged features of some shielddemizen of the North. Beginning his artistic career as a draughtsman on stone Sir George Reid was trained to the use of line and fine touched palette or brush, and throughout his life he has worked largely in black and white both with the pen and with Indian ink wash. The books illustrated by his engravures or woodcuts from his drawings are too numerous to catalogue but the most important are *Sunless Life of a Scotch Naturalist* (1876)

Johnny Gibb of Gushetneuk (1880) *Natural History and Sport in Moray* (1882) drawings of *The Tweed* and *The Clyde* (1884-86) and *Mrs. Oliphant's Royal Edinburgh* (1890)

It is in landscape more than in any other department of his work that we may trace the influence on Sir George Reid of his foreign study. His earliest efforts like so much careful and appreciative landscape work of the Scottish school in general are destitute of anything approaching to style. Style is above all things characteristic of the powerful school of modern landscapists in France and Holland who drawing their inspiration oddly enough from our own Constable have in turn affected so strongly the present generation of our

great pictures in the selection of the style.

The works that completed in not so numerous as many of the painter's admirers could wish. There may be mentioned *The Peat Gatherers* (1869) *Edinburgh a snow effect* (1876) *Broad-ca near Fraserburgh*, and the notable *Whims in Bloom*



DORNOCH

(From the Portfolio by Sir George Reid, P.R.S.A. the Scottish Naturalist Gallery Edinburgh)

exhibited at Burlington House in 1877. *Whims* (1878) and especially *Dornoch* the artist's diploma work in the National Gallery Edinburgh, and *Montrose* his latest important landscape. The pictures are distinguished by simplicity of

subject and a reserve in treatment that marks the craftsman who has sat at the feet of masters of



DR BONAR

(From the Portfolio by Sir George Reid P.P.S.A.)

style. The fine low-toned view of Friesland is indeed characteristically Dutch. A grey sky overhangs a level sea. On a rocky point jutting out from the land on the left are clustered the red roofs of the little fishing village while in the foreground on the shore of the bay that sweeps round to wind the right a fisherwoman is laying out the nets. The effect of this simple and concentrated piece is heightened when we compare it in thought with the naturalistic studies of the picturesque in our serjants' fund in our yearly exhibitions. Doubtless and Monticelli are locally painted studies of low-lying lands under an expanse of sky—a motive rendered deliciously alive

in his majestic "Harlem" at the Hague and much affected by modern romanticists. No motive affords a better opportunity for the suggestion of infinite space and an all pervading atmosphere in which terrestrial objects are bathed and this element of natural sublimity the President well knows how to convey in works that are fresh and breezy without

being merely naturalistic and grey and harmonious without the mannerisms of the avowed follower of fashions French and Dutch. How independent indeed the Scottish artist remained while learning the secrets of his Continental contemporaries is shown by "The Plait Gatherers" executed shortly after his sojourn with Mollinger. In this picture we note the old-fashioned touch of rustic beauty and sentiment in the figures held in such content by Galliesed punters of to-day. The handling is timid the grey greens of the moorland and yellows and browns of the whins and the woodland are thinly struck over a warm russet rubbing which leaves the grain of the canvas visible but both sentiment and technique are thoroughly Scottish. The piece is suffused with the warmth of colour more native to the school and it is distinctly reminiscent of the poetical art of Sir George Harvey in early days a kind friend and adviser to the young painter.

The early portraits by Sir George Reid reveal to us unmistakably a student of the older masters though this influence grows less as his matures. The portrait of Dr. George MacDonald in the possession of Principal Geddes of Aberdeen reproduced on p. 196 from an engraving was executed in 1868 when the painter was twenty-six years old. This was the first portrait of importance from the reputation of the sitter that it had been his lot to attempt and one notes with interest the manly grasp of the young



THE PLAIT GATHERERS

(From the Portfolio by Sir George Reid P.P.S.A.)

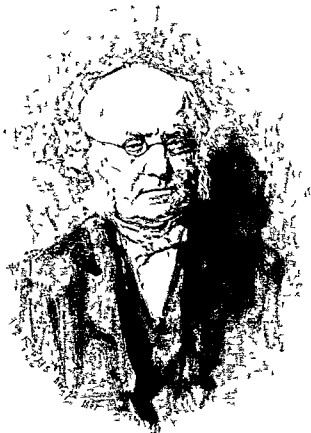
painter on his theme resulting in great artistic dignity which carries the picture high up in the scale of his works. The actual execution is the heaviness and closeness common in the early work of many painters but the treatment is fundamentally picturesque background and to some irksome sombre. The face framed in the masses of dark hair and

beard monopolises the light which falls on forehead and right cheek while on the other side it passes away into the gloom. Lower down the only relief is afforded by the hues of a Pompadour scarf the ends of which just attract the light into the heavy shadow over the breast.

The same Lombardesque influence is observable in other early portraits such as that of Municipal Councillor or the important full length of Lord Provost Sir A. Anderson (1872) in the Council Chamber at Aberdeen where all but face and hands is in shadow. As they increase however the portraits come more and more out of the gloom and losing forced effect as they surrender also some things of style stand in the clear light of day as a worthy life work of one of the most distinguished painters of his time and country.

From the goodly array of portraits of the wise or wealthy of our time that adorn the walls of Scotch or English houses and galleries in Council Chancery is the following may be selected as a few characteristic examples—Full lengths of the Duke of Richmond and Gordon the Earl of Fife and the Earl of Stair of Lord President Inglis and Lord Justice Clerk Moncreiff of Lord Provosts Duncan McLaren M.P. and Peter Eschment M.P. of John Macenzie Esq. a fine piece of direct portraiture are followed by three quarter lengths such as those of Sir Patrick Fraser the Rev. J. Lumsden D.D. Dr. F. Edmond Dr. Forbes White—the last three in the Art Gallery at Aberdeen and half lengths of the Marchmonts of Huntly Lord Saltoun Sir Peter Lumsden Sir John Anderson Lady Anderson and the three

daughters of Mr. J. R. Findlay of Aberdeen, while heads such as those of Sir William Fettes Douglas P.R.S.A.—a most happily conceived and sympathetic work—Dr. Bonar of Greenock (reproduced on the opposite page) Dr. Jameson of Aberdeen may be singled out from a host of others amongst which must not be forgotten many likenesses of contemporary fellow-craftsmen from Sir J. F. Millar (1880) down and which form part of the Kepplestone series of artists' portraits at Aberdeen.



DR. JOHN BROWN

(From the Portraits by Sir George Reid P.R.S.A.)

The general characteristics of Sir George Reid's work in portraiture have been already indicated. They may be summarised by saying that he belongs essentially to the modern school of which the watchwords are truth and force. He is a larger man than either of his chief British rivals in this style of work Mr. Ouseley and the late Frank Holl than the former who is only a portraitist—than the latter whose outside work took the form of subject pictures that were little more than big illustrations. Yet he has at

times like them fallen into a vein of somewhat intrusive realism with occasional harshness of colouring as in the red gown of Lord Moncreiff in the Parliament House, Edinburgh or a mapplet-out look as in Dr. Edmond at Aberdeen. Mr. Whistler has reproved modern portraits for desiring to jump out of their frames and in some of Sir George Reid's later work force has almost been carried to this extreme. He has not painted many likenesses portraits nor those from his hand has he worked as a rule towards the grace of the older masters of a century ago. An exception it is true occurs in one early work a charmingly poetic head of Mrs.

Charles White (1872) full of suggestion and tenderness which reveals an unworked vein in the artist and again reminds us of the breadth and versatility of his powers.



THE EARL OF BRADFORD.

(From the Portfolio by Sir George Peck, P.R.S.A.)

It follows from what has been said that the purely artistic result of much of the President's portrait work is not wholly satisfactory though on the other hand the portraits never fail in those characteristic points of excellence which have secured to their author his high position among his brethren. To begin with the first requisite of a portrait—the likeness—is generally convincing. The pose of the sitters is easy and suitable, the treat-

ment so varied in different examples as to avoid any suspicion of mannerism. Sometimes the subject is isolated against a simple background of dark brown or red or of greys warm and cool at other times as in the Aberdeen portrait of John Angus Town Clerk or the Duncan McLaren at Edinburgh he is set in the midst of characteristic surroundings. The technical workmanship is free and masterful. The want which we feel in the average portrait as compared with the average landscape of the master is just the want of a clearly conceived artistic purpose that will transfigure and recast the mere facts of nature. It must be admitted that this process is in the case of the modern portraitist a very difficult one and the materials to be brought into subjection to the artistic ideal are singularly intractable. The superabundance of photographic portraits has educated everyone into a sharp critic of likeness while the custom of public exhibition tempts the artist to force up his work against rival canvases upon the walls. The modern dress of man is without beauty of form and colour and worst of all the average sitter, looked up in this by his friends does not want a work of art so much as a business-like reproduction of his everyday aspect. These considerations it would not be fair to leave out of account.

No just idea can be formed of Sir George Peck as a portraitist without a study of the small heads which he is accustomed to execute at a sitting as a preparation for the more formal piece. Qualities that we sometimes miss in the completed work are here agreeably *enriched* and some of these small heads are amazingly vigorous and deftly wrought exhibiting at their best the artist's power of seizing character and his command of his brush. The illustration on p. 199 is a study of this kind for the portrait of "Dr John Brown author of 'Pab and his Friends' while the three views of the head of Sir Donald Wilson on p. 203 were executed each on a day, in the month of last July. Such works are not to be regarded as mere sketches or suggestions. The execution is often carried pretty far while yet there is left the charm of the rapid and dexterous handling of fluid pigment and the judicious admixture of a consummate workman" as Sir Charles Eastlake has phrased it. One characteristic of these studies is their strength of coloring especially in the reds, and this is clearly a Scottish quality. No painter, at any rate of France or



THE LAST NIGHT OF SAMUEL

(U. S. P. O. OFFICE OF PATENTS, WASHINGTON, D. C.)

Leaves White (1872) full of suggestion and tenderness which reveals an unworked vein in the artist and again reminds us of the breadth and versatility of his powers.



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THE LAST STEP OF SAVONAROLA

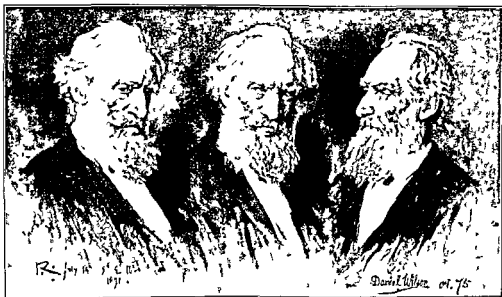
(From the *Illustrated London News*, 1850)



Holland, would have allowed himself flesh tints so near the floral, but in the Scot they are evidence of an inborn delight in actual colour, that finds its freest expression in the studies of flowers—a few words on which will conclude this notice.

The artist's home at St Luke's near Aberdeen is in the country, and is surrounded with a blooming flower garden. Here grow roses white pink crimson, and damask, and a mass of these gathered dewy fresh in the early morning and flung down—no carefully arranged with a view to artistic effect—on a marble slab has afforded the painter the

defined—a marble slab, two or three well modelled and composed groups of blossoms, perhaps a vase or a basket each solidly painted against a simple background are brought into harmony by fine light and shade out of which the grey whites reds and saffrons gleam or glow with a rich but subdued effect. The painter has let himself go in the colour and his deftly manipulated his pigments into a hushed expression of its sumptuous beauty. As the characteristic reds—on the whole the dominant tints—have to be gained by transparent lakes the solid modelling is secured by



SIR DANIEL WILSON

(From the Portrait of Sir George Reid, P.R.S.A.)

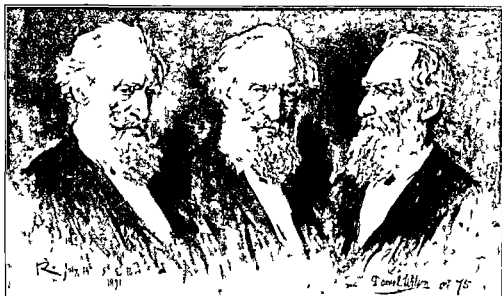
opportunity for some of his most delightful work. Nature is here less intractable than in the form of a bird or a civic magnate. She meets the artist far more than half way and bids him only read her aright and fix her fleeting loveliness on his imperishable canvas. The treatment of flowers by Diaz had already awakened in the Scottish artist the sense of the capabilities of this branch of painting when he took it up some twenty years ago. His own treatment is characteristic. The masses of bloom are not as by Diaz gradually evolved out of a background into which their own tints are carried with the most dexterous blending. The elements of Sir George Reid's composition generally long and low in shape are all distinctly

a first painting in creamy whites kneaded with a quick drying medium. Over this just at the right stage of desiccation are drawn or floated the liquid pinks and crimsons which gather in the flower's heart like those *gouttes de sang* in Titian's after-painting or thinly spread transparent like a flagiment of old ruby glass the light from the ground underneath. The execution is enthusiastic rapid *dun sent jet*, for the evanescent charm must be seized at once or it will fade before the second evening. Roses are Sir George Reid's favourites but he has painted other blossoms and the most important of all the flower pieces is a noble study of throbulous white crimson and lilac in the collection of Mr Irvine Smith of Edinburgh.

Holland would have allowed himself flesh tints so near the blood but in the Scot they are evidence of an unalloyed delight in actual colour that finds its freest expression in the studies of flowers a few words on which will conclude this notice.

The artists home at St Lukes near Aberdeen is in the country and is surrounded with a blooming flower garden. Here grow roses white pink crimson and damask and a mass of these gathered dewy fresh in the early morning and flung down—no carefully arranged with a view to artistic effect—on a marble slab has afforded the painter the

defined—a marble slab two or three well modelled and composed groups of blossoms peering a vase or a basket each solidly painted against a simple level ground are brought into harmony by fine light and shade out of which the grey whites reds and saffrons gleam or glow with a rich but subdued effect. The painter has let himself go in the colour and has deftly manipulated his pigments into a finished expression of its sumptuous beauty. As the characteristic reds—in the whole the dominant tints—have to be gained by transparent lakes the skill modelling is secured by



SIR DANIEL WILSON

(From the Paintings by Sir George Reid, P.R.S.A.)

opportunity for some of his most delightful work. Nature is here less intricate than in the form of a land or a city. The artist meets the artist far more than half way and finds him only red her right and fix her fitting loveliness on his unresisting canvas. The treatment of flowers by Diaz had already awakened in the Scottish artist the sense of the capabilities of this branch of painting when he took it up some twenty years ago. His own treatment is characteristic. The masses of bloom are not as by Diaz gradually evolved out of a background into which their own tints are carried with the most dextrous blending. The elements of Sir George Reid's composition generally long and low in shape are all distinctly

a first painting, in creamy whites lined with a quick-drying medium. Over this just at the right edge of decoration are drawn or floated the liquid pinks and crimsons which gather in the flowers but like those of *g. cole de seign* in linens after painting or thinly spread transmit like a fragment of old ruby glass the light from the top and underneath. The execution is enthusiastic rapid and self-gift for the evanescent charm that is seized at once or it will fall before the second evening. Does not Sir George Reid's favorite but he has painted other blossoms and the most important of all the flower pieces is a study of the white and blue in the collection of Mr Irvine Smith of Edinburgh.

lost, of the artist since it would afford him a legitimate means of extending his reputation increasing his income and obtaining for his work a more painter-like representation than it gets at present of the public since it would give them instead of art furniture something to hang on their walls capable of exciting their interest elevating their taste and speaking to their intelligence.

Writing about the same time to the Editor of this Magazine Mr Seymour Haden said in the course of his letter — I want to put you in the possession of the *raison d'être* of what I have been about for so long and the mistake the painter is making in neglecting so obvious and honourable a means of providing for his old age. If he says he has not time that is all nonsense. Who would suppose that in the midst of one of the busiest practices in London I had found time to etch over two hundred plates—that these plates are a property and that as long as I live and afterwards they are and will be to me a source of income? I do not say they were done with this view for they were not but that is the outcome of a practice which the painter would if he were not as stupid as he is obstinately listen to counsel.

As to the perversion of the etching process to reproductive purposes as is being done by — it is so far a mistake as that for *such big things mezzotint* would do the work better.

But Mr Herkomer does not address the student merely from the sentimental point of view. He plunges into principles and methods, into mordants and grounds, instruments, presses, inks and papers. And not alone is etching dealt with but mezzotint and dry point as well—always of course as he means for original expression. With much spirit and enthusiasm—an enthusiasm which is in truth contagious—the Oxford professor leads his reader through the *by ways of his own experience* tells him of his experiments and shows him how to arrive (if he is sufficient artist ever to arrive at all) at a true practice of the art.

As regards his experiments one passage will be read with especial interest. It will be remembered how a year or more ago Professor Herkomer's professional honour was assailed in terms so foreign to the generally accepted canons of controversy that he frigidly declined to discuss the matter in public. Whether he considered that the attack on him were after the manner of some assailants but seeking their own profit or a notoriety on that as was suggested the journal which printed the offensive remarks was aiming at advertisement or whether indeed he had other reasons for remaining silent we offer no opinion here. We transcribe however that part of the book which refers with sufficient

dignity to a process he had employed the adoption of which produced the charges we refer to—that the Professor had placed off upon the public as etchings the plates illustrating his Pictorial Music Play which were in fact only photogravures. After referring to the difficulty experienced by etchers in drawing on the black ground in several plates he says —

I tried only in a few of the illustrations to get a design which I had drawn larger and with pen-and-ink on paper on to the plate in reduced size. These lines were transferred by means of photography and then bitten in the usual way. But my troubles were increased instead of reduced by this method because the pen makes too vivid a line, and by this process of transfer they remain too shallow in biting. Again only half the lines came out in the reduced state. As the work that was produced on the plates was so shallow I was compelled to re bite the plates, and to work them up by a fresh succession of groundings.

But let it be clearly understood that the manner of transfer of the design a lot for a few of these illustrations (afterwards re bitten and worked all over) in no way altered the fact of their being etchings in the real sense of the word. The lines were done by the artist and were bitten by the artist and that with original design constitutes an original etching. A mere reproduction of a pen-drawing is quite another thing and does not enter into our field of investigation.

We cannot entirely agree that the impression of a plate in which lines of the design have been laid in by photography is wholly though it is etymologically an etching, if no thing is said about it. It is truly an etching. But in an etching as generally understood one does not usually expect any mechanical or foreign and however innocently it may be introduced or misapplied to a modified method of procedure. Put that an artist who works in good frank and experimental a spirit should consider it in all straightforwardness an etching is a perfectly tenable proposition and his contention will be held by many. But to charge him therefore with fraud is a perfectly monstrous proceeding, unfair to the last degree and worthy of the malignant content with which he treated it.

In the course of his book Mr Herkomer favours the student with a new white positive process which is as easy to work up as he declares is paper, and gives the receipt for a new transparent ground invented by Mr Baskett of Exeter. But the chief novelty in the book is what he calls *Spengotype* (which should surely be written *Spengototype*) an admirable extension of the monotype method a process to which we shall call further attention later on. We may say at last that it contains many excellencies within itself the softness and warm depth of mezzotint the strength of etching and the charming delicacy and expressiveness of dry point. In short this is a book which will mark an epoch in English etching and which ought to find a place on the shelves of every art student.



(Drawn by C. I. Kettle)

PAINTER-ETCHING *



It is perhaps not too much to say that the honour of the revival in this country of the higher form of the pure art of etching belongs primarily to four men—to Mr Whistler to Professor Rogers to Mr Hamerton and to Mr Seymour Hudson—the two latter adding to their brilliant example their hardly less brilliant gift of precept and demonstration. To their labours as entirely distinct from the efforts of the Etching Club and similar forces we owe the existence of such fine expositors of the broad art of the painter etcher, whether etching dry point or mezzotint as Mr Frank Short and Mr William Strang to mention no others. It is more difficult to trace the source of Professor Herkomer's inspiration. We would rather think that, although he admits his indebtedness to Mr Hudson and Mr Hamerton for the techniques of the craft, he has in this as in other things, given rein to his own natural impulse, encouraged rather than formed by the masterpieces he has studied. He has in point of fact passed through a long apprenticeship to himself, a hard school of experiment and bitter disappointment, and he has emerged a master of his new craft well equipped for the mission he has undertaken. Fascinated by the witchery of etching he has committed all his knowledge and experience to paper and has produced originally in the form of Oxford lectures a fully illustrated treatise on the subject worthy to stand beside those of Mr Hamerton and Mr Seymour Hudson to which indeed it forms the complement.

Now by etching * it should at once be understood that as here treated of it is not that prostitution of the original art that is meant—that scratching up of a plate until it resembles in tone and tint and gradation a representation in black and white of some picture of which it is an interpretation, but the art in which the etched line is the chief glory the original expression of the artist's soul and the artist's form. The adoption of this art for pure love of it has been advocated by everyone who by the practice of it has risen to eminence, but it was left to Mr Seymour Hudson we believe to call the attention of his brother artists not only to the joy, but to the profit to be derived from its practice. In a lecture on the principles, practice, and literature of etching delivered by him at Winchester three years ago he thus explained his views on the position of the art—

‘For five and twenty years by precept and example by lectures, by the formation of collections and lending them for public exhibition and within the last ten years by the foundation of a society (now a Royal Society) of painters engraving their own designs I have been trying to bring about two things. First, the restoration of a painter's art of that form of original engraving which was practised by the great masters of painting who were their own engravers, and which has in consequence come to be called painter engraving or painter etching, and second, a representation of the restored art and its professors in the Royal Academy of Arts at least equal to that which the Academy now confers on the secondary art of translation engraving.

In the somewhat prolonged effort which this supposes I have found encouragement in the belief that the restoration in question would be to the advantage of art the artist and the public. Of art since it would restore to an important branch of it the inestimable quality of originality which it has

* Etching and Mezzotint Engraving. Lectures delivered at Oxford. By Hubert Herkomer. 1 A. M. A. (Macmillan and Co. 1902.)

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ART-TREASURES OF THE COMEDIE FRANÇAISE.

IN TWO PARTS—PART II

By THEODORE CHILD

AFTER the Revolution the catalogue of the Museum of the Comédie received no notable modification until towards 1830. The inventory taken in 1815 mentions twelve pictures and twenty marbles and terra cottas. Between 1830 and 1891 the riches of the Comédie have increased so greatly that there is no longer any room for their display. I will endeavour in a rapid visit to note briefly the most important amongst the works of art which are kept so to speak behind the scenes and are, therefore, not visible to the ordinary public. In deed, many of them are scarcely known even to the friends of the house—*les amis de la Maison*—that is to say, the élite of literary, artistic and social Paris. I may even go further and affirm that with the exception of the pictures and busts in the green room the art-treasures of the Comédie Française are literally unknown except to a few specialists and enthusiasts.

discreetest Louis the Fourteenth style, the curtains are ample but unobtrusive, the lustre retains its unique set of Carel lamps of the most remote

system, over the chimney-piece is a bronze by Houllon representing Prévost in the rôle of Mascarille, in one corner is a piano and in another a card and chess table, here and there tall mirrors in simple frames and busts on modest columnar pedestals busts of Samson and Provost and Mlle Dangeville. The monumental clock that marks the hours and the minutes is signed by 'Roban, Horloger du Roy,' and is surmounted by a bust of Molière. All this is very imposing but the impression of the antiquity and secular glory of the House is given most vividly by the pictures that cover the walls from the chimney to the ceiling pictures of the old days and pictures of the present day.

First of all we notice the curious picture of historical rather than of artistic merit which



MARIVAUX

(By Mlle. D. sous Doreur)

bears the contemporary inscription—

"Farceurs français et italiens depuis sixante ans et plus
Paris en 1670—Théâtre Royal"

The picture represents a street scene with the candles burning in the foreground to form the footlights.

The Foyer des Artistes or, as we should say, the green room has the same air of long-existent and diminished wealth that strikes us in all the departments of the Comédie. The furniture of unpolished oak upheld in green stamped velvet is of the

To the left Molière is seen in the costume of the rôle of Arnolphe in the 'École des Femmes'. He is



MOLIERE

(From the Portrait by Coypel)

standing looking towards the spectator and with his left hand pointing to the farceurs who are jumping and grimacing as if to say 'These are the puppets of the Italian comedy, such were my predecessors such was the stage before Molière'. And they are all there the buffoons of old and over each one is written his name in gold letters on the picture: Jodelot, Poisson, Turlupin, Le Capitaine Matamore, Ailequin, Guillot, Gorgu, Gros-Guillaume, Gaultier, Guguille, Pantalon, Polichinelle, Scaramouche, Grizano, Bilourd, &c. This curious picture was given to the Comédie Française in 1843 by M. Loine of Sens who bought it as having belonged to the collection of the Cardinal de Luynes, former Archbishop of Sens. The Moliéristes attach great importance to it because they consider that the painter depicted Molière and Poisson from life and that we have here an authentic picture of Molière in his actors' dress. The interest of this work, however, is curious rather than artistic.

The place of honour in the green room is reserved for the portrait of Molière by Mignard which was bought by the Comédie for 6,500 frs. at the Vital sale in 1868. The authenticity of the portrait appears to have been satisfactorily estab-

lished and it is certainly a fine work in admirable preservation with the exception of some touches on the arm. Pierre Mignard has painted Molière the actor in the costume and rôle of Cæsar in 'La Mort de Pompée' draped in a red toga and holding the staff of command. The arms and the neck are bare. With the exception of the wig crowned with laurel the costume is entirely that of classical Rome and it is curious to note that Molière who is a dramatic author introduced reality into comedy encouraged as an actor to introduce reality into tragedy also. M. Claretie has remarked that in this portrait the costume is almost exact showing that Molière resorted to that archaeological authenticity which Talma subsequently achieved.

One of the latest acquisitions of the Comédie is a portrait of Molière by Coypel which is a finer painting than Mignard's Molière. It represents the author dressed in a white floating shirt and red



TALMA

(By David d'Angers)

role, in meditative pose his elbow leaning on two volumes marked *Plautus* and *Terence*.

To complete the enumeration of the chief souvenirs concerning the founder and the foundation of the Comédie I will mention the double frame containing a rare autograph of Molière given by M

of Provillie Henry, Talma Grandmesnil Baron signed by De Troy, Van Looy Picot Gerard, here is Mlle Dumesnil by Nomette Pichel by Fl and Dubufe, here are other portraits that none but the connoisseur can recognise. All these pictures we look upon respectfully, they form an admirable decoration for these historic walls and at the same time they allow each comédien to compare himself to a Ruy Gomez de Silva living in the midst of savants and portraits of his artistic ancestors. Very interesting too for their physiognomic fidelity are the two pictures in which the actor Goffroy has represented his comrades assembled in their green room the first dated 1840 and the second 1864. In the former the queens of the Comédie are Mlle Mus and Rachel and in the latter Mme Arnould Plessy and the sisters Brohan. But of all the pictures in the green room the one that presents most interest from the purely æsthetic point of view is David's portrait of Mlle Joly. The smiling face wears a most winsome expression and its fresh colour is heightened by the neighbouring charm of powdered hair. Mlle Joly is dressed in a white gown trimmed with blue ribbons and over the chair is thrown a slate grey mantle. This portrait is an admirable and distinguished piece of work by one of the greatest portraitists of the French school. Mlle Joly whom history has forgotten was in her day a most beautiful and gifted actress and apparently a most tender and sentimental lady. In his curious work *Le Musée de la Comédie Française*, M. René Dujourne gives some truly edifying details about the sweet lady from a volume published by her equally sentimental husband and entitled —

Aux Muses de Joly mon amante mon espoir mon amie," with the sub title —

Aux Muses de Marie Elisabeth Joly artiste célèbre du Théâtre Français par N. R. F. Dulong ancien enj. de ne de cavalerie etc."

Now let us return to the rooms devoted to the administration. As we pass the staircase we once



MADemoiselle JOLY
(From the Portrait by David)

Alexandre Dumas and a venerable decree which I here transcribe in familiar characters —

"Aujourd'hui, vingt quatrième jour de la saison, mal dix-huit cents quatre-vingt-deux. Le Roy (sunt à Versailles) voulant gratifier et trier honorairement la troupe de ses comédiens français en reconnaissance des services qu'ils ont rendus à ses vertueuses et sa Majesté leur a accordé, et fait de la somme de douze mille livres de pension annuelle et viagère pour être payée et leur servir de quinquante par les années de son Trésor Royal."

What other works of art shall I especially notice in the Foyer des Artistes? In general I may say that the pictures at the Comédie Française possess greater historical than artistic interest. Here in the green room are portraits of Mme. Vestris,



THE COMMITTEE ROOM (MÉRIE HANCOCK, MEXICAN LUIS JEMIN) A L'AS

From the 1st of May to the 1st of June 1900

more admire Caffieri's La Fontaine and remark on the wall portraits of Mmes Chumpnesle and Dumas by De Troy, of Rachel by Gerôme of Talma Lakun Mlle Bourgoin &c &c We enter the Cabinet de Monsieur l'Administrateur General the walls of which are covered with admirable tapestries and therefore without pictures. The ornaments of this charming room are an excellent terra-cotta bust of Mlle Chiron, and an equally fine bust of Lakun, both without signature a statuette of Pierre Corneille by Caffieri a reduction of the statue of Moliere from the fountain in the Rue Richelieu a terra-cotta bust of Beaumarchais signed "S. Courcier fecit anno 1774" This is the only portrait of Beaumarchais made from nature.

From the cabinet of Monsieur l'Administrateur General we pass into the Salle du Comité which is also the poet's corner of the Comédie Française. In this room the committee composed of a certain number of the sociétaires meets under the presidency of Monsieur l'Administrateur General to hear authors read their plays. The scene is admirably represented

in M H Laisement's picture exhibited in the Salon of 1886, and now hung in the Salle du Comité. The author depicted by M Laisement is M Alexandre Dumas. Below this picture is Bastien-Lepage's sketch of Victor Hugo on his death bed. Elsewhere on the walls we notice Ingres' 'Moliere chez Louis XIV'—"offert aux artistes sociétaires de la Comédie Française, 1 Ingres, 1857," Robert Fleury's 'Last Moments of Talma' "The Artists of the Comédie Française in 1857," by Gesteux, donne par l'Empereur' portraits of Moliere, by Mignard, Regnard, by Lagilliere, of Pierre and Thomas Corneille Voltaire Duclos, Alex. Duval, Pigault Le Brun, Picard, Marivaux by Van Loo. The most recent addition to the Salle du Comité is a portrait of Emile Augier painted by Jalabert in 1888 and the next acquisition will doubtless be a portrait of Octave Feuillet, for the traditions of the Muson de Moliere do not willingly admit the effigy of an author to be placed within its walls until some time after death has ravished the model from the light of the sun.

IRISH TYPES AND TRAITS

By KATHARINE TYNAN

IN the Ireland which Mr Helmick depicts the Irish of Carleton and Bunn, the able bodied tramp as we know him, scarcely existed. Way-faring men were of a far gentler type. There were the sturdy beggars who were as much the pensioners of the farmhouses as pre-reformation beggars in England were of the monasteries, there were the peellars with their packs stuffed not only with grey joints and ribbons combs and statuary, shoe leeces and spoons but also with the ballad literature which was learnt by heart and passed from hand to hand, there was an occasional poor scholar, as you shall see him in Carleton a lad questing for the help which was to enable him to study for the priest, last likewise the hedge schoolmaster was a part-patetic as he would have loved to call himself travelling from one farmhouse to another, royally entertained and listened to as an oracle, because of his learning. Alack! the white workhouse with gathered them all in—all the pithy beggars and harmless wayfarers who entered a house with the lively greeting "God save all here!" or passed a fellow wayfarer with no better time of day or view of the weather, but with "God save you kindly!"—a greeting in vogue even when I was a child in a score of years ago. Still in remote country places the little old men survive, such as

we see in Mr Helmick's drawing. Round such fires of peat and brown walls and rafters, hibernating men still meet to the "cosher" or gossip when they are off work, the turf smoke, sharp and penetrating keeps them warm and sails off to the low skies bluer than any smoke ever was before or since. The good woman of the house will come and listen, with arms akimbo to the discussion, be it on pigs or politics, and will have her say thereon, while her juvenile handmaiden, shoeless and short petticoated, serves the customers with their brimming porter. This old man would be something of an oracle, he has probably thought over the problems younger men at the fire are dogmatically settling, as he presses down the tobacco in his pipe he is listening quietly, and will presently leave his bench or four—"furrum," the Irish peasant calls it—for a stool at the fire and a share in the discussion. In an Irish hostility of this kind there is none of the arraigned hostility of an English village tap—no clubs or friendly brothers, for your Irish certainly do not band themselves—but one will drop in and another, and there will be grave discussions, and perhaps the younger man if there be a good whistler aboard, may start a solemn faced and graceful jig held up hands in pocket, pipe between teeth. Story-telling? Oh no! I fear all our stories and songs are dead in

the workhouses. At least so says an eminent folklorist of my acquaintance who has been gathering sparsely in handfuls where forty years ago he would have gathered in bushels.

The furniture of Irish cabins is of the poorest description. A dresser, a table, some coarse chairs, a Holy Family in the gaily tinted the Irish love with Eastern fervour, a couple of stools and the ever useful furrum. I have heard that it wikes when a long row of people occupy this primitive seat the etiquette is to say to your next neighbour—Mrs Murphy it might be—as you drink Your health Mrs Murphy and all down the furum which is a neat way of including many in the courtesy. The gentleman who is going to dine off a herring in Mr Helmsick's drawing has a somewhat crazy chair however. That great hook is to swing a pot of potatoes for the pig who no doubt has in his sty as a pig's master said once every convenience a pig could have. The herrings hanging up show this Irishman to be in a rather luxurious way of living, for one has heard of a meal of potatoes and point which means that the fisters on potatoes had a herring in the midst of the board which they touched with the potatoes so as to give the latter a flavour. Her

rings were accounted in those old times a very wholesome meal for being salty. They kept you warm all day drinking water. The hanging hills proves our pleasure in a de riddle fell w at weddings and dances which the good old dances that were so frequent indoors and out-of doors before we came out of the fume of 48 a moody people with a fear of the workhouse and a discontent for America. Do you notice the patches in this drawing? They are all over the South of Ireland and earned by a woman with the shawl drawn over forehead and chin leaving only the eyes visible they are like

the jar Pebecca carried when she went to the well. They all shawl themselves in this Oriental fashion down South even the tiniest wisps of girls going so veiled and mysterious. The great clerks are only on the older women—the noble cloaks with the hood for the head in case of rain in a County Cork



UN DINEUR A LA FOURCHETTE

(Drawn by H. H. Lock. Engraved by F. E. Hays.)

chapel you shall not see a benighted heathen among the older women. However those cloaks cost great sums and were handiwork as well as possession for a lifetime and as a bright young woman in a Y. M. C. A. shop explained to me when I regretted their gradual passing away the people are poorer now and the shawls and towed hats and jackets cost so little. She was a young woman one of a family of eleven reared in a farm eight miles away and as she said proudly "I only one that ever went foreign." She was an independent young woman and meant to shift for herself

through life. "She'd never save her money to buy an old shawl or a widower and that was all was going in Youghal in *they* looking for a fortune."

No, she said in reply to our astonishment people never married for love in Youghal though she'd heard they did for *gun* in Dublin or Cork. She never heard of but one marriage for love in Youghal and that was before her time and ended bad.

presently be as still as the young woman in the priest who looks in a state of quiet contentment because her turn is next for getting to confession among peasant folk in Ireland is no easy thing. The man by the chimney looks as morose as I have seen one in church when distracted between his devotions and his witchfulness lest some wretch come at the eleventh hour should unceremoniously slip



THE POOR CATHOLIC.

(Drawn by H. H. M. & Engraved by J. O. and J.)

The confessed picture is what we call a station. This is built in out of the way places that are a good distance from the priest and the church. It is generally at a well-to-do house. The priest comes early in the morning to hear confession and then he goes to the station. The small bells at the mouth of the hall. Afterwards there is a fine breakfast which the fixated folk are asked with the priest. It is a great honor to have the station at your house. The attitude of the penitents you will observe is swayed by their distance from confession and the confessor. The young girls still occupied with manly things and eventually go on despite the misery in their hearts will

in leave him. The old women are very good at their turn and the confession of their sins will be sandwiched between innumerable bits of saint's biography. The priest is not often they get such a listener and at their money makes the study. They have probably as much contentment for the transgressions of the young girls they have characteristically shoveled as the old women. I once had an argument with an old woman by the confession. What brings you here at all at all in grown people's way? I'd like to know what the priest of you have to tell. My brother and my sister are the proud possessors of a conscience all his spirit up in arms at this assertion of his claim to be a sinner.



A RURAL CONFESIONAL.

OUR ILLUSTRATED NOTE BOOK

ONE of the most pleasant proofs of the advance of art appreciation in the country is the vigorous and intelligent manner in which our



AN IDYLL

(By Maurice Greiffenhagen. Recently acquired for the Walker Art Gallery, Liverpool.)

to the gallery by Mr Alderman Kenrick MP as a permanent record of the great success of the exhibition of works of the English Pre-Raphaelites which was arranged by Mr Whitworth Wallis and held from October to December last year when the collection was visited by 258 000 people. Liverpool has added to her gallery Mr Greiffenhagen's 'Idyll'—a work at once similar in yet wholly dissimilar to those already mentioned. The picture is notable as being an entirely earnest expression of the painter and as full of intense emotion as Mr Madox Brown's 'Lament and Lullaby' or any of Rossetti's most passionate canvases. Yet in point of method of execution it is the very antithesis of them.

In consequence of the reported discovery of a Leonardo da Vinci—'a Last Supper'—at Kislovodsk in Russia whether it had been carried from Italy by the late M. Montferrant we placed ourselves in communication with the owner General Shomulin



THE BLIND GIRL

(By Sir E. Millais. Last P.A. Recently acquired by the City of Birmingham Art Gallery.)

chief provincial museums are extending their collections. Perhaps the greatest activity is shown by Liverpool and Birmingham who run neck and neck in the purchase of good oil paintings and who will soon put it entirely out of the power of London to claim even a representative collection of the works of the English Pre-Raphaelite Brotherhood and their associated movement. Excellent specimens of this class of work which an awakened artistic conscience gave birth to are Sir Everett Millais' 'Orestes and Antiope', 'Blind Girl', 'Rossetti's 'Sir Galahad' and Mr Arthur Hughes' 'Annunciation' and 'Nativity' which have just been added to the City of Birmingham Art Gallery and of which reproductions are here given by permission of the Committee. The first named picture was presented

sky. That gentleman—to whose courtesy we owe the reproduction herewith—writes as follows: "I really have discovered a 'Last Supper' by Da Vinci

but it is not a picture but a bronze *alto-relievo*. Thus as I have established by contemporary documents served Leonardo for a cartoon which he enlarged with lanterns in order to draw his figures upon the wall of Santa Maria della Grazia.

The medicinal water ever discovered by Mr Wright among a number of ancient baking ovens on his ground at Gustard Wood near Luton is in excellent preservation. Mr Franks of the British Museum and Mr Evans President of the Society of Antiquaries have pronounced it as belonging to the end of the fourteenth century.



SIR GALAHAD

(By D. G. Russell. Recently acquired by the City of Exeter (see Art Gallery).)

Of all the sites proposed for the National Gallery of British Art that at the rear of the National Gallery in Trafalgar Square appears to us the most reasonable and desirable. Not only would the gallery now there become national in fact as well as in name but by that means only could a perfect chain of our finest English art be brought

together without a missing link. Attendant advantages would be the removal of the barracks in such dangerous proximity in case of fire which were condemned seven and fifty years ago more room would be given in the National Gallery proper for



THE ANNUNCIATION

(By Arthur Hughes. Recently acquired by the City of Birmingham Art Gallery.)

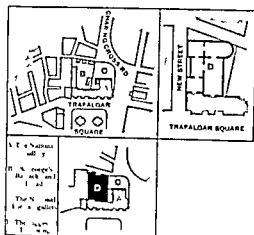


THE NATIVITY

(By Arthur Hughes. Recently acquired by the City of Exeter Art Gallery.)



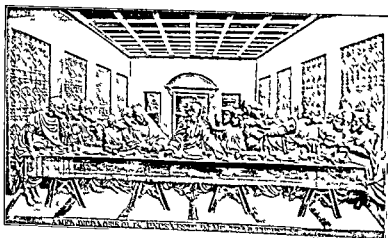
THE LATE M. BAILLY
(From a Photograph by E. J. P. Croix)



PLACENTIA FOR THE NEW GALLERY OF
BRITISH ART



THE LATE M. HENRIQUEL-DUPONT
(From a Photograph by Eug. L. Croix)



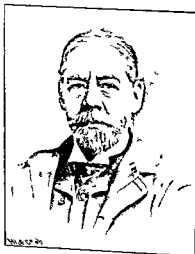
THE LAST SUPPER

(An Alto Relievo by Leconte de Lisle. Recently discovered by General Shindler)



MELVIL EWER

(Recently found at Oxford Wood near Luton)



T. G. JACKSON, A.R.A.
(From a Photograph by Elliott & Fry)

the older masters, the water-colours need no longer be confined to the cellars, and, if Mr. Burke Downings' arrangements plan herewith be adopted a street might at length separate the gallery from a belting warehouse in immediate contiguity. It is this plan which Mr. Tate has been so warmly pressed to accept.

To the elections at the Royal Academy and the death of M. Bailly we referred last month. The obituary of M. Henriquel-Dupont will be found on p. xvii of the Art Notes in the present part.



HARRY WATTS, A.R.A.
(From a Photograph by E. H. Haller)

ART IN MARCH

THE CHICAGO EXHIBITION OF 1893

The regulations of the Department of the Fine Arts have been issued, and they have been printed in the *Journal* of the Society of Arts, which has been charged with the organisation of the British section. From this document it appears that all branches of the fine arts are admissible for exhibition, with the exception of copies, "even though they be reproduced in a class different from that of the original," as well as pictures, drawings, or engravings, unframed and works of sculpture in unglazed clay. In addition to the various national displays there will be a section recruited from private collections. The galleries of the art building will be decorated in a simple manner but any further decorations required will be carried out at the expense of the National Committee of the country asking for it. All communications which artists may desire to make must be addressed to their National Committee. The lists of works proposed to be sent by the artist must reach the Chief of the Department of Fine Arts by July 15, 1892. In the case of works that have already passed the prizes of exhibitions of acknowledged standing, and have been exhibited, action will be taken by the jury at an early day after the date already mentioned. Accepted works must be delivered at the receiving gate of the Building for the Fine Arts on or before March 1, 1893, the exhibition being opened on May 1 of that year, and closed on October 30. Packing and despatch are at the expense of the exhibitors, except in special cases. Information on this point will be provided by the Society on application. As far as possible artists' work will be displayed in groups, and each exhibitor will receive a ticket of admission. Works of art may be insured, and will neither be photographed, sketched, nor reproduced without the written permission of the exhibitor. The exhibition building is a "bonded warehouse, and, though subject to the inspection of the customs officers, works of art will not be liable to the payment of duty," should however, any of the exhibits be sold, they will of course become payable in the ordinary way. Such appear to be the essential points of the "Rules and Regulations."

THE PRACTICE OF PORTRAITURE IN FRANCE AND ENGLAND

The following extracts afford interesting and instructive comparison—

From the *Standard* Paris correspondent, February 2, 1892:—Portrait painting has become so very remunerative in Paris that most of the great artists occupy much of their time practising it. One portrait painter charges forty thousand francs for a full length life-size portrait, and another artist will not accept less than thirty thousand francs. Both of them have so many clients that they cannot find time to satisfy them all."

From the *Revue Encyclopédique* for February 1 1892:—
"The London exhibitions in 1891 were even more mediocre

than in the preceding years. Portraiture dominated these exhibitions to such a point that it has been under consideration to limit each painter to one portrait. English painting, after having made constant progress for a century, from Hogarth to Constable, is dying out now from year to year. The painters of repute confine themselves to executing portraits, for which they exact high prices."

ART IN PARLIAMENT

The South Kensington Museum—Mr Plunket announced on February 16 that Mr ASTON WEBB has been engaged in carrying out the alterations in his plans suggested by the Science and Art Department and the Office of Works, and that it would take some time to complete the working drawings, to clear the site, and to make such temporary arrangements as would enable the department to carry on their work during the time the new buildings were being set out. He added that it was not proposed during the present year to do more than to complete the preliminary arrangements. There is a fine antiquated smack about these familiar circumlocutory methods.

The Caruso Santo at Pisa—Mr HOLMAN HUNT's letter to the *Times* has brought forth an interpellation in the Italian Chamber. Mr Holman Hunt had practically complained that the frescoes were being restored. The Minister replied that it was not restoration that was being proceeded with but an attempt to prevent the further destruction of the paintings, which under the influence of the sea air, were constantly falling off in detached pieces. Gratification was at the same time expressed at the watchful interest of England in the care and well being of the artistic treasures of Italy.

PARENT EXHIBITIONS

Many notable canvases by the Parisian quintet pass annually through the hands of Messrs. Mackay of the Haymarket, but they are not so much given to using this school as an advertisement as some dealers living further west. Nevertheless, they have just brought themselves so far into line with the present taste and we fear we must add affliction for the works of Corot, Millet, Daubigny, Rousseau, and Diaz, as to give us a special exhibition. The most important painting was an early Millet, executed as an altar piece for Notre Dame de Lorette, Paris, a Madonna and Child, standing in cloudy space on a singularly ill contrived and unpoetic crescent moon shaped like the horns of a bull. Not faultlessly drawn, the figure inspires a certain feeling of reverence, and the blue draperies are not without graciousness. The other pictures were instructive. Some of them demonstrated what merit has justified the fame of the signatures attached, others what magic power those same signatures possess to bestow an otherwise negligible commercial value. A "Gala Head," by Ribot, evidently inspired by study of the great

Spaniard, was interesting as the work of a Puritan master not long dead, and too little known in England. GEORGE MICHEL was no mere copyist of the 18th masters, but an original genius, and his paintings, once sold for thirty shillings a bun, he has yet to be fully appreciated. Few men could paint an inky thunderstorm sweeping over a desolate field with Michel's dramatic vigour, and he was never tired of repeating his subject. MONTEFIORE, the creative Nigam painter, often seems to have copied a Dutch with a palette knife.

MR. W. L. WALLIS, A.R.A., is wholly engrossed just now in his work on a large picture of the "Battle of Trafalgar," commissioned by the Junior United Service Club. Still, I, it will be remembered, dealt with this subject for the senior institution. Last summer Mr. Wallis made Italy along the coasts of France and Italy, and the records of his pleasant journey a series of dainty sea studies—low-level foreshores of warm fawn tint dotted with picturesque figures moving dark against the light about their daily fishing business, quaint craft riding out in deeper water and grey skies full of wind and weather melting to a very distant horizon—have been tempting witnesses at the Fine Art Society's galleries that it was a pleasant one. Mr. Wallis's sketches have a delicious quality of oily wetness about them, and he is true to the sea, to the ships that sail thereon and the men and women who live by it in form and detail and in feeling and spirit.

At Messrs. Dowdswells Mr. C. J. SAINTON has been showing some light and pleasant little "serpents" in oil bits snatched from the life and streets of London whilst the art was under shelter of a green-grocer's covered cart. He has also executed some dainty drawings in silver point. In another room Mr. E. M. WINTER has exhibited some paintings of rural Essex, almost uniform in size and merit, and essentially native in feeling and treatment. It is pleasant to be reassured that the spirit which actuated Constable and Cox retains its lustre.

MR. JAN V. CHLIMINSKI is a fortunate Polish artist with a clever knack of taking equestrian portraits which has commended him to the good graces of some persons of title in Germany and Russia, some wealthy members of the American turf, and some people of fashion in this country, where he now resides. He has been exhibiting at the Continental Gallery in Pond Street. Mr. Chlinski is an ambitious covers large canvases, and attacks passages in the Napoleonic epic. In one or two smaller works, dealing with picturesque subjects, such as "The Night Bivouac," and especially in "A Polish Village," the artist displays a power of composition and a sense of colour unsuspected in those undertakings on which his reputation rests.

MRS. MARRABLE, president of an art society which jealously protects itself against masculine competition with its own precincts, and Mrs. C. M. DE LA POPE PERFORM have been holding an exhibition of water colours, illustrating the Engadine and its approaches, at the Japanese Gallery, New Bond Street. The ladies have devoted many patient seasons to their labour of love, with a view to making their pictorial catalogue of the beauties of the place as exhaustive as possible, and they have succeeded in their purpose. Visitors to the gallery who know the Engadine have been pleased to find many a charming memory awakened, and it is in this agreeable light, rather than as works of art, we refer to regard the joint collection.

Last year's Naval Exhibition at Chelsea has been revived in a modified form at Liverpool, under the auspices of the City Corporation, at the Walker Art Gallery. The most

attractive exhibits at Chelsea have been secured, as well as many fresh objects of interest. The art collection is very considerable, and consists of portraits and marine subjects in oil, also a very large number of engraved portraits, humorous and grotesque drawings, etchings, &c. The portraits include works by REYNOLDS, RAEBURN, TOWNSEY, HOPKINS, KNELLER, Mr. WATTS, &c., and among the marine and subject pictures are such notable canvases as "Napoleon on Board the *Galley*," by Mr. W. G. THOMAS, "I. A. MACLEISIE'S 'Death of Nelson,'" "The Last Voyage of Henry Hudson," by the Hon. JOHN COLLIER, "Greenwich Pensioners at the Tomb of Nelson," by Sir J. E. MILLAR, and Mr. FRANK BRANWELL'S "Burial at Sea." The sea pieces include splendid examples of VAN DE VELDE, HOLBEIN, SCOTT, and, among moderns, Mr. W. L. WALLIS. The exhibition was declared open on Monday, February 1, by Lord George Hamilton, as First Lord of the Admiralty, and will continue until the end of June.

A display of rare, and in some cases unique, specimens of antique embroidery has been held by Mrs. Labery at Chesham House, Regent Street. The collection included examples of old Chinese, Japanese, Persian, Turkish, Italian, Spanish and Moorish work, and was especially rich in fuku-sa or Japanese gift covers. There was some curious work on view from Goa, the product of a very early settlement of Portuguese nuns, and some imitations of Oriental embroidery wrought by English ladies three centuries ago. In another room was a display of Hindu amulet rods, which is a new and interesting departure, being ancient Indian, Persian and Samsanian designs reproduced in the most costly English silks, and on the richest English foundations to the order of English firms by the skilled workers of Constantinople.

REVIEWS.

Of the second edition of Miss HARRISON'S "*Introduction to Greek Art*" (T. Fisher Unwin), Iick of space allows the critic no chance of analysis of her views nor any stringent criticisms of her methods. Still less is it possible in a few lines to examine where the source of an elegant rhetoric and an emotional mood have induced her to give, in place of arguments, ideas which may or may not be sound enough to hold their place before the cold mirror of the critic's mind. If it been otherwise, it would be incumbent upon any writer better equipped by technical studies than by book lore and archæological jurisprudence as popular lectures are supposed to be—to show how hard a task it is that which the accomplished lady undertakes when, with good will and abundant energy, she strove to set forth to unlearned audiences in the British Museum—necessarily slow to see the force of her opinions or to weigh the value of her impulses, and equally slow to detect gaps in her arguments, as well as apt to see the occasional weakness of her illustrations—a theme so subtle as the identity of the Greeks. That is to say the identity as it was expressed in the sculpture of that people, and especially in the masterpieces of India, who was the author of a considerable proportion of the marbles of the Parthenon. Lacking knowledge of technical matters, but with a lively fancy, in energetic terms, and with not a little word painting of the sympathetic sort, Miss Harrison has expressed herself on many points less intangible than "the fair sights and pure visions of ideal art" which have led her into some charming, flower-crowded pleasures of antiquity. We find her opinions of the greater sculptors of Greece quite orthodox and trustworthy—e.g., she clearly points out the

difference between the greatness of Pinchass's style, and the insurance of that of Praxiteles, and although her pen occasionally overreaches her cold knowledge, the power to be enthusiastic, and the will even to try and expound that stupendous theme, the Identity of the Greeks, are elements of authorship so rare in this country that it is impossible to withhold from the lady a student's tribute of thanks and respect.

The new limited edition issued by Mr Nimmo of the late Sir WILLIAM STIRLING MAXWELL'S works is completed by the publication of his "*Classical Life of the Emperor Charles I.*," and his "*Miscellaneous Essays and Addresses.*" The former work, which first appeared in 1852, four years after the "*Annals of the Artists of Spain*," and three years before his "*Velasquez*," is no less delightful as a literary work than valuable as a history. The picture of Charles V was here given with far greater accuracy than was the case in Dr Robertson's work, but yet was not itself immaculate. This new edition is thoroughly emended and extended, and is now one of the most fascinating works in the literature of history. The popular and ascetic sovereign, devout and simple, refined in taste, and the friend and patron of Titian is perhaps the most admirable, as it is the most complete, of all the studies of the author. It is embellished with a wealth of illustrations—small mezzotints and photogravures, woodcuts, and chromo-lithographs, descriptive of the chief scenes and places mentioned in the book. In the concluding volume of the series Stirling Maxwell's general contributions to periodicals and his rhetorical addresses are included, besides a bibliography of his works. The most interesting essay to the art student is that on Sir Robert Strange—in reality a review written for *Fraser's Magazine* on Denon's *Memoirs of the great engraver*. The paper is luminous and lucid, as becomes a writer of such scholarly grace and thorough learning as the author. As to the curious remark on artist authors—"Except Michel Angelo himself, we can recollect no professional artist who has used both pen and pencil with success"—we may say that it is far removed from the truth, and to show that this is so we propose to return to the subject on some future occasion.

Whatever may be the fate of the Ruskinian philosophy, it will not perish for lack of disciples to codify it, to synthetise it, and set it forth with all the reverence characteristic of the true believer. In point of fact however, it is false friendship, it is false worship, to treat the doctrine of Mr Ruskin as so many of his disciples do, as above controversy, or to discuss it with closed eyes and bated breath. The *Sign of Coniston* has spoken, and his word is precious, but to regard him as the Theosophist profess to regard the Mahatma is the height of egotism, redounding little to the honour of the master or to the credit of the follower. The latest contribution to the literature of Ruskin is in great measure free from this defect. Mr W. G. COLLINGSWOOD, the editor of Mr Ruskin's recently published poems, has proceeded with commendable comeliness in his difficult task, which consists in "*The Art Teaching of John Ruskin*" (Percival and Co.) of codifying all that the great art writer has said and taught, dividing and subdividing it under heads, explaining, comparing, collating, indexing. The book is a model of conciseness, and the work is done in a manner hardly possible to improve upon. We might wish that it had been a little more readable, but that, perhaps, is incompatible with the scope and execution of such a work. It is a book which every Ruskinite is bound to read, and which every art student and art lover, to say nothing of the

"up to date" philosopher and metaphysician, would do well to possess.

The first edition of the Rev R. S. TOWN TYRWHITT'S well known book, "*Our Sketching Club*" (Macmillan) was published in 1874, the fifth is now before us. It contains little not contained in former issues, save a fifth preface, written in Mr Tyrwhitt's bright but bizarre and unconventional style. The book, as most people who follow the contemporary literature of art know well, is designed for the fulfilment of the Apothecary of the Amateur—an unconventional but distinctly popular treatise on landscape art, founded upon the art teaching of Mr Ruskin (of whom the author is the most devout of disciples) and, indeed, illustrated with some five and thirty woodcuts from the Master's Elements of Drawing. The epistolary and conversational method, the colloquial style, the good natured right down dogmatic manner of the book save it from the dryness though not the seriousness, of the ordinary handbook, while the plot and story of it, evolved and told with no little skill and humour give it an interest apart from its æsthetic aims. This is not a book for a season and it will doubtless 'go off,' as the writer complacently remarks, as well as the previous issues.

"*Toulers in Art* (Isister) edited by Mr HENRY EWART, is a much better book than the usual *old potlitz* of artistic biography. The sketches herein included comprise short essays on John Tenniel, Shields, Ead, Walker, Pinwell, Eltze, Bennett, Bewick, and Flaxman on Lhermitte, Oskar Reisch, Laurens François, Israël, Lalanne, and Harimoff. These papers which have we believe already appeared in *Good Words*, are from the pens of Mr ROBERT WALKER, Mr R. HEATH, Mr JOSEPH SWAIN and Mr D. C. THOMSON and regarded as *memories post serui* are very acceptable. On the subject of Mr Tinnorth, however, Miss HARRISON has permitted herself strange licence in the hysterical praise she lavishes upon him. We do not deny Mr Tinnorth's merit in point of sentiment, originality, and force of character, but he requires something more before he can claim to be a true artist.

To those to whom it will be a pleasure to derive their impressions of a strange and far away country from the brilliant and facile pen of an accomplished journalist Mr HENRY NORMAN'S "*The Real Japan*" (London T. Fisher Unwin, Paternoster Square) will be cordially welcome. Mr Norman is a well known enthusiast in praise of the *Amite* and *Levee* in addition an accomplished photographer his book is enriched with a series of excellent illustrations, after his instantaneous photographs, of most of the principal dances of Japan. Japan may, indeed, be regarded as the home of the dance, as in that country it reaches probably the highest development of what Sir Edwin Arnold terms the "delicate strange play of folds and feet." The *grisha*, or dancing girl receives full justice from Mr Norman. In fact, he appears to find great attraction in the far sex of Japan—not we think unjustifiably—and writes upon them with the ease of one able to judge of their sweetness and charm. It is, however, to a chapter upon "Arts and Manufactures" that lovers of art will turn for information. By Captain BRINKLEY, probably, after Mr Franks the best living authority upon Oriental pottery and porcelain. Here amongst other valuable information, will be found pointed out and gibbeted the many forgeries in porcelain and cloisonné which have been attempted to be forced upon too confiding amateurs in Europe. We may point out, however that the time has gone by when the works of Messrs Audsley and Lowe are regarded as what

Captain Brinley calls "the gospel of English collectors" If a life-like presentation of many of the more conspicuous phases of Japanese everyday life constitutes a "Real Japan," the book is aptly entitled, but if it be intended to suggest thereby that Mr. Norman has discovered or described any thing about Japan that was not known before, we must express our dissent. As every year an increasing number of travellers visit "the happy dragon fly shaped land," the number of those interested to know about Japan increases, and to them this eminently readable book may be confidently commended.

Messrs. Longmans and Co. have recently issued a little book by Miss GERTRUDE MARTINEAU—"A Village Class for Drawing and Wood cutting." It is an admirable handbook for the use of people who desire to find interesting occupation for young people or old either for their sitters in our small village communities and who are willing to take the trouble to conduct such a class as the author here writes about. The book is the outcome of practical experience; it is full of common sense and is very well and fully illustrated.

M. OCTAVE UZANNES new venture of *L'Art et l'Inter* (Maison Quantin) begins admirably and promises to be a great success. It purports to be a review for the dilettante in literature and for the collector. It is strikingly original and is a credit to both editor and publisher. An article on the illustrated magazines and papers of the world is very complete and interesting, but is naturally not free from those typographical errors which the French "reader" is never free from making or passing when dealing with a foreign language.

NOTABILIA

An extensive robbery of forty pieces of jewellery and "articles of vertu" has been committed at the Cluny Museum.

The Hanging Committee of the Royal Academy comprises the following members: Mr W. CALDER MARSHALL, Mr BROCK, Mr CALDERON, Mr GOW, and Mr DICKEEN.

In Mr Story's article on 'John Linnell' in our last number the portrait described as "Samuel Palmer" on p. 133 is that of Thomas Palmer.

The Art Palace at the Chicago Exposition will have a wall space of 145,850 square feet and an area of more than three and a half acres, while the two annexes give an area of another acre. The whole will cost £134,000 and the building will eventually be maintained as a permanent art gallery.

Mr BERNARD HALL it is definitely stated, has been appointed director of the National Gallery of Melbourne. His duties are to teach drawing to arrange the galleries, and to recommend purchases. No one could have been selected more likely to wrestle with the commonplaces of Australian native art—rather of the native taste of the ordinary run of Australian art patrons—than Mr Hall.

The struggle between the Prince SCARLA and the Italian Government in respect to his removal and probable sale of about half the pictures in his gallery continues. The owners of works of art in Italy are far worse off in respect to them than landlords in Ireland in respect to their rents. The tyranny of the Italian law is being made the subject of Parliamentary interference and possible modification.

The decision of the Paris Civil Tribunal empowering the children of MESSONIER to resist the intended forced sale of the late artist's unsold works by their step-mother, is fortunate alike for them and for their father's reputation. It has prevented much from being thrown upon the market which ought not to be there, and at the same time reveals the truth as to the alleged fall in the value of MESSONIER.

SCOTT'S DIMON has made itself apparent in HOLBEIN'S "Ambassadors" in the National Gallery. A perfectly new split in the centre of the mid-lower panel has occurred, spreading upwards, far up into the picture—partly gazing and then distinctly evident under the pigment. The troublesome fact is ascribed to the great changes in the temperature. The picture has been removed from the gallery for treatment.

In our Note upon the Royal Academy elections last month the list of first 'scratchings' in the first election was accidentally omitted—that given as first being in reality second. Those artists who obtained support in the first round were MESSRS. STANHOPE FOILES BAILEY, T. G. JACKSON, SWAN, G. A. LAWSON, LOCKHART, ARTHUR MOORE, J. J. SHANNON, TORRILL, HALL, EAST, W. GALE BRAMLEY, WALTON, STOKES, SOLOMON, DEBRA SADLER, and FARQUHARSON.

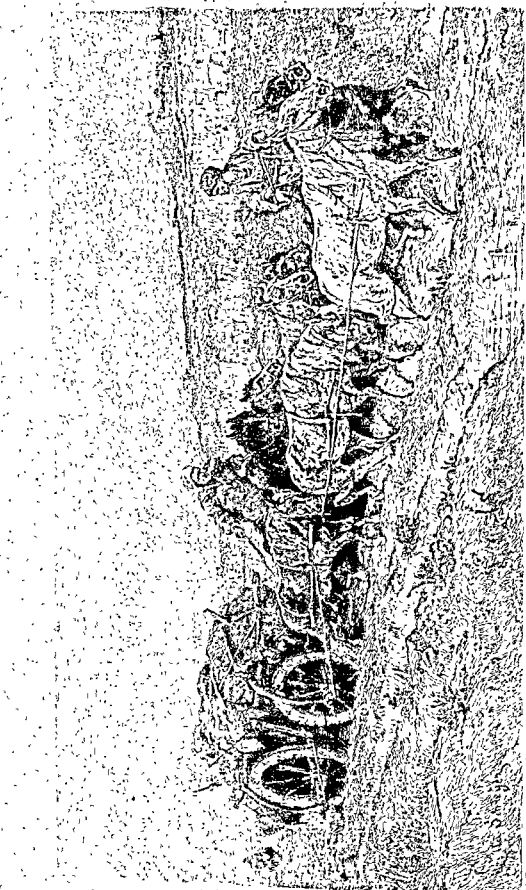
OBITUARY

Mr C. J. LEWIS, R.I., was born in 1836, and was first known as a painter of portraits and domestic scenes. He made his first appearance at the Royal Academy in 1853, when he was only seventeen years of age. He exhibited about two score pictures at the Academy, and many more at the British Institution and Suffolk Street, but the principal part of his later life's work has been contributed to the Royal Institute of Painters in Water Colours, which he joined in 1882, and to the affiliated Old Institute. His colour was always tender and harmonious, and a poetic feeling always pervaded his poetic landscapes. He was not a great painter, but a very genuine and delightful artist, who is as much a loss to his art as he is to his friends.

M. HENRIQUEL DUPONT, who has died at the great age of ninety-four, was a pupil of Guérin and De Berville, and entered the Ecole des Beaux Arts as long ago as 1812. He was a master of every branch of the engraver's art, and moreover, constantly exhibited portraits in pastel and pencil, and even in oil. As an etcher, dry pointer, and soft ground etcher he had few rivals. He obtained his first medal in 1822, the medal of honour in 1833, and two years later the great medal of honour. He was created a Knight of the Legion of Honour in 1831, and an Officer in 1835, and has been a member of the 'Institut' since 1849. He was elected an Honorary Foreign Academician of the Royal Academy in 1870, and was in truth something of an anomaly, being an alien representative of an art the professors of which in this country are not considered of sufficient account for election. For some years the deceased exhibited under the name of DUPONT.

We regret to have to announce the death of Mlle CHRISTINE SCHUBERT, the young Swedish painter of portraits and genre, and of ELLY BERGQVIST, the eminent Lusatian landscape-painter.

We hold over our notice of the late Mr HENRY DOYLE, C.L., until next month.



VIKINGIA IN WA LACHIA

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100

been removed with the speculative odour of the average painter is greatly diminished. This can hardly be deplored as the average anecdotal picture, however popular it may be, is artistically con-

demned in its genuine and higher artistic expression and that the official stamp of Burlington House has been impressed on the face of modern painting, implying the approval of the modern architectural movement.

This infusion of new blood then cannot be without great influence on the exhibitions of the near future—implying not only the gradual progress of Academic views but the exclusion also of the stool from which the new members of the Academy have sprung.

Regarded from this point of view there is less reason than ever for the Academy to fear the competition of outside galleries. Mr. Turner-Jones and Mr. Walter Crane will still reserve their contributions to the year's art for the New Gallery.



STUDY FOR "AT THE FOUNTAIN"
(By S. F. Leighton Esq. R.C.A.)

sidered much better not painted at all and the really excellent one not usually depends for its chief attractions on its purely literary interest.

But it is in the declining constitution of the Academy and in the direction of the electorate's policy that we may see the greatest hope. The recent disappearance from the arena by death or retirement of Messrs. Edwin Coley, Herbert and Long have within the last year or so made way for Messrs. David Murray, Harry Bates, Stephen Koster and T. C. Jackson and it is confidently expected that the withdrawal of Mr. Stuppoole the engraver will bring about the election of Mr. Swan at the next election. We thus see that the modern ideas of the Newlyn school have in a measure been accepted by the Academy and that the conventional in sculpture, good though it may have been, has been replaced by



STUDY FOR "THE BACCHANTE"
(By S. F. Leighton Esq. R.C.A.)

possibly also though it is doubtful for the new Grafton Gallery as well. But although men usually prefer the New Gallery to Burlington House for such of their works where interest is focussed chiefly in the subtleties of tone and in their more

'impressionistic' and the Academy has drawn to itself more emphatically than ever man of the stamp of Mr. Swin, Mr. Clausen, and Mr. Sargent, and the modern school of thought and feeling both in sculpture and architecture was never so firmly recognised as at present.

But still in one department of art the Academy shows itself as reactionary and we may say as short-sighted as ever. It declines to take the slightest notice of artists with the pen and returns

ally delivered by the President of the Royal Academy at the annual banquet and his praises have been sung by the whole artistic universe. Yet he was not thought fit to enter Burlington House. Who that can appreciate the classic composition of John Tenniel, the splendid virility of line of Limley Sambourne, or the exquisite grace, delicacy of fancy and beauty of draughtsmanship of Edwin Abbott can deny for a moment their right to recognition by the official art institution of the country?

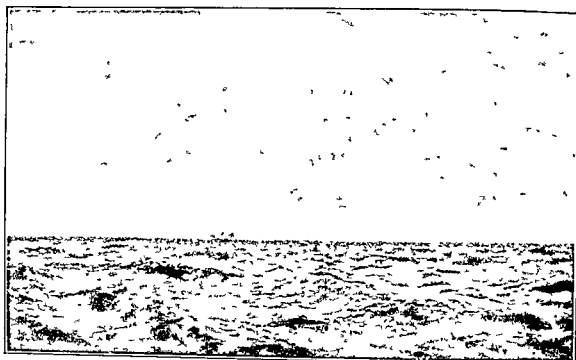


ACROSS THE COMMON

(From the Pen by R. B. Lord & R. L.)

the ancient prejudices and injuncts in respect to the whole question of black and white. A man who can copy an other man's picture with the luminous—that is to say in line engraving—it will chide into the Academy fold. The man who does the same thing with the etching needle it rejects as mechanical. And it even goes so far as to deny not only the superiority over the more mechanical picture engraver but even the equality of the painter-etcher—he who produces *superior* work with his needle. Thus I could not but on the strength of his etchings would have been rejected by a body which accepts Mr. Frye Crowe as a national representative of art. Equal injustice characterises the neglect of pen and ink and the higher forms of pencil work by the Academy. Charles Keene is universally recognised as one of the very few English masters of art in the nineteenth century. His panegyric was a hur-

Salvator Rosa has utilised the reputation of the Academy that rejected him. But should the Royal Academy in justice to its own honour and its usefulness forget the man who represents the completest living art of the present day—springing from the necessities and demands of the people? It is an undoubted grievance—my title it is a scandal. But the remedy is simple and one which the Academy must shut its eyes without delay. By the rules of the Academy the number of the Associates is unlimited though custom—a very bad master—has hitherto endeavored to be recognised as restricted to thirty. If the General Assembly were to act in accordance with the spirit of the times and in harmony with justice and artistic propriety and at the same time to wipe away the slur of not having recorded amongst the whole fifty of them a single scratch for a "black-and-white man" at the last



PERFECT WEATHER FOR A CRUISE.

(From the Painting by Henry Moore, A.R.A.)

election they will proceed forthwith to elect one two or three pen-draughtsmen to the Associateship of the Academy without—if the Constitution so renders it desirable—limiting them to the honour of further promotion. But that the Academy, which has lost the possession of celebrated and illustrious practitioners of black and white such as Fred Walker and Hall of Sir F. Leighton Sir J. E. Millais Sir John Gilbert Messrs. Herkomer, Poynter, Eades, Dicksee, Marks, Birch, Gregory, Macbeth and Wyllie—that this Academy should continue to taboo an art which has so grown and developed both in artistry and in popularity, since they practised it is incomprehensible—nay more, it is hardly creditable having regard to the credit of the Society as the Art Trustees of the nation.

The Academy moves slowly, but there is no time to lose. Charles Keene died without having the opportunity of inscribing his name on its roll of honour, let not John Tenniel be suffered to slip by too and his art—like that of water colour—to boast that it has flourished and attained the highest perfection of execution not only without the aid but in the face of the marked indifference, apathy, and neglect of the institution which was founded to foster it. The new men who have recently been elected have it as to be hoped now that decided views and youthful determination and to them the world will look to reverse a policy as damaging to

the Academy itself as it is unjust to an established art and its most distinguished professors.

Turning from the consideration of the general position of the Academy to the actual composition of this year's exhibition we find that many of its most important contributors maintain and more than maintain their high position. In-*ex-ante* among these is the President himself. The painter of no portrait this year he has succeeded nevertheless in displaying the full force of his many-sided art. In 'And the Sea gave up the Dead which were in it' which was intended by Mr. Tate to be included in his national gift the artist has sought to realise in this circular canvas the full impressive suggestiveness of the passage in the Apocalypse, and in reproducing it from his original proposed decoration for the dome of St. Paul's he has added cold—almost oppressive—dignity through the management of his colouring while hardly interfering with the general lines of the design. This subject which is to be considered the favourite one of the painter—not of this year alone but of his whole career—displays perhaps better than any other the loftiness of his thought the high water mark of his mental conception. It expresses with concision the resurrection of the three ages and conditions of life as well as the sexes, and though it may be held too extreme in colour it cannot be regarded otherwise than as one of the landmarks in the

life work of the President. But for popularity it will certainly yield to *The Garden of the Hesperides*—one of the richest and most beautiful pieces of harmonious decoration ever executed by the artist. This circular piece painted with a rich and tender palette charming in invention, line and composition with a full sense of the luscious beauty of colour represents the three Hesperides—Aegle, Arethusa, and Hesperia—guarding with a sort of sensual languor the golden apples which Hercules is liter to obtain a task in which they are assisted by the dragon Ladon represented by Sir F. Leighton as a great serpent whose many forked coils encircle the tree and lazily embrace the beautiful forms of the maidens. The single figure pictures *At the Fountain* and *The Bacchante* are both distinguished by grace and refinement, the former tender and the latter more robust in conception of colour treatment.

The fifth of Sir F. Leighton's pictures is *Clytie*—a study of a sky, but in reality an elaborate study of a sky when its impressive and nightst clouds were engorged with gorgeous glow of the setting sun. This picture has been long in the studio and is a truthful representation of imposing sky and cloud once seen and sketched by the painter.

Another painter who has still further advanced this year is Mr. Henry Moore, who has so far recovered from his accident as to be able to paint a picture that probably surpasses in excellence of drawing and in truth and beauty of colour the finest of his previous triumphs. *Perfect Weather for a Cruise* is a masterpiece, but Mr. Moore's other picture *"Machinist's Bay"* deserves little less attention as it is a new departure for the artist which while it extorts the admiration of the public will be a revelation to Mr. Brett.

The work of Sir John Millar for the year includes two landscapes, two child pictures and a lady's fancy portrait. But they will not all be seen at the Academy. The landscapes—which the artist enjoys to paint far beyond portraiture—are characteristic and display much of that forceful delicacy and unerring insight into the poetic facts of nature which are distinctive of his work in this direction ever since *"Ophelia"* and *The Vale of Pest* proclaimed the true nature of his sympathies. The first of these, *Blow Blow thou winter Wind* represents a winter scene in Scotland suitably composed as are all the painter's landscapes and finely observed in the absolute painting of the wind. To Sir John's further work we shall return in our next number.



LOOKING TO THE MAINLAND ARRIAN

(From the *Picture* by J. M. B. in A. R. A. the *picture* by M. and A. J. M.)

PRESS-DAY AND CRITICS—II.

GLIMPSIS OF ARTIST LIFE

BY M. H. SHEPMAN

LET us watch the constantly increasing body of critics and writers so heterogeneous in the individuals that compose it and look at them as they stand critically before the pictures one by one, annotating their catalogues in the margin, or else settling down to write at once their descriptive articles in their note books. For to-night long reports — is distinguished from criticisms—will be written and flished across for the most part to the United States and Canada and more hastily composed criticisms will be thought out. Here is one a well known and accomplished writer, a scholar too of polished taste—not a mere Pressman as he would have you know—but one of a handful of serious art critics and historians with definite views and definite knowledge and, moreover, with definite literary individuality. For Ruskin, let us hope does not stand alone (though pre eminent), notwithstanding that he is the only one among the

all likelihood be. Obivion, when the books of our writer will be still remembered and quoted, and consulted as authorities. He indignantly, and with reason rejects the idea that the best of the writers are but reporters and parasites. As writers they are artists with an art of their own exercised on various affairs regarding our excellent painters and sculptors only as their occasional subjects—not as their *raison d'être*. Next him are others who have studied art and its history from their birth and who as authors as poets and as essayists have secured themselves a niche in the temple of fame. They walk around picking out the best works by a sort of natural process of selection yet not daring to over-look even the more mediocre



F. C. STEPPINK

(From a photograph by E. H. Hall & Co.)

works of some of the best known painters, for does not the editor expect—nay, does not the public expect—that the works of So and so R. A. shall as a matter of course be noticed? And moreover, does not So and so—Intonly, of course, for the satisfaction of his admirers, not his own—expect it himself?

And now the gathering sparse hitherto increases again. The reporter, the descriptive writer, the manufacturer of the London let



FREDERICK WIDMORE

(From a photograph by F. A. Heald)



HUMPHREY WARD

(From a photograph by E. H. Hall & Co.)

past and his present is far more than he deserves, while, as to his future—well, that will in

writers the public is taught to know and appreciate. He believes that the painter of canvases is much too well treated by the Press—ergo by himself—and that the effective paragraph in the papers about the painter, his studio, his

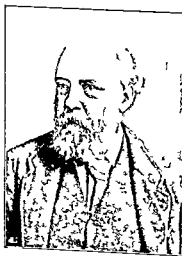
ter for provincial and foreign consumption the primary contributor to the weekly journals, and the

crowd has grown into something more than an average attendance at the Old Masters exhibition and is manifestly devoting itself to a seriously serious work.



G. A. SALA
(From a Photograph by F. C. Poirer)

are to appear in next weeks *Illustrated* as The Academy (quod) Mr Edwin Bide walks round with attentive eye in the interest of *Pojal Aca* and *Pict res* to see what pictures are in what



COSMO MONAHANOFF
(From a Photograph by F. C. Poirer)

passer at the Academy representative of *Elad* and *Wile*

In strong contrast with the meteoric movements of these latter is the sober pace of the critics. But even here there are exceptions. Mr Andrew Lane, for example who to all appearance merely

A few of the ready tired have thrown themselves on the seats and pushing back their hats gaze at the walls with an expression very like despair. Mr Harry Lunn sits about it sketching in merry company with Mr Pirnami as they determine upon the skits which

thrown and what import and works are lining of which nothing I had before I had heard Mr Charles Morley performs the same service for *Pictures of the Year* and Mr Blackburn for *Academy Notes* while Mr W. L. Thomas for the *Graphic* smiles pleasantly in the

saunters leisurely round the rooms and then after resting languidly for a few minutes disappears with seemingly but a very incomplete notion of the exhibition. But read his brilliant article in the next Saturday's *Daily News* (for the Press is requested to publish nothing about the exhibition till after the private view) and after seeing how accurate and all embracing a note he has taken of all you will wonder how it was done. Mr Humphrey Warl even though he bears Atlas like upon his shoulders the weight of the *Times* does not grudge himself a few minutes relaxation in conversation with his brother and sister critics. Of the latter indeed as I have already hinted there are legion but among them are a few who are an honour to their craft. Mrs Bravington Aldin is for many years

connected with the *Polytechnic*. Miss Dyer the regular representative except at the Academy of the *Daily News*. Miss Posa Gill of the *Exchange and Mart* whose intelligent criticisms and unusual knowledge and appreciation of the technical

qualities of engravings as well as of pictures make her it must in fairness be confessed notable among the critics of any sex. Lady Coln Campbell sometime amateur punter and now the critic for the *Herald*. Mrs Whitley of the *Ladies' Pictorial*, Mrs Humphrey of the *Finnish* and especially Miss Hepworth Dixon—these are of the best and most deservedly known of the lady writers.

Continuing our walk around the walls we pass Mr F. G. Stephens to whose services in the cause I have already alluded. Crippled in his long familiar soft felt hat he keeps his eyes severely on the pictures missing nothing and sparing not a moment to glance about for his *Illustrated* articles alluded to his *Sidon* series at this season of the year keep him to it like a galley slave. Closely Mr Frederick Wedmore is preparing his dainty essays for the *Standard* and Mr Phipps Jackson the unique possessor of 1094 Academicians for immediate ancestry on both



M. PHIPPS JACKSON
(From a Photograph by F. C. Poirer)

his father's and his mother's sides is similarly engaged for the *Daily Chronicle*. Mr George Augustus Sala, the *doyen*, if I am not mistaken of the art critical body, is here, as usual for the *Daily Telegraph* sometimes accompanied by Mr Le Sage the managing editor, maybe also, Mr H P Stephens is seen who ere now has acted as Mr Sala's understudy during his absence from town, just as Mr Woodroffe and Miss Dyer have backed up" Mr Lang for the *Daily News*. For the *Pall Mall Gazette* appears Mr George Thomson and sometimes its editor Mr E T Cook, the eminent Ruskinite who is the Sage has himself declared knows the Ruskinian utterances and philosophy even better than does the author of them. His masterly and unconventional articles are always one of the interesting features of post Press day literature, indeed, somewhat contemptuously opposed to technical criticism he is always 'on the side of the angels.' Here is Mr Reginald Hughes or some other representative of the *St James's Gazette* (for the post of art critic to that paper is more or less in commission) and there side by side,

former, too, the writer of the weekly 'Art World' column in the *St James's*, and his companion usually identified with 'Art and Artists' in the *Globe*.

The latter journal is represented by Mr Deane, who also acts for the *Graphic*, and the *Morning Advertiser* by Mr Callingham. The *Morning Post* sends Mr Dunphy, and the *Sunday Times* Mr Malcolm Salaman who, as ever, saunters amiably through his task, while *Truth* was represented up to some months ago by Mr Bernard Shaw—Atheist, Socialist, Vegetarian, and much else besides as he has himself declared—whose brilliant pen has also been at the service of the *World*. Mr Cosmo Monkhouse, poet and essayist, well known and esteemed by my present readers, represents the *Academy*, Mr George Moore, the *Speaker* and Mr Cornish, the *Spectator*. Mr Ashby Sterry is here for the *Daily Graphic*, and also, maybe for *Punch*, Mr Lionel Robinson for the *Illustrated London News*, Mr Walter Armstrong once identified with the *St James's* and with the *Guardian*, but now chiefly occupied on the *Manchester Examiner*, Mr Claude



F. T. COOK

(From a Photograph by the London Stereoscopic Co.)



J. FORBES ROBERTSON

(From a Photograph by Elliott and Fry)



CLAUDE PHILLIPS.

(From a Photograph by Elliott and Fry)

stand, Mr Huish and Mr Lewis Hind, respectively editor and assistant editor of the *Art Journal*—the

Phillips, in French eyes perhaps the most capable of all our critics, for the *Gazette des Beaux-Arts*, the

Guardian and other journals, Mr. Henry or Mr. Charles Whitley, for the *National Observer*, Mr. Villiers the chief of foreign writers for the *Debates*, the veteran Mr. Forbes Robertson for several papers beyond the Tweed, Mr. Rams Jackson, for his paper, the *Artist* or Mr. Baldry, Mr. Sivile Clark for the *Cont Journal*, Mr. Joseph Tennell for the *Star*, Mr. Jope Stude, for the *Echo* and *Tand and Water*, and Mr. Ernest Radford formerly for the *Observer*, are all to be found preparing their own particular answer to the public's foolish question: What is this year's Academy like?

In addition to these we find Mr. Harry Quilter sometime critic of the *Spectator* and more lately of his own *Financial Review*, Mr. Edmund Gosse for some years identified with the *Pall Mall Gazette* and now in the *Saturday Review*, Professors R. A. M. Stevenson and W. M. Conway late of the same paper. These with Mr. Pooty and many others almost as well known representing duties provincial and foreign, find in weeklies and monthly magazines and reviews, are rarely absent on this occasion. Besides these are the specialists: Mr. Edward Lodge comes on behalf of his paper the *Etcher* to look after the theatrical pictures, scenes as well as portraiture. Mr. W. B. Eggleston or Mr. Harrison Weir for the *Fell and similar journals* to see how badly nature is treated by the art of the year. Mr. Stuart Samuel for the *Irish Chronicle* on behalf of the Semitic element and Mr. Walford Meynell (John Olleristic) of *Merry England* and other Catholic organs, while the papers of fashion and fashions send a solid phalanx to write only of the smart people and smart millinery displayed upon the walls.

Such are the men—the art critical Three Hundred—in whose hands rests the Academy literature of the year: men who in their occupation at least follow in the footsteps of Dr. Johnson and Peter Pindar (Dr. Michaelson (the Tipsey Doctor) Hazlitt and Mr. Puskun of Tom Taylor, Dante Rossetti and his brother Mr. William Rossetti of Mr. Swinburne, Thackeray, Leigh Hunt and Charles Dickens of Mr. Thesler, W. Watts, William Hall Scott and Mr. William Black—men whose influence on public taste is greater far than the public knows or the artist will admit and who carry on honestly to the end their thankless task, oftentimes amid the thorns of the men they help and the public they teach the victims of the faults of an incompetent minority and of the very qualities which go to form a catholic mental critic.

As lunch-time approaches the fagged-out writers struggle out as often as in storm or fog singly or in groups for a hastily snatched mouthful where with in some measure to restore their exhausted vitality. Inland the inability to procure

any food by purchase within the Academy walls is one of the critic's most serious grievances of the day, for he is thus compelled to waste an hour or more away from his work—the precious minutes of a day all too short for the task and as more often happens than not ill too dark and foggy for him properly to judge or even to see all the exhibited works upon which he is summoned to write. In other galleries refreshment is in most cases hospitably provided and sometimes even pressed upon the writer, but this other extreme he not only does not want but usually resents. All he asks is facilities for making the best use of the short time at his disposal and that at his own expense.

And thus the day wears on. Men come and go as we work our way resolutely on from room to room, passing in careful review every picture on the line and at every step looking to see what has been placed up or skid—eager and anxious to find the Hanging Committee for the alternative errors of injustice to good pictures or over-indulgence to bad. As each room is done the sense of weariness grows greater and ever greater for the interest and pleasure in our work are not proof against the dazing effect of hours of picture-gazing. To look for hour after hour, from one scheme of colour to another, with not as much as a minute for each and—what I have always found infinitely more fatiguing and unproductive of 'Academy headache'—as frequently to change the eye focus to meet the varying scale and subject distance as well as the actual distance of each different picture is one of the most trying physical occupations of the professional writer of to-day. And all the time is the wretched uncertainty, the threatening horror of being unable to hurry through the pictures by dusk or closing time even though exhausted nature asserts itself not too strongly for it only too often happens that a dark and rainy day settles down into a foggy and slaty afternoon long before man or woman's capacity for work is at an end. Even so when the fates are propitious and a clear sky is overhead is it any wonder that the Sculpture Room, the Water Colour, the Pencil and White and above all the Architectural Rooms are left over for future and highly problematical consideration? Could those who doubt—and doubters are not numbered among my brethren of the Pen—but see the forms and faces of those who labour the faulting as the shades of night are falling in and note their worried gait and worn expression as they cross the courtyard and emerge into the evening life of Piccadilly they would speedily be convinced by the picture. Is it just or right they would certainly ask themselves that the Academy should practically make impossible the proper execution of the task they invite—to examine and write calmly and

judicially on two thousand works of art in a single day—and, moreover, is it just to the public, or even politic in the interests of art?

The answer and the solution are



GEORGE THOMSON

(From a Photograph by C. Howard
C. Howard)

patent enough. If Press-day is to be rendered efficacious as an institution of the public is to be properly served and the artist and his work to receive the respect and attention that the very establishment of Press-day implies the critic must be allowed the time and be provided with the bare physical comfort which

are essential. "Reform" is a word beyond all others hateful to the small but powerful minority of Academic ears, so I will submit the following modifications—as of baring necessity.

(1) The Press-day should be increased to at least two days. I have myself had the privilege of for writing two letters to the Academy, signed by nearly all the best known London critics respectfully and as we thought convincingly setting forth the necessity of the proposed alteration. These letters have been followed by a more pressing representation on the part of the Institute of Journeymen, but all these attempts in the interests of justice (not to say humanity) have only received a bare, though courteous acknowledgment and remain under the blight and withering of the Academy's careful consideration. (2) Refreshment should be purchasable within the precincts of the Academy in order that our hour or two, during the best light of the day, should not be absorbed in a necessary visit to club or restaurant. (3) On cold days the building should be heated so that the considerable fatigue of returning heavy overcoats and wraps all through the day should not be thrust upon the writers.

To mention these desiderata would one would think, be sufficient for the Academy authorities to give effect to them as lovers of justice and men of mercy; but the petitions and even covert threats which have been forced from our journalistic St. Sebastians have as yet left untouched the stony hearts in Burlington House. It is devoutly to be hoped that matters will ere long be bettered, and if the critics millennium is thus really brought about and the Academy desires to add grace to justice, let it follow the lead of every other gallery in the kingdom and let the Press view ticket convey a season's right of entry.

One advantage

at least to the critic distinguishes the exhibitions of the Royal Academy. His editor is requested to reserve his articles for two days so that the gilt of novelty shall not be taken off the Private view day. The writer is thus permitted to sleep on his work so to say, until he commits his mature judgment

to paper on the morrow. But in the case of other shows the articles must be written by the critic when hot from the gallery; he reaches his home, the club or the newspaper office, and as a necessary consequence he may perchance set down in writing that which he sometimes would wish to recall.

Such is Press-day with the incidents and questions which affect it. If its establishment has done nothing else, it has at least cleared the critic from the mud cast upon him in bygone days by the most eminent of them all—Mr. Ruskin. He mocks the picture which the public press and bespatters with praise the canvas which a crowd crowded from him. His brutal de-

pends upon doing so. Thus in 'Modern Painters' in the year 1841. Since then Press-day has forced the critic, willy nilly to lead the public verdict on the subject of a display which as yet it has not seen, and therefore upon which it has had no



C. WOODROFFE

(From a Photograph by H. J. Goodall
St. James's)



BERNARD SHAW

opportunity of pronouncing or bespattering either with praise or abuse. Criticism may or may not, as he has asserted be 'returning to artistic simplicity—leaving technique to those to whom it is addressed—painters. It is certainly coming more and more into line with a lucid thought of the day and with historical knowledge even though it set not itself to preach to the public or to the artists of glazes and semblances of pigments and mediums of chiroscuro and colour harmonies. Yet I might add that it is distinguished by an appreciation of technique altogether absent from the work of the former school of criticism. Critics are unquestionably not all capable, but there are more in artists. And until they are allowed the same consideration in their work that it is accorded to every other section of intellectual workers neither public nor artist will obtain from them the best or the most valuable work of which they are capable and which for their own reputations

consideration should be continued. The Institute thereupon pointed out that not 'consideration' but an additional Press day was what was sought for—a statement of fact that at once succeeded in obtaining the change for which the critics had been asking for five years. The following letter records the concession as it is here set forth for its historical interest.

"Royal Academy of Arts,
London W
March 11th, 1907

SIR,—I am desired by the President and Council to acknowledge the receipt of your letter on the 15th ult., and in reply to inform you that the subject of it has been frequently under consideration and that they hope to make, this year, an arrangement by which in addition to the one day Wednesday, from 9 a.m. to 7 p.m. four hours on the following day, Thursday 9 a.m. till 1 p.m., will be given to the representatives of the Press. They trust that this will at any rate to some extent meet the wishes of the Institute of Journalists.—I am, Sir, your obedient servant,
FRED A. EATON"



LEWIS HIND

(From a Photograph by J. C. T. Turner & Co.)



J. ASHBY STEDDY

(From a Photograph by S. J. Walker)

sale they are so desirous of accomplishing

NOTE.—Since this article was in the hands of the printers and had been sent to press the announcement has been made that a concession of some importance has been granted by the Council of the Royal Academy. The two letters of

The action of the Royal Academy in so far yielding to outside appeal is notable in more ways than one. But chiefly by conceding that to the Institute of Journalists which it had for years denied to a handful of individual writers—distinguished though they might be in their own line

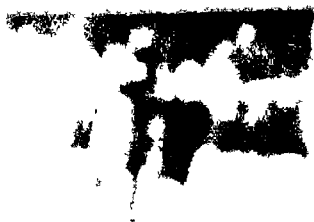
—the Academy has admitted the force of a just demand when brought perseveringly to its notice by the Press represented by its incorporated Institute, it has acknowledged the power of the Fourth Estate and illustrated once more the strength of union and the value of combined effort.



C. J. CONYISH

(From a Photograph by F. H. At a & Perry)

the critics herein referred to as having succeeded only in obtaining a polite promise of its consideration were followed by one from the Institute of Journalists on behalf of the descriptive writers and reporters of the English Press. The reply it received was a courteous undertaking that the con-



"GAME BIRDS AND SHOOTING SKETCHES"*

MR. J. G. MILLAIS who inherits not a little of his distinguished father's talent in the use of In his treatment of his subjects—capercaillie black game grouse and ptarmigan—Mr. Millais has set upon paper practically for the first time every phase and detail of game bird life and by the admirable manner in which he has drawn his profusion of illustration he steps at once into the first rank of sportsman naturalists. This kind of some folio in itself is the fruit of several years of close observation and is a revelation even among the class to whom the author specially appeals. To the readers of this Magazine the book is interesting firstly as a typical example of the best sort of natural history drawingsmanship for it must be remembered that where the representation of animal life is a matter of the first importance the intrusion of artistic merit which departs to how ever slight an extent is scientific demented secondly as showing some of the masterpieces of the wood engraving of Mr. Leake (who carries on the tradition of Bewick's engraving of the facts of animal life and the work of whose graver—unsurpassable in its special line—is seen all too seldom nowadays) and lastly as containing a drawing of a singular beauty by Sir John Millais. This drawing—a portrait of Bewick—appears as the autotypic frontispiece of the volume and it is here reproduced engraved on wood from the original drawing. For it alone the book will be precious to many a possessor but it would be unfair to Mr. Millais to suggest that the contribution of the father absorbs any of the interest properly attaching to the work of the son. Mr. Millais is becoming by right of merit the Cassin or Morris of the field and moor and his future works will be looked for with interest.



PALE VARIETY OF CAPERCAILLIE.

(Drawn by J. G. Millais. Engraved by G. C. Lodge.)

the pen and that in spite of every discouragement offered during the period of his boyhood—has devoted his leisure to depicting the habits modes of capture and stages of plumage of game birds and the hybrids and varieties which occur among them.

* "Game Birds and Shooting Sketches" By J. G. Millais. F. Z. S. With numerous Coloured Plates and Illustrations (Sotheran and Co. 1892)



THOMAS H. ICK

Drawn by J. A. M. L. A. E. Russell R. T.

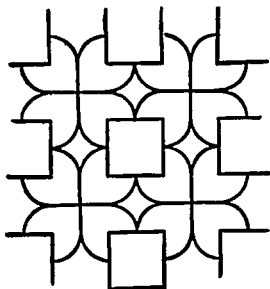
ARTISTIC HOMES. THE DECORATION OF CEILINGS

BY G. T. ROBINSON, F.S.A.

WHAT shall we do with our ceilings? That, indeed, is a serious question—in fact the difficulty of answering it has too frequently crushed its consideration and so nothing is done, and they

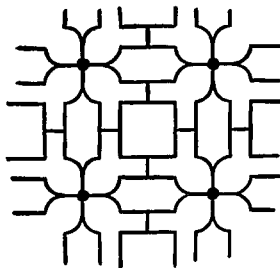
our ceilings bald barren and naked was not only uncharitable neglect but a grievous blunder. The first essays in the Anglo-Dutch style—miscalled Queen Anne—did not do much to help, but the feebleness of that scrap-book eclecticism by which this strange hybrid was begotten manifested itself in its weak-minded progeny and the truer insight into the need of homogeneity in decoration now dawning has more fully taught the lesson that the ceiling has a decorative function to perform which demands the most careful consideration.

How careful that consideration should be will be apparent when you reflect on the many things it has to embrace. The first is the structural condition in which you find it, and secondly, its relative proportion to the walls of the room. Then comes the question as to how it receives its light by day, whether from the ends or side, or both, and the quantity of that light. Thus for example, a long low room lighted from one end naturally demands an entirely different ceiling treatment from a wide high room lighted from the side. Nor should the mode of artificial lighting by night be without thought of for the true value of your design depends equally on each of these considerations. You have then to consider the purport of the room, the style of the treatment of the other decoration and not the least



DESIGN FROM BINNS CASTLE, LINLITHGOW.

are left in grunt nakedness to dominate over luxurious walls and gaily clad floors. Yet when you consider that the ceiling of a room is the largest unbroken area it possesses it is evident that its tasteful treatment is one which ought to be well considered and accomplished. And in periods of good art, by which I mean when art was felt to be a necessary adjunct to life, this has always been done. Go back so far as you will you will always find that until the commencement of the nineteenth century—or rather until early in that century's career the ceiling secured at least as much and frequently more, artistic consideration than either the walls or the floor. Egyptian, Greek, Persian, Roman, Byzantine, Mediaeval, and all the varied phases of the Renaissance styles show us how the artists of those periods revelled in the adornment of their ceilings, nor until the stern severity of the pseudo-Grecian phase, which, darkening the early years of the present century, cast its gloom over English art were these ever neglected in our own country. From that gloom we have emerged. "The Gothic Revival" albeit some of those who have not lived through it now scoff at it did us that good service—it taught us that to have

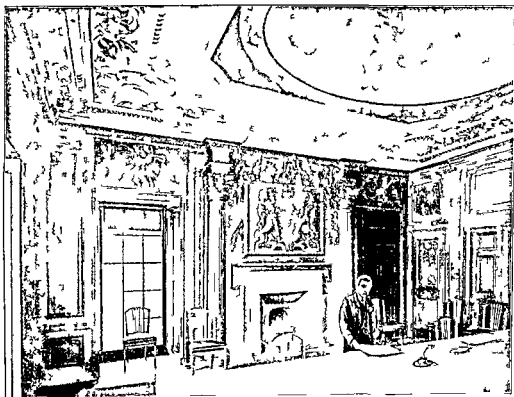


DESIGN FROM KING CHARLES CHAMBER, WINTON.

important of all, the amount of money you are intending to expend upon it. Herein we English

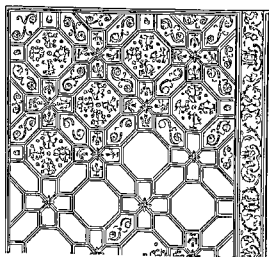


T L S F O O S T R T F Y A R N O U T
(F r o m a P h o t o g r a p h A P e r e 1 h



T L E O D L E R C S O S

figure work to the simplest ornamental detail can be done in it. As I am writing for the average English home I shall not now consider the sumptuous palaces of Italy or France but briefly refer to some of those examples of the formative ceiling found in our own country which are suitable as suggestive examples and in early illustration refer in the first instance to the one still remaining in the St. Hotel Yarmouth (See p. 207). This is earlier perhaps in design than in date returning as it does a



DESIGN FROM BURTON KIRK

very large amount of that late Gothic feeling which was gradually being supplanted by the incoming Renaissance brought by those Italian stucco workers whom Henry VIII induced to visit this country for the decoration of the now vanished Palace of Nonesuch. The room shown in the illustration was the principal apartment in the house of an old merchant of the time of Elizabeth and affords good evidence of the wealth and taste of the merchant adventurers of those days who between legitimate trading and a taste for privateering laid the foundations of the commercial prosperity and the naval supremacy of England. The ceiling it will be seen is divided into square compartments each filled with a lightly concave panel ornamented by flamboyant tracery from the centre of which depends a small pendentive boss.

There is a very interesting example of an early Elizabethan ceiling in the replica of one recently added to this treasure house the South Kensington Museum. This is taken from a moderate sized room in Sizemore Hall, in Westmoreland where with the original inland wainscot it presents to us a good example of a parlour or withdrawing room of the early years of the reign of Queen Elizabeth. It is a ceiling of pendentive character, a type peculiar to Eng-land

and which hardly exists in any other country, and seems to be a fine translation of the stone framework which formed so distinctive a character of the late Gothic vaulting in the reigns of Henry VII and Henry VIII. If you have not already seen this it is quite worth your while to do so as it is a generic specimen and the geometric distribution of the small ribs is very suggestive of other arrangements either with or without the pendants. As you see it in the reproduction it is simply in the white plaster, but these English ceilings were resplendent in colour and gold and always excited the admiration of our foreign critics. Spenser tells us that

Gold was the parges in the ceiling brought
Did shine all over with great plates of gold."

And I have frequently found traces of gorgeous colouring and rich gilding beneath the successive generations of whitewash which I hunt and flur the delicate modelling our forefathers bequeathed to us. This ribbed division of the ceiling developed itself into an infinite variety of geometric combinations of squares, octagons, and circles and you have only to turn over the pages of Nash's Mansions or any work treating of the domestic interiors of the times of Elizabeth and James I. to find many marvellous suggestions for the recomposition of a few simple figures arranged in almost infinite variety. It would occupy too much space to demonstrate this adequately, so I must content myself with a single illustration. On page 25 are two examples of the use of the square quatrefoil both in Scotland and dating from the time of James I and VI in whose reign these formative stucco ceilings were introduced into that kingdom and where this particular figure of the square quatrefoil became pre-eminently popular, though it is by no means rare in English work. At first sight it is somewhat difficult to recognise that the basis of each of these combinations is precisely the same. In the first which is taken from Innis Castle, Lamlashgow the quatrefoil is complete the cusps alighting upon a square, in the second which comes from Winton House the quatrefoil is simply severed at the points of the cusps and elongated by the addition of a straight bar which is again connected with the central square by rectangular ribs. There were many other combinations of this quatrefoil arrangement a favourite one allowing the square angles of it to overlap each other in a greater or a less degree, or by simply touching at their angles. The ribs which formed these figures were at first simply moulded the modelled ornament being placed on the field of the ceiling as shown in the design on this page where the octagon is the principal form and which is taken from a ceiling at Burton Kirk. Here the spaces between the reticulation of the ribs are

somewhat small so the ornament with which the fall of the ceiling is charged is simple but where the canon was larger important pieces of history have been attempted such as achievements of arms, rebuses of quaint allusiveness scenes from classic Biblical history the misdeeds of the husband and wife twined with a true lovers knot and many a pretty fancy. Thus surcharging of the fall caused the merely moulded ribs to appear too meagre and this iteration of the same shaped space was then found to be too restrictive. Moreover the disadvantage that the geometric pattern did not work equally to the edges of the ceiling unless that area could be divided into equal squares, mal itself more manifest as the size and shape of the rooms developed themselves, so the ceiling then came to be divided into four equal parts each part filled with some convoluted figure meeting in the common centre which was usually completed by some moulded or floridly pendant. Nor did the large size of some of our old stately rooms deter the bold attempt for I know rooms in which the drawing of the pattern for one of these quarters is eleven yards long and five yards wide filled with a linearly drawn curves or meandering lines involving and contorted with quaint unexpected quips and cranks a true parallel to the quaintly involved literary fiction of the time. Of such treatment our illustration on p. 236 affords an example taken from Lord Braybrooke's study at Audley End—a room some forty feet long and twenty feet wide—so that the drawing of the pattern is twenty feet long and ten feet wide the meandering line being a linearly distributed leav-

ing no empty spaces nor undue crowding in any part. Nor were these ribbed merely moulded as in the earlier example of the Tudor native ceiling, before referred to, they were frequently broad and flat with imbedded designs and this surface was impress-



BOY BOIR AUDLEY END

(From a lithograph by E. J. Ford, L. Cree and C.)

a true and beautiful ornamentation produced from a rolling wheel like the clockwork of a pressed or woven mould. Such a treatment is shown in the bottom of that same fine old mansion. A heavy Tudor house and in many marvellous examples of the fall ceiling all of which were executed about 1611.

The severe feeling of the fall has architecture introduced by James I. and Charles I. is true restrained this somewhat too redolent ornament

and large surface were left for painting severe architectural details in line, the primitive character of the plasterwork. The troubles which during the Cromwellian interregnum beset the country have checked all this and in the time of Charles II a reversal to more decorative character of ceiling took place partly because of the enforced

introduction so largely during the reigns of William III and Queen Anne the prevalence of rectangular forms again returned the ceilings then having generally rectangular panels round the outskirts with a circular panel in the centre this being filled with well modelled and often very interesting plasterwork whilst the rectangular ones were filled with col-



CEILING AT ASTLEY HALL.

(From a Photograph by A. Bathurst.)

laidness and severity of Puritan times and partly because so many of the once more wealthy class had been living abroad where this Spartan discipline had not been felt. With the return of natural flowers and combinations of circular forms now prevailed and in almost all the ceilings of this time you will find rectangular limitations absent. The illustration given on this page shows to what extravagant excess this natural treatment was carried—beauty of minute detail being considered quite irrespective of general effect—of all the floral work charmingly executed. Of this class of work more restricted and better composed you will find good specimens in the church of King Charles the Martyr at Tunbridge Wells. With the French taste technique in

ventilation ornament. Of this date a very charming ceiling designed by Sir Christopher Wren in which painting and modelling are combined exists in the board room of the New River Water Company (see p. 227). A little later on the influence of the French taste became generally manifest and the imitative translation of the Louis XV style popularised in this country by the designs of Chippendale, Lock and others. Many of the ceilings yet extant in one or two houses in London though as fashion has moved and from its old quarters they are but seldom seen by those who can appreciate them. Of the new rich and means adopted which succeeded the true mode of decoration and of our modern means of decoration I must treat in another article.



CHARLES MERLYON

(Facing the Door July 11, 1868)

MERLYON



Fall the stones of artists' lives—lives spent in devotion to art, lives of man seeing no thing but the beauty that surrounds them having no thing but the voice within them lives embittered by the cold chill of neglect—none exceeds in pathos and

tragic force the romance of the career of Merlyon. This man early recognised by the few as the greatest etcher of modern France, and so proclaimed in this country by Mr. Hinton four years before his pitiful death was he who struggled not so much against the indifference of a public which prides itself on its artistic temperament and artistic appreciation but rather against failure and even hunger. With misery ever staring him in the face, with the spirit of the workhouse shivering him on the one side, and that of the millionaire on the other, his life blighted with the knowledge that of his father he could know nothing publicly and that his mother's name could only be mentioned with shame, galled by the thought that his genius was fettered

by the so-called connoisseur and was the brick (too little used and spurned) of the ordinary print-seller he became finally the victim of his delicate temperament, and the balance of his mind was destroyed. But nothing could quench the fire of his genius and even from his retirement in the divided rooms of Charenton he sent forth plates only less interesting than those which were the delight of the few who understood his power and befriended him and which to-day are the coveted objects of contention of the true amateur. In the world of art which is so rich—so sadly rich—in the record of disappointed lives of crushed hopes and flouted genius there are few examples indeed of such tragic romance as is associated with the name of Charles Merlyon.

The story has been told simply and pathetically by Mr. Frederick Wedmore in his *Merlyon and Merlyon's Paris*, and to his intimate knowledge of the details of the artist's life and work the author has brought in the new and extended edition published by Messrs. Depeux and Gutkunst and now lying before us all the resources of his literary ability, and the polish and daintiness of his style. A

sad yet an instructive recital it shows not only the author's acquaintance with states and issues and strange facts as to lettering and paper set forth in the spirit of the collector but the deeper feeling of the imaginative critic and the appreciation of the true artist. We venture to think that Mr. Weld more than is not sufficiently prickled the mind of the etcher for his readers—not enough dwelt upon his characteristics as displayed in the work of his hand and in the marvellous clarity and strength of his etched line. He has not insisted on Méryon's dual quality—what Mr. Hamerton calls if we remember aright his discipline phantasy—which results in unimpaired richness of picturesqueness and suggestion combined with the faintest simplicity. But Mr. Weldmore has done perhaps more for Méryon in this country than any of the few who out of their knowledge have raised him to his proper pinnacle in men's esteem. He has shown us the man better than anyone else and has dwelt with perfect good taste on the period of his madness and his residence at Charenton. He tells us how when Méryon was tossing restlessly in bed before his removal to the asylum his friend the distinguished artist Flameng visited him there and made a drawing of him. Of that drawing we have pleasure in living before the reader a reproduction (reduced to about one third of its original size) and we may add at the same time

that two other portraits of the master exist—a seated figure and a head, both etched by Braquemont.

We have drawn particular attention to Mr. Weldmore's book because the acquaintance with the work of Méryon cannot be too much forced upon the public, nor is it easy to overestimate the greatness of his art. The revival of pure etching or rather of its acknowledgment and we would fain hope its appreciation and its rightful place in the order of the arts encourages us to regard its future with hope. It must not be forgotten that *quality* and not *effect* is its real function and its true mission. Nor can it be said when France, England, and America have given us such etchers as Méryon, Seymour Haden, and Whistler that the nineteenth century is lower in the scale of art production than its predecessor, nor that the art has suffered from want of brilliant expositors. Its line has been the adoption of etching methods in response to public demand by reproducers of pictures for a purpose for which it is primarily unfitted. But with Mr. Whistler and Mr. Haden as living examples and with Mr. Short, Mr. Strong, and others to uphold the immaculate purity and mission of the etched line we may hope that public education in the matter of etching will at least keep pace with the work accomplished by the masters of the art. S.

“ON THE ROAD—WALLACHIA”

PAINTED BY ADOLPHE SCHREYER ETCHED BY I. KRSTSWITZ.

THERE are few foreign artists of the first rank so little known in England as Adolphe Schreyer and few who better deserve recognition. Born in Frankfort in 1828 of good family he has had every advantage of education and foreign travel he could desire and this coming to the help of an intensely artistic temperament, impulsive energy, and a touch of true genius has combined to accord him a place by the merit of his achievements in the first rank of living painters. To Schreyer's artistic character there are three distinct facets and of his artistic labours three distinct divisions: he is the painter of battles of horses, and of character.

In the Crimea in 1855 he saved his apprenticeship to battle and in the train of Prince Taxis regiment he obtained the knowledge that he afterwards used to such good purpose. Among his best war pictures are his *Battle of Waghensel*, *A Cavalry Attack*, *The Wounding of Prince Taxis*, and *Charge of the Imperial Guard in the Crimea*, the latter being for the Luxembourg in 1863.

No less in his battle pictures than in his pictures of national characteristics does Schreyer show him

self a man of strong originality, unconventional and unacademical, and broadly on his merits he was placed by Théophile Gautier beside Fortuny, Delacroix, and Decamps. The north of Africa and the south east of Europe have been his most fruitful hunting grounds and no scenes of life have more impressed him and engaged his pencil than Wallachia. Into his Wallachian canvases he has delighted to introduce not only peasant life, but especially that phase of it which deals with pasturing riding and stabling. The quaint *attélagés* comprising rough haired horses in every stage of robustness and docile—contrast to the horses in his military pictures—have so long and so successfully occupied the artist's pencil that it is difficult to say whether Schreyer takes his highest stand as a painter of national life or as a painter of horses.

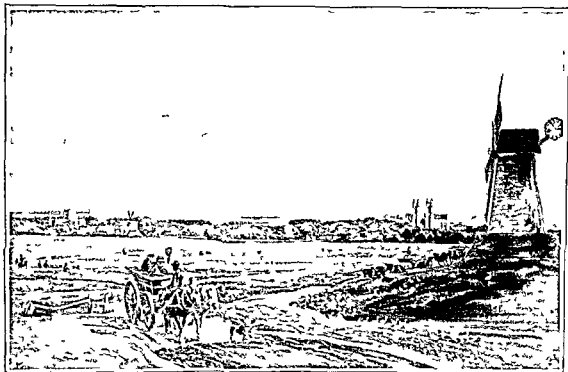
‘On the Road’ is one of his best known canvases in a class which includes *Wallachian Postage*, *A Stable on Fire*, and many others. To the work of the artist his interesting career and the position which is his among the artists of to day, we propose to return in the near future.

THE DIXON BEQUEST AT BETHNAL GREEN.

II—THE WATER COLOURS

By R. JOPE SLADE

THE water colours in the Dixon bequest number just over two hundred and fifty with the exception of about a score of drawings the work of recently dead, and of the older school of living aquarellists. The three De Wints are very delightful ex-



BEVERLEY

(From the Water-colour Painting by Peter de Wint.)

English artists. They have been selected on the whole, with sound judgment and are mainly representative of what might fitly be called the third period of British water colour art and therefore possess considerable interest for the historical student. Of Paul Sandby, Sirs Cozens, J. A. Atkinson, Pars Hooper, Edridge and such men there are no examples nor even of Tom Girtin, Turner's companion and immediate forerunner, but there is a fine drawing by old Varley, while Glover and other original members of the Old Water Colour Society have not been forgotten and the greater men, David Cox, De Wint, George Catmole, James Holland, Mount Copsey, Fielding, Duncan, and William Hunt are very satisfactorily represented. Then come the works of the more

amples of that magnificently strong and manly English painter an impressionist in the truest and best sense of the word who realised the rich fulness of feeling and colour of our English landscape which knew when he commenced a drawing exactly what he wanted to say and at once dashed in his broad full washes of the intensity desired and thus proceeded by the simplest and most dignified means to the accomplishment of his purpose. The first of the De Wints is a bold sketch—a large which has just passed through a windmill guarded lock and a slow stream creeping through the level plains of Lincolnshire that county of noble skies and broad spaciousness so beloved of the painter.

Beverley, reproduced on this page, is fuller of incident, though it conveys a message no less simple

concentrated and effective. A mill lifts its lory arms in the right foreground and a wagoner drives his team to the left, in the middle distance the yellow plain stretches towards a belt of restful trees, and beyond the towers of church and minster rise in the light above an umbrageous wood while distant hills zone the land cape with quiet azure. It is patiently meticulous with what ease De Wint exercises his knowledge of the exact spot in which to drop his figures. Cart, cattle, sheep all occur, rather than in place exactly where the balance of the composition calls for them and exactly where they give to the sentiment of the drawing its quietest authenticity. In his smaller "Conflict with Harvesters" De Wint betook himself to a more sequestered and sheltered corner of England where nature is deeper in tone and life gentler.

The View of Wyndcliffe near Kentworth by David Cox has something of the feeling we are

attuned to in poetry of the entire composition pervades every detail. The water colour landscape is of to-day have much to learn from the older men as to the value and charm of consistent unity of purpose.

From David Cox to Mr Birket Foster is a long stride. But Mr Dixon must have been catholic in his tastes as he has brought together one or two of the best of the drawings of the artist who uses his brush paint almost as though it were a pened. Shaped to a very fine point. The Fosters are small in size and whilst a sunset over meadow land is a careful bit of colouring by far the most important and most characteristic drawing is the "Clematis Resting at a Still" on this page. A little group of rustic children have reached a stile and are resting with their laboriously collected sheaf before going further. The archers are ruddy and healthy, but not quite so aduly neat as Mrs Allingham sees them. The eldest girl has that little



CLEMENS RESTING AT A STILE

(From the Watercolor Painting by B. K. Foster, F.R.S.)

accustomed to associate with George Barret. The trees are so disposed to the right and left of the foreground as to frame in the far receding plains in the distance which are bathed in golden light. The feeling of the drawing is quiet and happy and as is always the case with Cox the particular sen-

motional look, so common amongst the children of the poor when there are many little ones to be looked after. The dog a sad mongrel but a lively playmate mischievously sniffs at the straggling straws in the apron land glimmings. By the side of the stile stands a pollarded oak with tufts of lute donned



summit rises. In the distance gather the piling or mauve grey thunder clouds. Mr. Esterlin so much affects. It is impossible not to feel the artist's tender sympathy for the scene he depicts and it is impossible not to wish that he had seen fit to express that love in a manner less pitifully pretty and more spontaneously stirring.



WAITING FOR THE SNIPPER

(From the Hall of the Fine Arts by Edgar Degas)

Amongst the largest and most attractive of the kind types is a View of Chiavenna North Italy by H. Gastineau. It is a marvellous piece of workmanship by a man who was a consummate master of the technique of his medium. But it troubles us with a redundancy of fanciful and variety—a river tumbling through a fertile verdant valley which is walled in by precipitous rocks and in the distance the snow-crowned mountains wreathed with purple vapours. Such scenes are hardly paintable but the uniform quality of the work and the effect of simultaneous accomplishment are remarkable. A very much more pleasing drawing is this artist's high View near

Trimco Meath Ireland a ruined abbey rising in stately grace from the lush meadowland by the side of a quiet stream, the entire composition flooded with mellow light and very tender in feeling. Gastineau like Turner had to paint many views in his life illustrating itineraries through Wales—Jones's Views of the Seats of Noblemen and such work little

lived nearly eighty years and found time to do drawings which were works of the mind or as we say, works of the temperament and to hold them as David Cox did very far before pictures of places. He must have been a true master and his water colours are held in increasing esteem by the connoisseurs of to-day.

The William Hunts are very strong. Hunt was born in Long Acre to paint rustics with a fidelity to facts never before attempted and flowers and fruit for the first time as they grew or fell on mossy banks and not as all previous painters had treated them on plates of gold or in jars of porcelain ready for the service of the rich. His Hermit Lessons in this collection gives us a luminous cottage interior full of pleasant moving light and a chill wool-gathering and inattentive directly she is withdrawn from the open and listlessly standing up to receive a task to her mother. The gawky attitude of the girl the crisp clear touch with which the work is done and the notes of sparkling red so happily introduced in the little effects on the mother's table all distinguish this as a fine example of the master. James Holland is also very notably represented by some of his gem-like bits of Venice with those bright crimson and cold deep greens in the water which modern men do not see when they visit the Queen of the Adriatic.

George Catermole was before all things an arranger of groups. He would have made initial stage manager. Every figure in his composition is just where it should be. Every attitude expresses the meaning of the drawing. His faces are sadly uniform in expression, and seeing that they are all painted with pinkish body colour with black lines for features there is little cause to wonder at this. His costumes are of no particular date but belong to what is historically called the historic period. George Catermole just lived to see the days of strict archaeological research set in. His training as an

architect gave strength and reality to his *mise en scène*. There are few English artists living who could tell a story so dramatically as that narrated in Cattermole's "The Devils Departure." Charles Cattermole several of whose drawings are amongst the collection, has caught his uncles uncouth method but he does not in an equal degree display his spirit.

With the Cattermoles it is exceedingly interesting to compare the work of the veteran President of the Royal Water Colour Society the "Scout from Don Quixote" painted when Sir John Gilbert's powers were at their fullest. Here each face is of a different significance. The Don sits at the head of the table a high born long lean faced enthusiast declaiming in his writhed ecstatic way on chivalry. Sancho Panza with an expression of stupid good-natured incredulity sits on a tub by his side. The coarse serving woman behind the knight's back grips at his hallucinations which to her appear merely vulgarly comic. But very different expressions sit on the faces of the ladies and the knight at the table. The first is set out of doors, and a waiting maid comes for tendingly listening down the verandah steps. The composition is distinguished by drifty balance and symmetry, the drawing of the figures is free bold and graceful, the costumes are correct as to period charming alike in design and colour, and the technique is bright and transparent—it was done before the day when Sir John's eyes began to see so much black in the shadows. As a tableau this work is as eloquent as any of Cattermoles' but it is full of fine quality and varied subtlety of detail. Very different in treatment is

A* Moonlight Cafe at Fiddlers. By Mr Arthur Croft a large and very clever drawing of a group of white clad girls crowded together over the glowing coffee apparatus, in a square white walled building with the deep blue sky for roof. It is possessed of great charm and distinction and is vaguely suggestive of Mullen.

Mr W. C. T. Dolson R.A. is a veteran like Sir John Gilbert. He began to paint in water-colours late in life—somewhere about 1870 and soon abandoned it as a constant practice though his nearly life-sized Head of a Girl here reproduced was executed in 1880. It is solidly painted after the manner of an artist accustomed to work in

oil. Some of the flesh tones and reflections in the rather massive neck and shoulder are very clever. Mr Dolson tells me that the year after the exhibition of his first water colour at the Academy he was made an Associate of the Royal Water Colour Society and was under the then just-amended regulations the first Academician who



GIRLS HEAD

(From the Water-colour Painted by W. C. T. Dolson R.A.)

was allowed to accept membership of an outside society.

Mr Edwin Bates' "Left in Charge" a little girl keeping watch and ward over a basket of oranges whilst her father a coster is away slaking his thirst and "Waiting for the Skipper" in honest frank faced sailor boy dressed in a bright blue guernsey waiting by some lobster pots for the skipper's orders to go aboard again are early drawings of the artist—carefully drawn and in point of colour entirely pleasant transcripts of just such subjects as the public love best to purchase for the enrichment of their homes.

Like most successful painters of animals the late Frederick Tayler loved to live with and study his model. Love animals of sense their graceful movements and at every turn they present beauty of form and colour to the eye and every walk which you take will be at once a lesson and a pleasure. Such were the general instructions with which this artist whose pride it was to have worked in the company

which is reproduced on p. 245. Easy and spontaneous play is put in tone charming if not very accurate in costume. Tayler's hunting and sporting drawings continue to delight us even in these days of a more exacting anatomical knowledge whilst few men have obtained such graceful results with such slight means.

Amongst the foreign water colours is a beautiful interior of the Church of St Gervase Lierre with



AN ITALIAN PEASANT

(From the Water-colour Paintings by Carl Haag, F.R.S.)

of both Landseer and Milne Bonheur and who had attained to the dignity of President of the Royal Water Colour Society, presented a delightful little volume of studies which he is needed and could so easily be a guide to painting animals in water colours and in all his drawings there is a sunny note of joyousness and manifest delight in the subject. In the Devon collection there are two drawings by Tayler both of a "Hawking Party" the more elaborate of

the characteristic black and white mullets of the Italian churches skilfully handled by Louis Haghe. Born in Belgium Haghe was intimately connected with England all his lifetime and his fine pictures of the interior of St Peter's Rome constitute an important part of the Seely bequest at this museum. Hardly less English by association is Mr Carl Haag whose vigorous Italian Peasant striding along over the sunny campaign is reproduced on this page.

OUR ILLUSTRATED NOTE BOOK

SEVEN of the most recent acquisitions of the National Gallery are here reproduced. Of these no fewer than four have found their way into the National Gallery catalogue. The Virgin and Child by Bernardino Fungui of the Sieneſe ſchool was preſented by Mr William Connal Junr. The Adoration of the Shepherds by Bernhard Fabritius introduces one of the pupils of Leonardo. By the "Landscape of Solomon" in which the uncle of the greater Jacob Purcell is here first seen—as also is Jan Wouverman with another Landscape. In addition to these an Ecce Homo of Guido

van Montorio Bazzi—in whom the student will recognise the master better known as El Solomón—will reinforce the beautiful Madonna and Child which

unlike rather than painted life size studies by Landſaer for his Trilſgar Squint lions which were

recently bequeathed to the nation by the late Mr T H Hill. To that gentleman they were preſented by the artist with the following letter—

St. John's Wood Road

N W

March 11th 1870

DEAR HILL.—I know you like water better than oil. In spite of your love of paper painting I venture to beg your acceptance of oil studies which you will receive as oil friends from the Zoo. In some respects they will recall the interest you took in my labours for the Nelson house at Millport. I will always remind you of my admiration for your kindly nature, both to man

and beast to say nothing of my endless obligations to your unceasing desire to aid a poor old man nearly useless. Dear T H Hill ever sincerely yours,

E. LANDSEER

THE VIRGIN AND CHILD SURROUNDED BY CHILDREN

(By Bernardino Fungui, recently purchased by the National Gallery)



ADORATION OF THE SHEPHERDS

(By Bernhard Fabritius, recently acquired by the National Gallery)

nine years ago was purchased from Mr Fairfax Murray. In the British section are the two ad-



ECCE HOMO

(By Guercinoantonio Barni, recently acquired by the National Gallery)

The penultimate picture for the decoration of the Manchester Town Hall upon the series for which

Like most successful painters of animals the late Frederick Taylor loved to live with and study his models. Love animals observe their graceful movements and at every turn they present beauty of form and colour to the eye and every wall which you take will be at once a lesson and a pleasure. Such were the general instructions with which this artist whose pride it was to have world in the company

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AN ITALIAN PEASANT

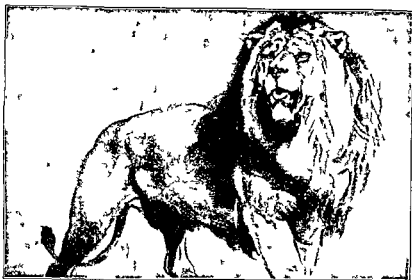
(From the *National Gallery Catalogue*)

of both Lanser and Milk Bohear and who had attained to the dignity of President of the Royal Water Colour Society prefaced a delightful little volume of studies which he issued a decade or so ago as a guide to painting animals in water colours, and in all his drawings there is a sunny note of joyousness and manifest delight in the subject. In the Dixon collection there are two drawings by Taylor both of a Hawking party the more elaborate of

the characteristic black and white marbles of the Belgian churches skilfully handled by Louis Haghe. Born in Belgium Haghe was intimately connected with England all his lifetime and his fine pictures of the interior of St Peter's Rome constitute an important part of the Staley bequest at this museum. His less English by association is Mr Carl Haag whose vigorous Italian Peasant striding along over the sunny campagna is reproduced on this page.

The reredos designed by Dalton and Co for St Clement's Church Salford is interesting for its novel application of ceramic decoration. It is of terra

cotta and the figures of the work generally have been treated in the manner of the outlines being run in clay and the colours floated into the spaces



STUDY FOR THE TRAFALGAR SQUARE LIONS.

(By Sir Edwin Landseer, R.A. Recently loaned to the National Gallery.)

cotta with a glaze of greyish green. It is ten feet six inches wide and eighteen feet high and the upper part under an elaborate canopy a panel also in terra cotta is painted in the impasto process

The work is then fired in kilns so that the colours are of course permanent.

Of the nine works which during the past year were added to the National Gallery of Scotland two



STUDY FOR THE TRAFALGAR SQUARE LIONS.

(By Sir Edwin Landseer, R.A. Recently loaned to the National Gallery.)

with a representation of the Crucifixion. On the upper part of the east wall are figures, larger than life of St. Clement and St. John. These and the

are here reproduced. The portrait of Jean Jacques Rousseau (30 inches by 24) painted by his friend Allan Ramsay has been acquired by purchase. This



LANDSCAPE

(By John Constable Esq. R. A. in the possession of the Earl of G.)



LANDSCAPE

(By John Constable Esq. R. A. in the possession of the Earl of G.)

Mr Fort Madox Brown has for some years been his health he was indisposed to encounter The event here de jected with all that power of invention for which the artist has always been famous represents the opening of the Bridgewater Canal by the enthusiastic Duke in 1761 and records certain incidents of the day connected with the ceremony and with the eminent but wholly illiterate engineer Brindley.



THE OPENING OF THE BRIDGE AT THE CANAL

(By Fort Madox Brown Esq. R. A. in the possession of the Earl of G.)



J. J. E. M. S. E. A. N.

(By J. J. E. M. S. E. A. N. Esq. R. A. in the possession of the Earl of G.)

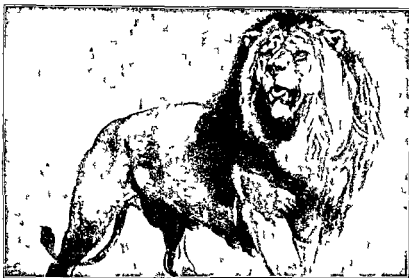


DUTCH BOYS DRINKING

(By Te. J. E. S. E. A. N. Esq. R. A. in the possession of the Earl of G.)

The reredos designed by Dalton and Co for St Clement's Church, Salford, is interesting for its novel application of ceramic decoration. It is of terra

cotta and all portions of the work generally have been treated in the manner of *clousonné*, the outlines being raised in clay and the colours floated into the spaces.



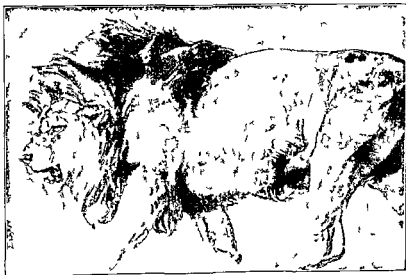
STUDY FOR THE TRAFALGAR SQUARE LIONS.

(By S. Ed. Laidner R.A. Execd. by the National Gallery.)

cotta with a glaze of greyish green. It is ten feet six inches wide and eighteen feet high and the upper part under an elaborate canopy a panel also in terra cotta is painted in the impasto process.

The work is then fired in kilns so that the colours are of course permanent.

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STUDY FOR THE TRAFALGAR SQUARE LIONS.

(By S. Edwin Laidner R.A. Recently bequeathed to the National Gallery.)

with a representation of the Crucifixion. On the upper part of the east wall are figures larger than life of St Clement and St John. These and the

are here reproduced. The portrait of Jean Jacques Pousseau (20 inches by 25) painted by his friend Allan Ramsay has been acquired by purchase. This



LANDSCAPE

(By John Constable. Recently acquired by the National Gallery.)



LANDSCAPE

(By J.M.W. Turner. Recently acquired by the National Gallery.)

Mr Ford Madox Brown has for some years been engaged in painting his health he was indisposed to encounter the event here depicted with all that power of invention for which the artist has always been famous represents the opening of the Bridgewater Canal by the enthusiastic Duke in 1761, and records certain incidents of the day in order to save the artist the labour and physical discomfort which at his age and in the condition of



THE OPENING OF THE BRIDGEWATER CANAL

(By Ford Madox Brown. For the Manchester Town Hall.)

connected with the ceremony and with the eminent but wholly illiterate engineer Brindley.



J. M. W. TURNER

(By J.M.W. Turner. Recently acquired by the National Gallery of Scotland.)



DUTCH BOATS DRINKING

(By J.M.W. Turner. Recently acquired by the National Gallery of Scotland.)

The reredos designed by Doulton and Co for St Clement's Church Salford is interesting for its novel application of ceramic decoration. It is of terra

ornamental portions of the work generally have been treated in the manner of *clousoné* the outlines being raised in clay and the colours floated into the spaces



STUDY FOR THE TRAFALGAR SQUARE LIONS.

(By Sir Edwin Landseer R.A. Recently begun and to the National Gallery)

cotta with a glaze of greyish green. It is ten feet six inches wide and eighteen feet high and the upper part under an elaborate canopy a panel also in terra cotta is painted in the impasto process

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STUDY FOR THE TRAFALGAR SQUARE LIONS.

(By Sir Edwin Landseer P.A. Recently begun and to the National Gallery)

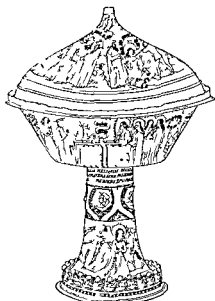
with a representation of the Crucifixion. On the upper part of the east wall are figures larger than life of St Clement and St John. These and the

are here reproduced. The portrait of Jean Jacques Rousseau (30 inches by 20) painted by his friend Allan Ramsay has been acquired by purchase. Thus,

doubtless is the picture sold by the artist to Mr. certainly in the Royal Treasury before the days of Richard Davenport on the 8th of July 1767 as the Tutors and is mentioned in the inventories of Henry VIII and Elizabeth I. It is thought that James I gave the cup to Velasco the Spanish ambassador in memory of the peace between his country and ours after the destruction of the Armada. This fine mediæval specimen of the goldsmith's art is encrusted with numerous scenes in the life of St. Agnes and for many reasons it is to be hoped that the money will be forthcoming to secure it for the British Museum.

We are enabled by the courtesy of Messrs. Wertheimer to publish a drawing of the great gold cup thought to have belonged to Henry VI's Treasury and which is a royal relic—

the life of the Sacred Treasures of England—it is sought to a gift for the nation for the sum of £5,000—the price put by Messrs. Wertheimer. Of this sum the Treasury has granted £5,000 and only about £2,000 remains unsubscribed. A few years ago Spain and Paris sold the cup to Baron Pichon from whom the present owners recently purchased it. The Iron

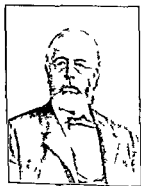


HENRY VI'S GOLD CUP

(Proposed to be purchased for the Nation)

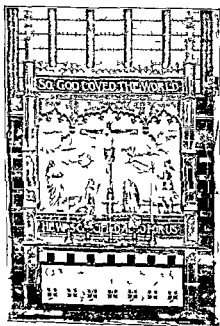
To the death of the late Mr. C. J. Lewis F.R.S. we referred last month.

Mr. Henry Tate—the withdrawal of whose generosity is offered to the nation of his pictures and £80,000 wherewith to buy not only them but future contributions from others has been the great event of the art season—is a native of Liverpool. His efforts in the direction



HENRY TATE, ESQ.

(From a Photograph by Mrs. Watson, Liverpool)



RELIQUARY AT ST. CLEMENT'S CHURCH, LIVERPOOL



THE LATE C. J. LEWIS, B.A.

(From a Photograph by Mrs. Voltry, Chelsea)

ascertain its identity from an inscription on the cup. It is believed to have belonged to Charles V. of France and through his granddaughter to have come into the possession of Henry V. of England. The cup was certainly in the Royal Treasury before the days of Henry VIII and Elizabeth I. It is thought that James I gave the cup to Velasco the Spanish ambassador in memory of the peace between his country and ours after the destruction of the Armada. This fine mediæval specimen of the goldsmith's art is encrusted with numerous scenes in the life of St. Agnes and for many reasons it is to be hoped that the money will be forthcoming to secure it for the British Museum.

of public usefulness have by no means been confined to the encouragement of artists and art knowledge alone. Literary and educational movements having found in him a keen and generous supporter.

ART IN APRIL.

MR. TATE AND THE BRITISH LUXEMBOURG

The withdrawal by Mr. Tate of his offer of his collection and the withdrawal of a handsome gallery to contain such part of it as his trustees might accept is a blundering end to a blundering business. Had Mr. Tate accepted the suggestion which we called attention to last month, the matter might have been carried through with little delay, and with the greatest advantage to the public. But owing to stipulations as to certain non-available sites, and misunderstandings on the part of the Government Mr. Tate finds himself not only disappointed in his noble intentions, but actually ridiculed and grossly insulted by certain persons in the press. The treatment he has received has, we regret to say, borne heavily on Mr. Tate, but he knows at least that he has the respect and gratitude of the whole nation, even should his proposals prove abortive. We believe that this is not finally the case, and that it is possible that we may still congratulate ourselves on one of the most munificent public benefactions of recent times. In any case, it should be remembered that it is not so much the works of living artists that are now required by the nation for the formation of a true National Gallery of British Art as those of our deceased masters, and it must be ever borne in mind should after all the Tate Gallery come to pass, that the masterpieces of such as are not represented in our national collections should have the first attention and be first acquired.

A WARNING.

It is perhaps rather late in the day for us to warn our readers against the concern styled "The International Society of Literature, Science and Art," as its absurd claims to public respect and its members' cash have been sufficiently exposed in *Truth*, and the past and present of the so-called "curator," Morgan, have been laid bare. As, however, this "society," which grants "fellowships" on payment of guineas, and impudently throws in permission to wear a hood and gown, has just issued an "official journal" called *The Pantheon*, we think it right to remind our readers of the ridiculous pretensions of the concern. Morgan's antecedents are a matter of notoriety, and his declared connection with the "Artists' Alliance" is not a fact that would tend to increase the confidence of any genuine artist.

THE ORIGIN OF THE NEW ENGLISH ART CLUB

In consequence of existing misapprehension as to the circumstances attending the foundation of the New English Art Club, we place the following "true facts" before our readers. The idea originated solely with Mr. W. H. Bartlett and a dealer, the latter of whom arranged with Mr. Colnaghi to participate in the scheme. So far, then, the first active step (apart from Mr. W. Bartlett) was directed by art-dealers. The first meeting was convened at the studio of Mr. Bartlett, and was attended by four or five

persons, among whom were Messrs. Fred Brown, Tuke, Goteh and Kennington. Mr. Stanhope Forbes, contrary to what has been stated, took no active part in it, even if he were present, nor was he so enthusiastic in regard to the proposed club as other moving spirits. Some time later—just before final arrangements were made to hold the exhibition—but after the works had been selected by the dealers who were managing it—Mr. Colnaghi found himself unable to give his gallery for the purposes of the show. Mr. Ludliff, since then a constant contributor, came off promptly forward and became a guarantor for the whole rent of the gallery, and the exhibition proceeded. It will thus be seen that the Club as an exhibiting body, was in reality founded by Mr. Ludliff single handed, for without his interposition no show could have been held, and the whole affair would have fallen through. The subsequent defection or semi-retirement of the Newlyn school under the pressure of the Whistlerian element was not so ruinous an event as it has been constantly represented, while the present policy of the club, as to selection, is a matter of more recent introduction.

RECENT EXHIBITIONS.

The conditions of the Royal Institute of Painters in Water Colours are, indeed, vastly changed since the time when the Society held its modest exhibitions of works of the members in the gallery in Pall Mall. In the present or seventy-fourth annual collection we have three great rooms filled with between seven and eight hundred drawings, illustrating all that the art of the aquatint can do, as, hope for, or accomplish. The President, Sir JAMES D. LINTON, delights us with one of his scholarly and refined studies of a shepherdess standing crook in hand, as she murmurs Goldsmith's lines—

"Ah me! when all I marry me,
Lovers are plentiful but fail to relieve me."

whilst Mr. H. G. HINE well supports his position of Vice-President if only in his poetically beautiful little "Afterglow" landscape in which the charm of the paling light of the sky is in harmony with the misty shadows of evening night. To turn to sculptures, in which the exhibition is at least as strong as usual, we find two notable specimens in "Entrance to Portmouth" by Mr. EDWIN HAYES, and "Waves, Finsamor Strand," the sea breaking up at low tide on a rocky coast, by Professor HANS VON BAHRTEN. Every one must be delighted with another of the series of the ruined abbays of Yorkshire in "Iountains Abbey," by Mr. BERNARD EVANS, and "Evening, a cowled light of his pipe as he leads his cattle homewards in the twilight," by L. AUGUST BROWN, fully realises the artist's motive. The progress of our younger painters is always a subject of interest, and has forcible illustration in the very clever "Gipsy's Warning" by Mr. EDIE DE HUNTER, who is not only skilful, but works as if he loved labour. "The Boat on a Chapel, from Postford Lake, Surrey," is a gloriously

treated wooded scene, by Mr HUGHES STANTON, and "Gone Away," a carefully-drawn study of a hunter watching from a ditch into which he has been thrown his riderless nag, by Mr A. CHANTREY CORBOLD. The various galleries show something more than the ordinary number of contributions by lady artists and among these we noticed those of Miss A. M. YOUNGMAN, Miss AGNES G KING, Lady LINDSAY, Miss HENRIETTA CRESSWELL, Miss ROSE BAPTON, Miss DEMAIN HAMMOND, and Miss JANE M. DEALY.

The exhibition of the Royal Society of Painter Etchers includes this year some representations of the art of VAN DYCK, as in previous years it has represented Rembrandt and Turner, and to represent Vandyck fairly, the show does not need to be very extensive. Carpenter, the authority on the matter admits but three and twenty plates as having been worked by Vandyck. Even these in their later states, were added to and what is called "completed" by certain reproductive engravers of the Low Countries, and the Society of Painter Etchers wisely exhibits in several cases Vandyck's early sketch upon the copper alongside of the more finished and damaged plate. Although in painting Vandyck strayed from time to time beyond portraiture—as, for instance, the noble and sumptuous "Rinaldo and Armida" at this year's Old Masters has shown—his labour with etching needle and aquafortis was confined to the counterfeiting presentations of a handful of distinguished men. One or two of the less instructed critics of the exhibition—practising draughtsmen, of course, rather than literary students—unaware of this fact, have taken the society to task for not exhibiting that which does not exist. The contemporary work, which forms, after all the bulk of the Painter Etcher's exhibition, may be divided roughly into two classes. There is first the work which, by elaborateness of realism, aims presumably to be popular. This is very often that "large plate" which, in the opinion of more than one competent critic, "is an offence." There is, secondly, the work which, whether successfully or unsuccessfully, aims rather at suggestion than at realisation—the frank and vigorous, or the delicate and reticent sketch. The first class, perhaps, sells to the many, the second we surmise, fetches, much of it, in the portfolios of a few connoisseurs and to the producers of it yields more honour than notoriety, and in the doing of it, more delight than gold. Mr WATSON, Mr MACRETH, Mr HERKIMER, Mr WILLIAM STRANG, Mr FRANK SHOPT, Colonel GOFF, the Dutchman, STOLMAN GRAVESANDE, the French etcher, M. HELLET, Mr CAMERON, Mr MAY, Mr PERCY THOMAS, Mr OLIVER HALL, and Mr CHARLES HOLROYD—these are, for the most part, genuine artists, practising with varying success, in the somewhat different methods that lie within the compass of the art.

The Glasgow Institute has this year adopted the Salon rule of accepting only two contributions from each artist, and its exhibition is accordingly characterised by even more than its accustomed variety. Mr L. A. WATSON is represented by his finely painted, but rather hard and ungraceful, full length of ex-Lord Provost Sir James King, of Glasgow, a commission from the Corporation. Mr JAMES GUTHRIE has a striking portrait of Mrs Spencer standing draped in a holo trope gown, and Mr LAYLA exhibits one of his clever studies of female heads, "A Girl in Grey," and an important group of "Mrs. Lawrence and Edwin," excellent in the pose of the lady's figure and in the disposition of its draperies. A large domestic subject, by Mr MAYOR LEWIS, "The Children's Hour,"

will hardly increase that painter's reputation. In landscape Mr R. W. ALLAN shows a rich and poetic scene of dark poplars against a ruddy evening sky, and the delicate transparent quality of a sky of early spring is excellently rendered in the "Nameless Hills" of Mr JAMES PATTERSON. Mr GEORGE HENRY exhibits a curiously composed, potentially coloured "Ayrshire Landscape, and a brilliantly decorative figure piece of children set in a garden amid a blaze of crimson poppies. Mr HORNEVELL, who has been working on similar lines with Mr Henry, and has sometimes collaborated with him upon his pictures, shows in "Summer" a purely ideal or fanciful subject of figures and landscape, deriving its charm from its dexterous and accomplished combination of colour. Among the loan pictures are examples of CONSTABLE, CROWE, and COTMAN, of REYNOLDS and ROMAN, of ISAEBY and COROT. Care has been taken to secure an unusually good display of sculpture.

REVIEWS

The Life and Letters of Samuel Palmer, Painter and Etcher, by A. H. PALMER (Sceley and Co.), is a handsome volume—carefully edited elegantly printed, and enriched with admirable reproductions of some of the artist's poetic landscapes. These are among the few thoroughly original and beautiful works of their kind the world has gained since Eltzheimer, Claude and Gaspard Poussin ceased to paint. As illustrations of the progress and variations of Palmer's art and mental development, these plates have considerable interest, because, beginning with studies made from nature while the artist was almost without guidance of the higher sort—he was at work at Shoreham, in Kent—they continue to mark his progress through delicate and Claude inspired landscapes made in Italy when he had not entered the middle period of life (see "Villa d'Iste" facing p. 60, which reminds us of that Claude of Claudes' "The Enchanted Castle"). The series advances with one of his earlier etchings such as "The Willow," his probationary plate engraved on his election to the Etching Club, 1830 and it concludes with "The Water Mill," a lovely and dignified vision of the "glowering." Thus this art has never embodied a more perfect type of noble sentiment as conveyed by a twilight landscape, where the sky is flushed with sunset glories and the shadows lengthen on every hand. The painter's son, in collecting materials for the appreciative and sympathetic biography of his father which forms the first portion of this volume, has paid a filial tribute of gratitude it must have been delightful to offer in performing this affectionate office, and has added much to the text which, in a less well digested and organic shape, he published some few years ago. He has corrected a few trivial errors and filled some gaps of importance which exist in the earlier versions of the "Life." We could not wish a better or more sympathetic memoir of this never to be forgotten or too often studied poet in painting. The letters which form the bulk of the book are entirely new, and are addressed to John Linnell, the famous land sculptist, to Mr E. Calvert, the painter whose rare merits and singular life were fitted to supply Browning with materials for a soul searching study of humanity, to Mr P. G. Hamerton, the well known and accomplished critic and etcher, to Mr J. C. Hook, renowned for views of British seas, to Mr George Richmond, R.A., to Miss Louisa Twining, to Mr L. J. Valsey, to the present writer, and to several other friends. One hundred and twenty four in number, these epistles, although there are

considerable gaps in the historical and chronological sequence (completeness in which is always much to be desired) which obtains in them afford a solid and exact view of the character of the writer. Although this "Life and Letters" is not a book for those who read to run and running read it is a thoroughly interesting and fresh one for those who care to hold things close and sober converse with the painter of "The Lonely Tower," "The Early Hamman," "The Sleeping Shepherd," "The Rising Moon," "Tardus Bulbulus," and a hundred more noble grave, and pathetic pastorals, the majority of which are inspired by the origin like verse of Milton, and are worthy to be ranked with 'the lines' instances of our time.

"*The Dawn of Art in the Ancient World*" by Mr. W. M. Conway (London: Percival and Co.) is an interesting and scholarly work. As he frankly admits, Mr. Conway is of those who study art from a scientific rather than from an æsthetic point of view. However his method is never pedantic, and not only are his conclusions just and moderate, but he finds space for many excellent *after-dinner* thoughts. The book is not homogeneous—that is to say the first chapter has little, the last nothing, at all to do with the matter in hand, and perhaps it would be wise to acknowledge the diversity rather than to impart a spurious unity to the work. The study of prehistoric art—an important branch of anthropology—was never so popular as at present, and Mr. Conway's chapters on the Stone Age and the invention of bronze are models of their kind. It is his purpose to suggest rather than to inform, and therefore it would have been helpful to his readers if he had given them a list of authorities or supplied similar references in the foot notes. The last chapter in the book—"The Caves of Egypt"—contains an entertaining description of a cemetery of cats lately excavated at Bulbaste. Some years ago an Egyptian tomb filled discovered beneath the level sand of the desert a vast mass of mummified cats. What has become of the hundred thousands of cats which have lain hidden for four thousand years seems uncertain. Probably they have been turned into pigments. But among the fragmentary corpses were not a few interesting lions—now in Mr. Conway's possession—some of them coated with *gesso* and gilded. All of which proves that in ancient times, as among the savages of to-day, it was a blessed thing to be a totem lion or a totem, unlike a prophet is entertained with the greatest honour in his own tribe and among his own kindred.

Two volumes were lately *deposited* at the *British Museum* of MM. Perrot and Chipiez. Though the learned authors have come to the end of Oriental art and yet reached Greece, the history proceeds on as ample a scale as heretofore. The "*History of Art in Phrygia, Lycia, Caria, and Lycia*" (London: Chapman and Hall) has but an archaeological interest. Attention has recently been called to Phrygia, and modern research has brought to light much that is interesting concerning the political institutions of that country, but this fact scarcely justifies MM. Perrot and Chipiez in devoting 270 pages to an art which is little better than barbarous. The rock-cut facades with their coarse diamond patterns, in the neighbourhood of Jashi Kara are merely curious, while the dominant characteristics of the great lions in the *Ayazeeen* necropolis is a rude savagery. However, Phrygia is just now the fashion among scholars, and thus the ill proportion of MM. Perrot and Chipiez will find a ready condonation. If they have lingered too long in Phrygia, they have done less than justice to Lycia. Into the question whether the tombs and reliefs found in the neighbourhood of Xanthus are of

Greek or Lycian workmanship we need not here enter. At any rate they are Greek in character, and MM. Perrot and Chipiez have a right to reserve their discussion until they come to treat of Greek art. But it is difficult to understand the principle in accordance with which they describe the Lion Tomb in the British Museum and make no mention of the far more famous Harpy Tomb preserved in the same treasure house. Would it not have been wiser had they presented an account of all the Lycian monuments in the chapters devoted to Lycia, and given the necessary reference when they reached the early art of Greece? Nor is it sufficiently clear why the two marble reliefs found in the tumulus of the *Bin Tepe*, Sardis, should be omitted from the Lycian chapter. The "*History of Art in Persia*" is far more interesting than the volume which precedes it. Whatever be the shortcomings of Persian art, it was neither barbarous nor primitive. It was already finished and adorned, and its exponents if not original, had derived their knowledge from the best sources known to them. Assyria, Egypt and even Greece taught Persia the most valuable lesson which the sculptors and architects of the Great King were quick to learn. The Persians, too, had a great genius for colour as proved by their magnificent textile fabrics and the splendour of their pottery and such works as the propylæa of *Verres* must have been dreams of beauty in spite of their Oriental fantasy. Not the least remarkable illustrations in the volume are the admirable restorations of M. Chipiez of Persepolis and its monuments. The translation of both volumes is faithful, lucid, and sometimes idiomatic, which need of praise its immediate predecessors did not merit. As the work is essentially valuable for reference, it is a matter for regret that the indexes are neither exhaustive nor intelligent.

The importation of china from the land of its manufacture by the Dutch merchants in the seventeenth century had a fatal effect on the art wares of Europe. French and Italian majolica delft, and all similar wares, were doomed from that time to disappear before the porcelain of the East, still more before the imitations of that costly material. For, as delft had dislodged the wooden treacher and the pewter platter, so earthenware dislodged delft from simply utilitarian considerations because it had a harder body and a finer, thin, transparent, hard glaze. This ware was discovered made in the endeavour to imitate the porcelain of china. Another and very artistic ware was a result which came out of the introduction of this Eastern import. Efforts were made to imitate it as a material not for every day use, but as one that had a beauty quite its own both in texture and in its power to take colour. In the absence of the knowledge that it was made of a single natural earth—"kaolin," various imitations were made that would it was hoped rival the transient beauty of the original. Among these imitations those of the French chemists of the last century are the most remarkable, and the outcome of their labours was the "faïte tendre" of Sévres, certainly the most beautiful and complete of the many successful guesses at the original china body that were made. It had a translucent body and a soft glaze that took the pigments used in its decoration in a peculiarly beautiful way, but it failed as an imitation of porcelain, inasmuch as it would have fused into a formless mass if it had been exposed to the heat of a porcelain kiln—hence its distinguishing name—"Soft Porcelain." This manufacture was the delight of kings and collectors in the last century—a delight that lasted through all political troubles—until the commencement of the present century when the general discovery of

kelvin which led to the manufacture of true 'china,' thru' it as the beautiful 'jate tendre' completely and for ever. These remarks are suggested by the appearance of a sumptuous folio dealing with the history of the "*Soft Porcelain of Sèvres*," by EDUARD GARNIER (Nimrod), illustrated with 240 fully coloured examples of the ware. The whole book is done in a way only possible with best French work. Each page illustrates is worthy of a monograph to itself and of a place in a national museum. An ample and exhaustive table of artists' marks will suffice, with one or two other observations, to give the collector an ability to detect forgeries, an enormous number of which exist. We may honestly say this monumental work is worthy of its intensely interesting subject.

Ornamental design is a subject that has few reliable exponents or professors in this country. Picture-making is the ambition of every art student, and in consequence we have to get too many of our decorative designs made by Frenchmen. Amongst the best of our few good ornamental designers is Mr LEWIS F DAY who is the author of several books on ornamental art. *Arture in Ornament* (Batsford) is the latest of these and is probably the best. In it the author goes fully and clearly into the relation of natural to ornamental forms. Some of us can remember the effort that was made after the close of the 1861 Exhibition to banish natural forms from decoration. Sir Henry Cole fitted up at Marlborough House a Chamber of Horrors, in which were brought together a large number of awful examples of bad decorative design, and as much of the badness was owing to the maltreatment of natural forms, there came about a feeling that the employment of natural forms in any way should be avoided in ornamentation and for years Owen Jones and the conventional principles of Moorish decoration held the field. No one dared to have any decoration on wall, ceiling, or floor, but simple repeats of geometric or purely conventional forms. But they bored us beyond endurance at last. Mr Ruskin tells us how he revolted against the fashion. A brown spotted carpet "in the best taste" had been put down on his library floor, but he found it not conducive to brown study, and he forthwith had it taken up and another carpet covered with roses put down in its place. And Mr Ruskin was not alone in the discovery that, in spite of the Chamber of Horrors, natural forms were capable of yielding us more pleasure than the simple geometric patterns. The revolt against the use of natural forms was, as is usual in such cases, an extreme one—it came as a protest against a wrong and I had use. As Mr Day shows in his treatise, fitted out with natural forms arranged geometrically are not necessarily good ornament, and the aim of the whole book is to show the true relation between the natural and the ornamental, and where and how the artist comes in to derive the one from the other. The treatise should be in the hands of every student of ornamental design. It is profusely and admirably illustrated, and well printed.

NEW ENGRAVINGS.

A very good reproduction of Mr STREDWICK'S picture, "*Fluene*," has recently been issued by the Tarkin Photographic Company. It was painted in illustration of the lines by

Levin, which we will find in good father's hand
That Eastern tower and entering hard her door
Stript off the case and read the naked self
Now come I shall mean in his arms
Now made a pretty boy to herself
Of every lot a jewel had beat in it.

The picture lends itself exceptionally well to photography and in consequence the photogravure preserves more than is usual the refinements of the artist's work.

Jersey maids may be as lovely amongst maids as are Jersey cows amongst cattle, but they are not so much talked about. Mr Edwin Douglas has painted a picture and the Antotype Company has reproduced it in a very good plate, entitled "*Daughter of a Channel Island*," in which a Jersey maid appears amongst Jersey cattle. It is a pleasant picture for cattle lovers. We doubt if those who prefer a pretty maid to a pretty calf will appreciate it so highly.

OBITUARY

MR HENRY DOYLE, C.B., R.H.A., Director of the National Gallery of Ireland, died on the 17th of February. Educated as an artist, he practised his pencil incidentally in comic work—a good deal under the influence of his famous brother Richard—in the early pages of *Punch* and of the extinct *Giant Gun*. In 1858 his unique contribution to the Royal Academy was made—a portrait of Cardinal Wiseman through whose interest he was made Commissioner for Rome in 1862 in connection with the International Exhibition. Mr Doyle was appointed Art Superintendent of the Dublin International Exhibition in 1865, honorary secretary at the exhibition of 1872 of the National Portrait Gallery, director of the National Gallery of Ireland in 1869, member of the Royal Hibernian Academy, Knight of the Order of Pins IV, in 1862, and Companion of the Bath in 1890. His chief work was his extraordinary success in the development of the collection under his charge, and bringing it from a position of absolute unimportance into rank with the second-class collections of the world, and that on an extremely small grant. But his judgment was almost unrivalled, his taste pure, and his knowledge profound, and he often recognised and secured treasures masked by grime at nominal prices which other judges of world-wide repute had passed by unsuspecting. He is succeeded by Mr Walter Armstrong.

The late Mr SAMUEL HAYDON, sculptor, to whose death we recently referred, was a pupil of Mr E. H. Baily, R.A. His works frequently appeared at the Royal Academy between 1842 and 1871. His "*Peulida*," which occupied the place of honour in 1847, was much admired, and he has many other works of the same description, he exhibited a number of busts of distinguished persons and personal friends. He had recently lived in complete retirement, having lost most of his intimate friends, amongst whom were Foley, Dalnes, Samuel Cousins, Rossetti, and Charles Keene.

NOTE.—Our attention is called to the fact that, in connection with Mr LEWIS DAY'S recent articles in these columns on "Wall papers," the "poppy design" is that of Mr G. F. Catchpole (not Mr Brophy), and that it is known as the "Kelvin pattern."

A short time ago we criticised with some firmness the mistake committed by the Art Union in using photogravure for its annual plate in preference to employing one of the manual arts—steel or copper engraving, mezzotint, or etching. The Committee of the Union ask us to state that only once has this step been taken. We are glad to make known the fact, more especially as the explanation would imply that this error of judgment, which was made in 1869, is recognised and will as it was the first, be also the last.





ROMAN CAMPAIGN EARLY STRING

(Forthin Iaiti j by daf a. Sgras.)

CURRENT ART THE NEW GALLERY

By M. THOMPSON JACKSON

THE visitor must have something more than a fastidious taste who cannot find a great deal to interest and delight him in the fifth summer exhibition at the New Gallery. There is imaginative design sometimes daring enough in motive portraiture ranging from the least to the downy perhaps to more common place and landscape painting of scenery both in this country and abroad presented to us under the most skill and momentary atmospheric effects furnish a good list of art produce for the student and connoisseur. A fair sprinkling of portraits—some of them of distinct merit and representative of notable persons—distributed through the various galleries tend to give variety to the collection. There is nothing more excellent in this way in the exhibition than the head of Walter Crane by Mr. G. L. Watts R.A. which is so refined in treatment, beautifully modelled and rich in tone that one might go far in the present day to find another example in this branch of art of equal worth. The eminent young man Podkowsky should feel himself favoured in having called forth the artistic powers of Mr. Alma Tadema R.A. and H.H.H. the *Times*, *Louvre* and other heads of portraits only that by Mr. Tadema in full free on an unusual still life of canvas while the *Times* pictures the famous painting with face

times in three-quarter view, turned to his left. The portraits have each a value of their own—the one by the Royal Academician being distinguished by the robust modelling, and scholarly knowledge for which he has acquired a reputation second to none, while the picture by the Princess Louise is invested with a certain scholasticism in addition to the finishwork that would be little disputable to a professional artist. The likeness in both is in keeping. On either side of Mr Watte's peerless head of Walter Crane are well diagnosed and rather stately representations of the Venerable Archbishop Wilson and Mrs Marsden Smolke by Mr W. L. Picham and Miss Athol, faithful and carefully painted half-length portrait of the eminent authoress Mrs Humphry Ward by Mr A. E. Finkle and other more clever examples of this class of art are Colonel Kiv by Sir Arthur Clay, Sir George Gilbert Stokes by Professor Harkness, Mr J. A. Mrs George Garden Noel, picturing the lady in which length is styled at a tea table by Mr Arthur Hader and a charming and interesting whole-length of Mrs George Hitchcock in dark costume and staid posture by Miss F. Shannon.

Mr E. J. Poynter has exhibits a most elaborately finished study for his Royal Academy

classical subject "When the World was Young three girls at a bath two of whom are playing at knucklebones whilst the third sleeps and Mr Alma Tadema has a gem like study in "Dreaming" a handsome young Pomeranian leaning listlessly over the side of a marble balcony as he gazes into the waters of the intense blue sea beneath. Mr Watts P.A. shows catholicity of spirit in the way he freely exhibits some of his finest productions in galleries other than at his own society the Royal Academy

silent form rigid in the solemnity of death. The design may not appeal strongly to the multitude but it will to the thoughtful and the lesson will not pass unheeded from the mind. Just above this impressive subject is an example of M. Fernand Khnopff in a painting without title but with the words by Christina G. Rossetti—

I lock my door upon myself

the study of a girl with crossed hands and face full



SC. TRANSLIT

What I spent I have! What I save I lose! What I give I take.
(From the Fables of La Fontaine)

He is a work of his powers in the collection I am discussing. His winged Cupid Allot on the scene with the little girls bow at arrows partially submerged in the water is it I just price us in the quality of the work and the same most resister and more of the composition. See Train it

What I spent I have!
What I saved I lost
What I gave I have"

to that of his and with. With genius that has a will to run. Mr Watts employs his pencil with equal skill in portraiture classical and even as we see in the occasional allegory the role of the preacher and speaks of time and eternity. The painter represents the form of a dead knight covered by a white linen sheet upon the ground at the side are escutcheon and various weapons of war a golden link and a cup and even the laurel wreath with which the victor was crowned. But if a fourth and glory have passed away and all that remains now is that

of sorrowful thought turned towards the spectator. Mr Albert Moore whose work always fills one with a sense of lovely form and refined colour exhibits in "A Revery" a charming maiden seated with

A look of sadness on a restful face"

the subject being altogether in higher sense decorative in treatment the rich yellow dress light blue headgear and clear white with mother of pearl forming a sunny two settings to a figure every line of which is full of tender grace

The North Room is quite lighted up with the Alcazar Flower Stall by Mr Robert W. Muelth Alcazar who has found motive for a varied colour exercise in a mass of flowers of all kinds pressed over by a handsome rather luxuriant native of Alcazar who is arranging roses pinks lilies and a vast store of like floral produce in a basket and upon the bench before her. Whether it is extremely pretty refined looking woman in hat and white dress resting on a stone wall as she gazes out to sea is

the generally recognised version of the Black-eyed Susan with whom all of us are familiar or not she is an extremely sweet personality in Mr G H

that is all It is a simple study of a fisherman busy mending his nets with his wife seated beside him When the boats are idle in the bay "



OPULENT JUNE

(From the Poems by Frank Heaton.)

Poultions picture and one feels well content to accept the artists rendering of the character There is wit and humour in just a souvenir of Mr Starling A I does A I A in the exhibition and

in the distance being a fishing fleet at anchor Mr Ionless mystery at the Royal Academy I n. I rhaps with one p d postal says to expect some thing very wonderful in a little picture



"I LOCK MY DOOR UPON MYSELF,"
 (From the *Painting* by Fernand Khnopff)



A HAMPSHIRE HAYING.
 (From the *Painting* by David Murray, A.R.A.)

I have been alluding to is artistic and true in feeling. Of several contributions by Mr Philip Burn-Jones the best perhaps is "Bedtime" a young mother with her little child going into the

from its character of childish innocence and a certain reticence in a rather original scheme of colour.

And now to *Landscapes* at the Louvre, a branch of art in which the British school has ever asserted



WALTER CRANE, ESQ.

(From the *Portfolio* by G. F. Watts, P. 1.)

moment only a work not without thoughtful sentiment and sense of harmony in the tender light. A quiet looking of a little mud in full length upon "The Red Sea" by Mr. Monet. London charms

its pre-eminence. A Hampshire Haying 1891 by Mr. David Murray. All Art tends to no particular but is a powerful reproduction of storm effect in the summer time. A flat would landscape with distant

village and church seen through the trees whilst loaded hay waggons are being driven in the shallow river the jolly led of which furnishes a latter roadway for the wheels than the marshy meadows. The sky is obscured by lightning riven clouds and so strongly has the artist realised the idea of tempest that one almost seems to feel the oppressive heat of the atmosphere. To turn to another scene in

almost filled from the historical spot he has here illustrated and whilst silvery clouds somewhat obscure the blue vault above the shadows of night lend mystery to the dimly seen landscape. Again the scene changes and in Opulent June by Mr Lionel Walton we see one of our own fair English views in all the glory of a cloudless near mid day sun. Lush meadows partially sheltered by great



THE RED SOFA.

(From the Portfolio of the Artist.)

which the effect is very opposite and not less beautiful in 'Apprentice Night Camp le César'—I is de Calais by Mr H. W. L. Davis P.A. we find nature in her one of these poetical aspects in which this artist delights. Mr Davis is many of us are aware has been hunting for years in and near his residence in the vicinity of Poulgney and his 'César Camp' is one of them. The ten light of day has

traces and wealth of new mown hay in the foreground of service. In the distance we find farm buildings and farmers busy at work with waggons and hay stacks. A lighter scene or one more suggestive of the bright beauty of a land that enjoyed such men as Constable and Constable it would be difficult to imagine. Then Mr J. M. Clark art delights us with a still pathetic indication of the dying year in his 'In the Autumn Sun' scene rich in ripened tints of foliage in full maturity. Mr Fred Hall will arrest the visitor as he gazes upon his

'Twilight' a girl taking home her charge of calves and cattle under the rising moon and fields partially veiled in the mists of evening. Mr J. Donovan Adams challenges admiration that will not be withheld for his powerfully effective study of 'The Glory of Dying Day' the last gleams of the setting sun striking with strange brilliancy in the upper portion of a hilly landscape down the winding road in which a herd of cattle is finding its way homewards. And yet another example in this ever varied book of nature we have in Mr Adrian Stokes's 'Roman Campagna'.

Early Spring a patiently elaborated and faithful transcript of the undulating lands with ruined archways and broken ground of the famous scenery in the vicinity of the City of the Seven Hills. I am unwilling to pass over such fine illustrations of work of the class as Mr E. Thorne Waite's 'Up with the Sun' such pastoral with waggons crossing a stream in early morning light or Mr Alfred Fests 'Down' a work in some

sense with not dissimilar motive, but in so large a collection it is impossible to do more than barely mention a few of the pictures which have an especially representative character.

But happen what may one thing clearly should not be omitted even in this brief notice and that is some comment on the work by July artists which forms both an important and interesting portion of the collection. Mrs. Annie L. Swynnerton sends a small but capital picture in *Mid Summer* a chubby little country lass leaning with crossed arms upon a limb of stile in the field ground being a cornfield. The picture is strikingly painted throughout and the expression in the girl's face

particularly good. Another and highly imaginative design by the same hand is *Water Triumphalis*. The limbs of the figure are somewhat heavy in outline whilst there is a certain metallic appearance in the colouring that is quite apart from the idea of the flowing life blood in a human body. Mrs. Stanhope Forbes indulges in quiet humour very prettily expressed in her *Jean Jeune et Jeannette* a rustic maid seated on a wheelbarrow boy fishing in the stream and is a goat. Mrs. Alma Tadema has painted a couple of girls. The *Woolwinders* engaged in folding and winding wool. It is a nice little exercise scarcely very serious but is not uninteresting and is decidedly well painted.



THE HARBOUR CORFU

(Drawn by T. van der Meer)

CORFU

by THISTRAM ELLIS

THE traveller starting from Brindisi and bound for Athens after a twelve hours steam across the restless Adriatic sees land ahead with a feeling of unpeakable gratitude. The sharp peak rising some two thousand feet into a deep blue sky is the hill of San Salvador and behind it lies the town

of Corfu. The steamer shapes her course to the south passes into smooth water and half an hour afterwards drops anchor in the roadstead close under the little island of Vido. A flotilla of boats surround the vessel and you can hear the shrill voices of the Corfiote watermen busy in the chaffing

of the place. The tube is small and suitable only for yachts and small fishing vessels and almost directly on landing you recognise Italian influence in the prominent buildings. You pass

lawyers. The male costume is for the most part poor. In its influence unpleasantly predominant and where there is picturesque it is due to the presence of Turks and Albanians. The

dresses of the women are more pleasant to look at and of course it is in the peasant class that the most striking forms are found. The roads are no work fully and are full of granite or bullock stones lying hither and thither and evenly that the pavement looks like a giant will lying on its side. The houses are whitewashed and in the noon sun the glare is excessive. The eye is only relieved by the green Venetian shutters attached to every window and here and there by the parti coloured signboards hanging over the doorways fantastically shaped and showing the trades of the shops within. The arcades that run at each side of the street give little spaces of shadow very grateful in the prevailing glare. If we pursue this street we pass through the heart of the city and find ourselves on the drill ground under the citadel. It is an old fortification—the foundation of it but six centuries ago and the strength of it increased by each successive conqueror of the island. It was deemed impregnable



CORFU FROM THE KING'S GARDEN

(Painted by Thomas Phillips, engraved by C. Carter)

from the blue of the gorges under the deep red of the walls—out of the old fortifications of the town—and find yourself at once in the principal street of the place which presents many beautiful views—city scenes—the rows of Chester houses—except in the heat of the day the scene is very lively—light colours animate it not beautiful faces and the shrill voices of jellars and

before the days of rifled artillery and even now its position makes it formidable enough. It is immediately a deep and wide fosse surrounded by a wooden bulwark strongly built but if well shelled is easily destructible.

Many fortifications in town have occurred thus far. Starting with the earliest authentic record we find that at the commencement of the thirteenth

century the Venetians took the island and held it by the strength of their fleet. For four hundred years their dominion continued not a continuous rule but with gaps and breaks as was indeed inevitable for it was not an easy country to rule. There were the complicated transactions that generally follow when the governing people are of one race and the subjects of another for the Corfiotes were Greeks. The Venetian government sent their rulers and their governors who were insolent and unprincipled and the whole history is one of oppression and corruption. I have said there were gaps in the continuity of the Venetian rule. There was one such in 1557 when the Turks came down under Sulaiman and besieged the city. The siege was short and the overthrow complete and the victorious Sulaiman carried off some twenty thousand of the inhabitants captive to Constantinople.

In the illustration on p. 29, the citadel looks modern enough. The rows of white barracks built during the English occupation still look new and are as unpicturesque as any of our own barracks at home. They occupy however a singularly picturesque site perched on the summit of a rock they are backed by old grass grown mounds and ramparts crept by cypress groves and dominated by those two rocky peaks before mentioned. From the summit of the citadel one can look down on the red tiled roofs of the city. It might be a piece of Brindisi or a corner of Florence with the church towers omitted for in Corfu the campaniles do not contribute to the beauty of the prospect.

Before taking leave of the city with its cathedral and citadel it were well to take some note of the immense system of fortifications which protect the

town on the land side. They are on so extensive a scale that it would take at least ten thousand troops effectually to man them. They are further strengthened especially the outlying forts of Castelnovo and Sant Adriano the latter a mighty mass of ruined masonry,

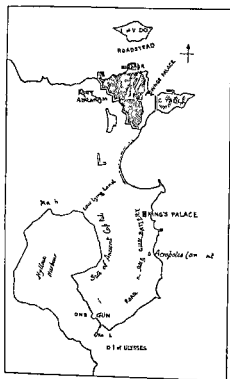


WELL AT CASTOWEE

(Drawn by F. T. 1891. Engraved by C. Carter.)

was dismantled and destroyed when Corfu was ceded to the Greek Crown. The fortification of the town was completed by the works constructed during the English occupation of 1810. A mill stood at one of the hundred and one bastions, the town opposite the harbor—which it was forbidden to protect. At the time of the cession it was a ruin against the few who were present at the time the fortifications should be destroyed. They had not long

been completed and were adjudged the strongest in the world. Their destruction was the one point in the treaty which the Greeks looked upon with



PLAN OF THE CITY OF CORFU

dissatisfaction. Nor was the chase more popular with the Corfiotes. Great sums had been expended on their construction and of these two thirds were supplied by the islanders. However the treaty had to be observed and the destruction was made a great occasion. Officers from the garrisoning countries were invited to witness it and the event was one of the most interesting in military engineering records. Up to that time no such experiment had been conducted on anything like the same scale. Dynamite had not yet been used for such purposes and this was the first important occasion on which gun cotton was tried as an improvement on gunpowder. The account of what occurred is very curious and entirely contradicted expectation. The fortifications were undermined and when the electric current was turned on there was no very great explosion but the earth shook and the whole island seemed to have. When the disturbance had settled all the fortifications had disappeared. Leaving the drill ground and travelling south we

pass round the shores of a little bay, suggesting in its configuration Devonshire rather than Mediterranean scenery. It seems to Englishmen like Torbay on a small scale. The road leads on under the shade of Indian trees passing a tract of low lying almost marshy ground till it reaches the garden of the king's country palace. Here the character of the foliage alters and we come to great groves of olive trees very old and what is rarely met with even in Italy very tall. These cover the whole peninsula and have a curious historical interest. The Venetians during their centuries of rule encouraged the inhabitants by every means in their power to plant. No tree was to be cut down



PEASANT GIRLS CORFU

(Dress by T. Allen, E.L.C.)

without two being planted to replace it and that man was of most account in the island who had the largest olive groves or could show the finest plantations.

From within the gardens of the king's palace one gets a very characteristic picture of the double coned citadel backed by the snow clad peaks of the Allamun mountains. In the background the rich undivided foliage of the island shows conspicuously — also thickly packed tall cypresses, tulip trees and aromatic shrubs of all kinds. In the autumn the leaves of the maple and beech trees are wonderful in

of the old Cretan occupation still survive in the name of Palupolis given to the whole of the promontory. The One gun Battery a well known point in the island is now a museum. There is no visible battery but from the circular platform where it once stood there is an unrivalled view of the Island of Ulysses. It is a small rocky patch on which is built a monastery surrounded by cypresses.



ULYSSES ISLAND COREU

(Drawn by F. de la H. E. de la H.)

their tints and contrast with the dark foliage of the laurel. Here too growing luxuriantly, the encalyptus and silver olive are found. The mountain firs

The whole promontory to this point is the site of an old Greek city. The Corinthians founded the colony of Corymbus and Corymbus growing in strength and Corinthianism in importance the two Powers — mother and daughter — were opposed to each other in war. The war is known in the history books as the Peloponnesian War for such it ultimately became and the battle is memorable as the first recorded sea fight in the history of the world. To this day the peasants ploughing the earth come on traces of classic times — bits of pottery lamps amphorae and fragments of urns — traces

The sketch on this page is not taken from the battery but from an olive grove immediately beneath it. The little island to the right with a church upon it known as Rat Island is often mistaken for the Island of Ulysses. It is used as the station of the ferry boat that plies across the entrance of the Hylline harbour.

It is in the villages we see the peasantry in their staid costumes which certainly in no way suggest much influence of the Parisian world. An enormous crown of file hair rolls the head of all proportion and curiously enough vanity and thrift are alive illustrated by this singular head dress for the end of hair is only in a sense false. It has all grown on the head which it seems to

wear down. The hair which comes out from day to day under comb and brush is jealously gathered in for use and so the older the woman gets the more hair she is able to show. This hair is often covered by a veil of muslin which is sometimes dragged over the mouth after the fashion adopted in Mohammedan countries—an inheritance from the Turkish occupation, and so tinted by the example of the Albanians on the opposite coast. The bodice is low and buttoned in front with three silver buttons for these peasants have their little bits of yellow which descend as henlooms from mother to daughter. The yellow bodices are so short that the skirt comes out below and forms a band of white full all round the waist. Over this is worn a jacket always of some fine stuff often of bright colored velvet or plush trimmed with gold and yellow and in under this in many folds straight from the waist hangs the skirt broken in front by an apron of some contrasting colour to the

dress and itself ornamented with embroidery. It sounds more like the costume for a fancy ball than the ordinary dress of European peasants, but of course when the girls work in the fields they buy a wide the jacket and the dress is then admirable for their work.

The Turkish occupation of the island though short left traces of its influence also in the architecture. At Gostown there is a well known all over the country side is the Well of Plutus. Its water is said to vary in temperature inversely with the seasons in summer it is very cold and in the heat of winter the water drawn from it gives off vapour. The country people ascribe this to magical influence though it is the ordinary incident of spring water rising up from a great depth preserving all through the year an even temperature. This spring is covered by a vaulted building resembling in outline a Turkish or Arab tomb though the cross surmounting it and the room in the adjoined niche show Christian influence.

"THE YOUTHFUL CHRIST EMBRACING ST JOHN"

By GUIDO PLENI

GUIDO PLENI has always been unfortunate in that this that he has rarely occupied the position that was exactly proper to him. His always been over or underestimated and no less in recent years than in his own days. Now fate has shrouded in his lifetime. He is more after his death to a position in the public esteem considerably above his merits and it is up a record that Sir Joshua Reynolds placed a tone almost apologetic in placing him at his proper level—in detaching him from his perch beside or even above, Pygmalion. It is hardly to be imagined that the commoners ever joined with the great public in their excessive worship of the master, but that Venus artistic apotheosis was a century's phenomenon as is unquestionable as that he has suffered in these latter years from the reaction—from undeserved neglect and we might almost say from contempt.

That Guiliotti ever occupied his invidious position and was not properly understood was more the fault of the public than his own. His first method rather than his harmonious had given way to a style more varied and infinitely better in point of grace, harmony and execution. While the public appears attention on his performances was carrying him higher and yet higher on the tide of success he began for a list time to change his manner. He sought for real grace for suave lines, for soft sentiment—all lost, one might say, for

sentimentality—and as his more superficial beauties caught the popular eye his finer qualities disappeared. His *mya to* which had been the cause of admiration and no little jealousy gradually disappeared until his painting became thin and poor. His rich palette was exchanged for one almost colourless in its neutral in the tints for he counted the public to with purely tones (well fitted to his weak but pretty subjects and handling) and abandoned the virility which was one of his chief merits. The result was inevitable. He was slowly but surely found out and to this day his best works suffer in reputation for the faults of the rest.

To his last period the picture of 'The Youthful Christ Embracing St John' would appear to belong. Painted with not a little of the solicitation which was his chief reproach in his latter days (though it must be admitted without much of the refined grace of design or vigour of draughtsmanship which certainly were his) it is nevertheless good in expression and in subtlety of painting.

The picture numbered 191, hangs in Room VIII of the National Gallery. For many years it formed part of the Cannaccini collection at Rome, whence it was imported by Puchman for Mr. Lyne in 1807 and at the death of Mr. Jeremiah Harman it was acquired for the National Gallery for £409 10—a month or two before the purchase at twelve times of two worse if more imposing examples of Rembrandt's work.



THE YOUTHFUL CHRIST EMBRACING ST. JOHN.

ALFRED STEVENS

By COSMO MONKHOUSE

*I know of but one Art **

THE quiet intellectual face which looks out upon us from the frontispiece of this latest memorial of Alfred Stevens* has no very striking characteristics which would make a passer by single it out from

work and yet without a portrait by some sympathetic hand without some details of personal history our knowledge of great men is at best incomplete. In Stevens case the materials of bio-



ALFRED STEVENS

(From a Photograph by W. S. E. & Co.)

a crowd. It is a face of great possibilities but it might have been that of an actor, a scholar, a lawyer or even a man of business. It is taken from a photograph. One cannot help wishing, that some painter like Mr. G. F. Watts had given it that touch of personality which we miss. The artist is not the best sought and most surely found in his

generally are unusually silent. He kept no diary, he wrote few letters, he was Mr. Stannus tells us a solitary. For the greater portion of his life he seems to have been practically without relations except his mother with whom he communicated apparently through a third party and without friends except his pupils and employers.

The collection of the artist's work at South Kensington Museum the winter exhibition at the Royal Academy in 1890. Mr. Walter Armstrong

* Alfred Stevens and His Work. By Hugh Stannard. F.R.I.B.A. With fifty-seven full-page Autotype Plates. (Autotype Company, London.)



AMORET STEVENS'S FANNIE QUINN
(Decorative Plate in Alfred Stevens's)

volume devoted to the genius of Stevens, and some stray papers in this Magazine and other periodicals have done some thing to make the public acquainted with one of the greatest names in English art, but there is much yet to be done before Stevens receives due honour, and my only regret is that this work beautiful and comprehensive as it is, does not go yet farther. 'The Complete Works of Alfred Stevens' is what I should have liked to have seen, but such a book is at present—perhaps always will be—impossible. We may be sure that the committee of the artists pupils and admirers by whom it has been so carefully compiled have done their best, but yet the very title page pleads imperfection. It professes only to give 'an account of his principal productions,' and of these only "so far as they are known." This is what comes of a genius which, if not quite neglected, was too little prized for others to preserve a careful record of its productions and of a character too careless or too modest to keep a record for itself. There is only this compensation we may yet trace some other of his works which are at present unknown or unassigned.

With such a feast before us, and

perhaps 'puppies and cheese to come,' we may at least be content for the moment, and say our grace to Mr Hugh Stannus, the editor and biographer, to Mr W S Bird the *entrepreneur*, to Mr Henry Hoyles and Mr Penben Townner, the quondam pupils of the master, who together have furnished our entertainment and also to many other gentlemen who have lent their drawings and paintings and casts to be photographed for the purpose of this beautiful volume. If we look at it a little curiously we shall find that we have fifty six autotypes (including collotypes and autogravures) from works of the artist and one from a photographic portrait, and a memoir which contains an account of his known productions with special reference to those illustrated. Further we shall find that the plates are arranged as far as possible in chronological order so that they run in sequence with the memoir. If they could be only visible at the same time the arrangement would be perfect but the plates are all together by themselves at the end of the book.



FIGURE STUDY

(By Alfred Stevens. In the Possession of Herbert Singer Esq.)

In the letterpress Mr Stannus has adopted the singular plan of unalining his paragraphs (or rather sections) and printing the facts in large type and his comments in small. Perhaps we ought to be thankful for any helps to reference in a work of its dimensions and include the free use of capitals in our gratitude but altogether these devices give an uncomfortable disjointed look to the pages as though they were constructed of many short advertisements rather than paragraphs of one solid narrative, and I say this with the less compunction as I have little else to say except in praise of this terse memoir which Mr Stannus has built up with almost architectural severity.

The illustration at the bottom of the opposite page is from a drawing by Alfred Stevens in the possession of Herbert Singer Esq.—a chivalrous study for his contribution to the fresco painting exhibited at Westminster Hall in 1844. He did not compete at the previous exhibition of cartoons. The scene



TRUTH

(From the Cartoon Model for the Wellington Monument)
By Alfred Stevens

selected by Stevens was from Richard III Act 4 Scene iv and this was the study for the figure of the Duchess of York as she says

I had a Red and white and black him
I had a Red and white and black him

According to Mr Stannus this fresco (No 42 in the catalogue and only 7 feet wide by 21 high) did not give evidence of his later vigorous of manner and he certainly does not overpraise this vivid study when he calls it "an interesting example of the artist's way of expression." At this time he was about six and twenty and had been more or less engaged in art study since at the age of ten years he left the school at Hildesheim where he was born. For some time he had helped his father in his business as house painter, decorator, sign painter &c. at that place. In 1841 he had been sent to Italy with £60 in his pocket and had remained there till 1847 when he returned penniless to Hildesheim. The seven years spent in Italy had



VALOUR

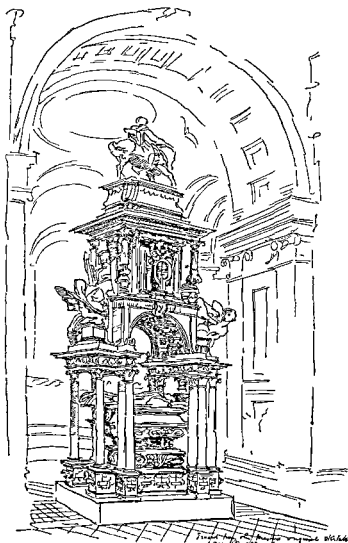
(From the Cartoon Model for the Wellington Monument) By Alfred Stevens

been unusually well employed. At Naples (1833) he had copied Andrea del Sarto and the Giotteschi, at Florence he had copied largely from the painters of the fourteenth century, he had seen to Pompeii and Capri (1833-4) to Rome (1835) and back through Siena and San Gimignano to Florence,

that master left in 1842 Stevens elected to come away too.

Though a student all his life, he probably felt that he was ready to commence original work, and we are told that he "fretted like a caged eagle" at Blundford. There he made sketches in illustration of Homer which are in the possession of Mr Stannus, together with an ingenious but half-finished ly figure, and there, also he taught the constructor of a home-made ophicleide how to cut a sheet of brass the right shape to form the mouth of the instrument. In 1844 he came to London with £40 borrowed from his constant friend and helper Mr Pegler, and though he did not succeed in the competition of fresco printings, his wide art knowledge and varied skill attracted notice for he was appointed in the following year to a post at the School of Design at Somerset House. The government seems to have felt the truth of Stevens' motto "I know of but one art for they appointed him to teach architectural drawing perspective and modelling, and ornamental printing if required."

The illustration on p. 304 takes us to 1855, and is one of a series of panels with figures from Spenser's "Fairy Queen," which he executed as decorations for the wall of the drawing room in Kensington Palace Gardens, then inhabited by Don Christobal de Munieta and now by the Marquis of St Urce. This figure represents "Amoret." In design no less than in execution, it is marked by those qualities of tenderness and decision which Mr Stannus notes in connection with this exquisite series. In the justness with which the design fits without crowding its panel, we see how completely he has mastered the spirit of decorative art, and in the figure itself, with its strong yet elegant disposition of the limbs, we see no less the student of the great art of the great age of the Renaissance in Italy. It has the dignity of Michelangelo, combined with the grace of Raphael, and one can trace in it what is called the influence of other artists as Andrea del Sarto. As Mr Stannus does not fail to point out, Stevens was an eclectic, but he was an eclectic in a good sense in the sense in which all great artists—Raphael and Michelangelo themselves—were eclectics, that is to say, his art was based on that of his great predecessors, whose work he studied not to plagiarise, but to inform and develop his own individuality. He did what almost every artist since the days of Raphael have tried to do and



EARLY SKETCH FOR THE WELLINGTON MEMORIAL

(By Alfred Stevens, 1855, in the possession of the Royal Academy)

where he stayed till 1839, copying the old masters for daily and learning how to paint in fresco. That he had established some reputation would appear from his being employed by the Austrian government to superintend the modelling of the Glubert gates. In the same year (1839) he was at Milan studying architecture under Albertoli and at Venice painting Titian's Peter-Martyr. In 1840 he was employed by Thorwaldsen in Rome, and when

failed he earned on the great tradition and at no lower level. It is not of decadence that his work tells but of the sustained life, the eternal freshness of true art.

Between the Duchess of York and Amoret eleven years had passed full of the varied labour which marks his career. His artistic energy was ready to pour itself into all channels in the like one of the artists of old days than of this. Now it was decorative painting (like the beautiful designs of the Sciences at Deysbrook) now Shakespeare or the Pike now a military uniform which engaged his attention now it was a picture of Judith and now a railway carriage for the King of Denmark, now it was designs for stoves for Birmingham or daggers for Sheffield, now a pavement for St. Georges Hall, Liver-
pool or the little lion which sits on the rail-
ings of the British Museum.



VASE IN MAJOLICA STYLE

(Designed by Alfred Stevens for the Porcelain Factory of Reims, France)

can say nothing, and of the splendid sketches for the medals for South Kensington the drawing of the gates for the Geological Museum the elegant design of the Monument of the exhalation of 1811 the glorious vision of the decoration of the cathedrals of St. Pauls Cathedral which are also preserved for us here we can only profess our profound regret that such noble conceptions should remain unused.

In none of these and other pages is it in the present publication been written at it Stevens greatest work the Wellington Memorial but our illustrations of this object are of special interest to some of our readers. The white marble statue of the Duke of Wellington in the Albert Gallery which they have lost through the mismanagement of poor taste of a Duke and a Chapter. The other shows the reception and will of the Duke of Wellington in the Albert Gallery which they have lost through the mismanagement of poor taste of a Duke and a Chapter. The other shows the reception and will of the Duke of Wellington in the Albert Gallery which they have lost through the mismanagement of poor taste of a Duke and a Chapter.



FRIEZE IN MAJOLICA STYLE

(Designed by Alfred Stevens for the Porcelain Factory of Reims, France)

designs and many other the volume contains a very interesting and beautiful memoirs. But of these I can say nothing, and of the splendid sketches for the medals for South Kensington the drawing of the gates for the Geological Museum the elegant design of the Monument of the exhalation of 1811 the glorious vision of the decoration of the cathedrals of St. Pauls Cathedral which are also preserved for us here we can only profess our profound regret that such noble conceptions should remain unused.

the figure wanted more support and so interposed the orb between the architect and the hand thus giving the needed rest without destroying the sense of centrality.

The beautiful myober vases which Stevens designed are the subjects of the other illustrations and are another proof of his wonderfully comprehensive art gift for which nothing was too high or low, as long as he could penetrate it with beauty. Much as we admire the example which he set us in this Victorian age which then it had needed it so much and thankful as we are to him for the new life which he imparted to modern design in ironwork, tanning even the Victorian fireplace and fender and the German stove into things of beauty it is yet impossible not to regret as a loss to humanity that

a man of such supreme power in creative design should have left behind him nothing to rival the Wellington Memorial and the Helford mantelpiece. The motto which he adopted from Michelangelo that there is but one art is profoundly true, but it has its dangers. It is too apt to lead to the erroneous conclusion that a man is not an artist who cannot achieve success in every art and that a man who can design a Wellington Memorial is equally well employed in creating a fire stove. But it was a motto that Stevens was personally justified in adopting for there are few artists of any time who have felt more deeply the essential truth of the unity of art and could point more confidently to their work as an illustration of it.



RELIEF FOR VASE
(Designed by Alfred Stevens)

"THE OLD SPINET"

PAINTED BY H. LOITZELBERGER

AMONG the Austrian painters of the day Herr Loitzelberger is one who is taking high rank and who is rising fast into well merited popularity. The reason of his success may be fairly judged of in the picture which forms the frontispiece to the present Part. The subject is indeed well worn not to say hackneyed, but its treatment is such as to make it as fresh and engaging as if

The Old Spinet "Memories and The Same Old Story" had never before inspired painter or poetised his pious invention. How many times have we not seen a graceful girl standing beside a piano her fingers straying lightly over the keys? Yet in the picture before us there is little that prejudices us by reason of its being a reputation nothing that repels us as banal. The attitude of the girl is graceful and elegant without a suspicion of posing it suggests a very quiet excitement and the line of the composition is simple as it is harmonious and satisfying. But it is not utterly the lighting of the

picture that lends the chief interest to the work and which takes it completely out of the commonplace. How it plays with the line of the daintily drawn head with the numerous—almost too numerous—folds and touches up with well judged flicks the various parts of the picture not only imparts interest but gives balance to the composition. Herr Loitzelberger has pitched by his study in the school of Munich although he paints chiefly we believe in Vienna. But Munich has as completely superseded Vienna as the art centre of the German speaking countries as Paris has superseded Rome as the art centre of the world the quality of its art is as superior both in earnestness and execution as its conception no less than the artistic attitude of its disciples is more dignified and virile. Herr Loitzelberger has done much more important work than this plate before the reader but nothing which more clearly exemplifies his frankness his artistic fibre and his agreeable power of pleasing.

MISSEN TERRY

Queen Katherine

Seeking a tongue for tongueless shadow land
 Has Katherines soul come back with power to quell
 A sister soul incarnate and compel
 Its fleshly voice to speak by Griefs command ?
 O'er its Katherines self returns to stand
 As erst she stood defying Wolseys spell —
 Returns with those wild wrongs she fain would tell
 Which Memory bore to Edens amaranth strand ?

Or is it thou dear friend this Queen whose face
 The salt of many tears hath scarred & stung ? —
 Can it be thou whose genius ever young
 Treating the body with the spirits grace,
 Is loved by England — loved by all the race
 Round all the world enlinked by Shakespeares
 tongue ?

Chesney Watts



Bracegirdle

GEORGES VAN DER STRAETEN.

THE SCULPTOR "DE FANTASIE."

BY M. H. SPIELMANN.

EVERY art has its minor as well as its great masters and even as Literature including in her wit embrace the epic poet and the dainty maker of *verses de société* accords them both their place on Mount Parnassus and awards them both a niche in her temple of fame so Sculpture may recognize as worthy votaries the mighty master of the plastic art and the little master of *fantasie*. Watteau and Lancret or even Greuze do not count for less than their merit demands in the roll of art because they lacked the power the dignity and the higher qualities of men of genius far above them. Cosway and Flaxman are not less painters of grace and beauty—their claim upon our respect is not the slightest—because they lack not the brilliant vigour of Parnell or the mind of Hogarth. Each stands by himself and upon his own merits must he be judged.

And just as we may turn from the reclining of Tennyson or Browning to the lighter fancies of Tennyson or Locker or Ashby Stearns or St. Leger and find pleasure in their own peculiar qualities of touch and flavour so may we look from the splendid earnestness and richness of artistic power of John or Edwin of Meville or Alfred Gilbert to the dainty and tender elegance of Van der Straeten and that too without feeling that with a liberty of idea and greatness of execution we have lost the sense of mastery which belongs to the man possessed of surpassing excellence—even though his walk in life be on a lower plane. Let me not be misunderstood. I do not claim for Van der Straeten a high position as a sculptor. Judged by the standard by which mere "artists" in any medium are measured he does not challenge our verdict. I could never compare him with those in the Académie des Beaux Arts for the

commission for a great public monument. As in the field he is the joyous grasshopper among the academic ants leaving to others the intense study that the highest wills of art demand and contenting himself with what is pretty charming dainty and amusing. Herein he excels and herein lies his claim on the recognition and appreciation of the people.

Van der Straeten was not always intended for an artist. As with hundreds in his present walk of life, he was brought up in a far more practical school from which he broke away by sheer force of character. Born in Ghent in 1837 he was educated with a view to practising at the bar. His study was chiefly directed to the classes and jurisprudence, but while he attended the lectures at the University his love of practising sculpture—of a sort—became insupportable until he finally threw off the legal yoke and openly devoted himself to art. His conversion came



GEORGES VAN DER STRAETEN.

(From a Photograph by F. J. van der Straeten.)

about by a curious chance although in the nature of things it could not have been long delayed. In accordance with the practice of the inland population of Belgium he was wont to pay an annual summer visit to the seashore. In the year of which I speak the port and sea wall of Ostend were in process of construction and the young student found one of the duty crowd that visited the works. Here chancing upon a quantity of Roman clay he possessed himself of a lump and took it home. Setting to work he produced a statuette—poor enough no doubt as one can imagine but yet good enough to delect his father a good judge of art and an amateur artist himself to yield to his sons' solicitations and to place him with a sculptor as soon as they returned to Ghent. He attended for a short time the studio of M. Kestelyn who

imparted to him the first principles of sculpture and set him to work at ornaments. But the impulsive young sculptor preferred to turn his attention to portraiture, and taking leave of his more cautious master he worked for some time at busts of members of his family. This occupation revealed to him in some degree the extent of his artistic ignorance. He forthwith joined the School of the Society

as simple statuettes and groups. With the feeling which animates the favourite subjects of Signor Locardi Van der Straeten's work had much in common for the artist was obviously in close sympathy with the humour and misery of the more light-hearted and characteristic types among the poorest class. It was in 1878 that our sculptor became known as one of the most prolific exhibitors



PAVANE. (1900.)
(By G. Van der Straeten.)



COYNESE. (1880.)
(By G. Van der Straeten.)

Artistique of Ghent where he worked every evening for forty years modelling *from nature* while during the daytime he continued his University course.

About the time that he completed his law studies Van der Straeten began to exhibit at Ghent taking chiefly as his subjects *groans* and *ragamuffins* who afforded so many opportunities for the display of character and humour. A little later just when he was called to the Bar he turned his attention to Brussels and exhibited *peasants* and *beggars*

in Brussels and all the while he was modelling his little groups he was pleading at the Court of Appeal. At the end of four years he changed his style and choice of subject. His *pierrrots* with their pathetic tenderness and sense of poetry overruling the feeling of the English clown gave way to such subjects as the circus rider the *acrobate* and the *puerlette*—figures stimulating that devotion to feminine beauty which has since been one of his distinctive qualities.

It should be remarked that these sudden changes are characteristic of the work of Van der Straeten. His development has been rapid and his improvement startling, but his progress has been made by starts and bounds and not by that gradual growth common to most artists. The fact is natural enough, however, for the temperament of the man is electrical and impulsive ever open to new influences and always ready to recognise such faults of taste and execution as he can detect in his own work. Thus it is that the Van der Straeten of today is no longer the Van der Straeten whom the world laughed with and whom artists were impelled by their consciences to blame for his inanity even while they praised his extraordinary cleverness at the exhibition of the Salon Puvion in Bond Street some seven years ago. So recent like he has shed his skin and the plastic historian of modernism now stands revealed as the recorder of the beauties in their more innocent and unsullied aspect of the dainty periods of the great Louvre in the first Empire.

In 1881 then Van der Straeten suddenly transferred his allegiance for a time from masculine humanity to such poses and *chic* as may be found in the *l'Allet*. The whole atmosphere of the subject lent itself to a certain grotesque treatment, the pseudo-daintiness of the Queen of the Circus was in a admirable foil to the eager but flickering vision of the laughing clown or the smitten *gigolo* and it could not be denied that the scent of the sawdust and the stable hung strongly around these groups. But the glare of the flashlights as is inevitable soon filled upon the taste of the sculptor and another change took place. The natural transition was made from the *dansette* to

the *demi mondaine* the only lapse of taste to which the artist need plead guilty, for under his hand

the clay became flesh, the very truth with which he presented his clever scenes imparted to them a suggestion if not of vulgarity, of suggestiveness which offended many. His power of reproducing facial expression was absolute, he could with a touch not only show us the subject of the conversation but even endow his figures full and limb with a *fineness* more subtle than one can point to in the work of any other sculptor. Only in the black and white work of Charles Keene of Mr Abbey and perhaps of Mr Bernard Partridge at his best can we in London seek for a similar capacity for the rendering of the more transient forms of expression.

It was about this time that an event that was to prove of considerable importance occurred to Georges Van der Straeten. He contributed a group entitled *L'Amant de Cœur* to the Ghent exhibition and having visited the gallery to see how his work was placed and how it looked he saw standing before it the painter M. Jan Van Beers who being introduced straightway counselled him to repair to Paris where fame and



IN THE COUNTRY (1901)
(The Statuette of Van der Straeten)

good teaching both awaited him. He did not hesitate turning his back on the Brussels Palace of Justice for good and all, he arrived in Paris very soon after wards with his box and with his latest terra cotta under his arm. From that moment the law existed for him no more (save as a *casus nominis*) and he became the most intimate and familiar friend of Van Beers towards whom he was drawn not only by feelings of private friendship but still more by the sympathy in taste that existed between them. They had both of them in fact adopted a new style—the *genre*

Parisien Fellow town men and endowed each of them with a love of the lighter form of art and a passion for its more elegant and amusing side they had enough in common to draw them together. M. Van Leers had certainly the greater experience his training had been long and severe his eye was highly educated his drawing correct and his knowledge and expression of form distinguished. So far as his friend was he superior

not occupy the same studio their inter-communications were frequent and they doubtless exchanged ideas and influenced the other each in his separate art.

Since then every change in Van der Straeten's artistic aims could be followed in the annual exhibitions of the Salon. What has been called the

"Lutin" era first exhibits itself in those displays of morbidity which while striving, from



"KISS ME!" (1881)

(From the Group by G. Van der Straeten.)

Van der Straeten recognized in him a master but his own taste was already formed his fancy was at last as lively and his invention as bright and prolific as those of his Damon. Although they did

the standard of art which the latter had set up stampell him as a fantastic humdrum of great power and is an observer of altogether exceptional keenness. Those who saw it will not richly forgive

the group representing a *tit-tit* of a lady and a young *gummi* who has evidently dropped into the willing ear of his companion an anecdote not intended for family telling, nor will another world have passed from their minds—that rapidly executed sketch of a freemating ballet girl seated on a pedestal while she holds the corl encircling the neck of every woman but a loom, a whirler. This sketch was one belonging to a series of more serious aims than the former—it showed a cynical intention in an attempt at painting a moral that is to be sought in vain in other works of the same order.

From this moment that is to say in 1856 or thereabouts a painter's sentiment seemed to breathe from Van der Straeten's work. Still a young man hardly more than a youth of a joyous and sunny disposition finding himself in the merriest capital in Europe his name familiar in every corner himself popular among artists of every profession courted and eagerly sought after—he had dallied awhile in that *richesse* which shows life and beauty without the seriousness of true art. For a brief space he sought his model among the water lilies he sawed his will artistic roots in a fertile field which grew weeds as well as grain and his harvest was a crop which transpired out of its kind perhaps yet left a taste in the English mouth not

entirely in harmony with the idea of art pure and earnest and as plain as our frankest sympathy. Yet with it charming his subject he soon altered the tone for the better. His suggestiveness and pure

love of mischief now became tinged with a more serious intention. His *petites dames* were as seductive as heretofore and his masques as happy and careless

in their enjoyment of life. But the sculptor roused the corner of the veil and showed us again his *dramatis personæ* his women for all their daintiness and charm began to declare their true weakness, their whimsies the golden youths became more and more shallow and even more idiotic. His growing contempt for the former objects of his adulation was unmistakably pronounced.

It was clear that the artist had come and seen and conquered. He had tasted and rejected and henceforward as I have said his art is of a more genuine sort. As great a votary as ever of beauty and feminine charm he had learned that it was not to be found in the untroubled in that world whence the painter and sculptor would naturally have more easily drawn their inspiration. In the real he had no refuge now but in the ideal, and thus it came about that about mid the *dramatis personæ* of his earlier days he sought the ideal that he had signed that style of elegance Watteau and his followers Pacher, Bignonard and Lancelotti. I would even add the name of Eisen to the list. Never I believe has anyone realized so happily in the round the dainty grace



WATTEAU LADY (1857)

(From the Statue by G. Van der Straeten.)

which inspired those painters of the pretty things an entirely human interest to the refinement of charm and investment, the polished but luxurious taste of the fourteenth Louis and his time with its re-

humour, sweetness, and warmth of love than ever were dreamed of by the designers of Dresden shepherdesses and the hours of plastic Saxony

as delightful as were offered by Ter of 1806, or by the nun milliner of the time of Watteau

The illustrations accompanying this article fairly illustrate the latter phases of our sculptor's art his power of characterisation and his robust sense of humour being reserved for possible demonstration in the future. They need no special reference or explanation at my hands what has gone before has sufficiently set forth the conditions under which they were produced the disposition and temperament which inspired them

If Van der Straeten has made no bad fun in the highest favours of the Goddess of Sculpture we



THE BILLET DOUX (188)
(From the Statette by G. Van der Straeten.)

This is the point which Van der Straeten has reached and which suitsing as it does his genius is destined to hold him for some years to come. Portrait busts and statuettes may engage his chisel from time to time but even then—as in his portraits of Sarah Bernhardt of Van Beers of Monsieur Worth and others—there is always some beauty of arrangement some charming departure from the conventional which is eminently characteristic of the artist. Even in his more realistic work he is individual as in that in which his fancy has free play and he is one of the few who finds in the creations of the dream-maker of to-day opportunities



THE DUET (1886)
(From the Group by G. Van der Straeten.)

are not the less indebted to him for his charming embroidery upon the fringe of her mantle. He is content in the world of song to be the *young premier* in comic opera—to cheer us with his light heartedness to amuse us with his drolleries to refresh and stimulate us with his grace his elegance and his refinement. And as he has the judgment to sound and to know his strength he has had the wit to probe his weaknesses and measure his limitations. He was not made for a sculptor of the impressive and the academic sort. Although a very fair anatomist he would not hesitate to take liberties with the human frame if the result were in additional charm to his work—not from reckless disregard of the rules of art in miniature but from the intensity of love for the special beauties he finds in displaying. He may take

a poet's licence with the muscles and joints but he smilingly bares his breast to the critics' spear and if he has but succeeded in his fancy, he calmly receives the thrust. And when the work is done—the last touch given to the dainty turn of the graceful wrist, the last dip made into the corner of the smiling lips—he wends his way cheerily in the direction of Montmartre. Half an hour later he strides with buoyant step into the studio of Van Daeis and throwing himself down in a chair, as the painter quietly turns his head with a smile of welcome to his visitor he greets him with a lively *Jan mon vieux viola—le petit groupe est fini!*

[The illustrations on pp 311-313 are published by permission of the Société des Bronzes de Paris and those on pp 314 and 315 by consent of M. Lot.]

SCENIC ART—II

by PROFESSOR HERKOMER R.A.



BEFORE passing further into the stage picture I am anxious to pause and consider its frame or in other words the proscenium.

It is clear that the proscenium should be to the stage picture what the frame is to the easel picture.

It should separate the picture from the surroundings. But the stage picture, just as the painted picture, should in that case *reach* the frame. In most cases the proscenium is built so high that a considerable space has to be covered with curtains to make the opening in any way imaginable. Why is this so persistently done?

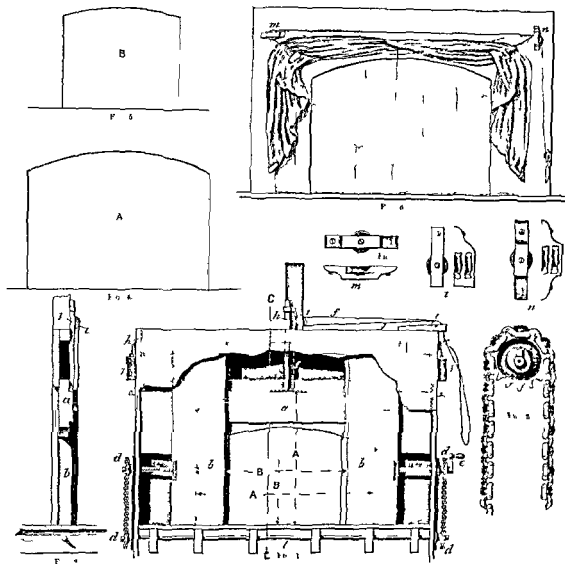
The architect may tell you something about its saving dignity to the proportions of the house or tell you—which I suspect to be the real reason—that it is customary to build them in this way. And yet after year the theatres are built without inquiring what may be the real function of the proscenium. How funny it would be to send a picture to the Academy in a frame that was a foot too high for the picture, having the vacant space modestly covered with a bit of "Liberty silk." But is not the other just as ridiculous? Now let us suppose a proscenium to be built according to the necessities of its function—namely to enclose the whole stage picture. Is this all that is required? Not! For I have still a further improvement to suggest—perhaps the most novel that has yet been suggested to the theatrical world.

Let it be that the proscenium be made to contract and expand. Now every good artist knows that the size of the canvas upon which he represents his

subject has as much to do with the success of the work as the proper placing of the subject within that space. On the stage however with a fixed proscenium the poor man's cottage or the garret has to be represented of the same size as a palace and a corridor in a castle wherein much plotting is done (generally by two people) must be of the same size as the banquet hall. Or as Mr Jones has just hinted to me a house is first represented and then a room in that house—which room is always much larger than the house. Thus the eye of the spectator is never properly prepared for the great *climax* in because the trivial incidents leading up to it have been presented on such a large and disproportionate scale. This contracting proscenium is in no way difficult to make or to apply to theatres already built and ought to be workable by one man. There are so many incidents in plays that come to ones mind in which only two or three actors appear on a scene requiring no depth that such a contrivance would be an inestimable boon to the scenic artist. But beyond this I look to the very foundation of composition in art which for the balance of the whole, requires not only most careful consideration of parts but demands that *the human figure shall be made dominant*. The scenic artist by the aid of this contracting proscenium could with the collaboration of the stage and acting managers carry out all the laws that govern pictorial composition in art. There need be no fear that the occupants of the lower side boxes would see less than they do now when the action happens to take place on their side. And as for the higher side boxes—let them

perish! In my model I work it simply with a left handed and a right handed screw thus enabling one man to make the sides of the proscenium come

imperfectly without knowing the intentions of the stage and retaining mine. Indeed it is hard for me to separate these three personae. Stage work



PELESS B. HIRKOMERS MODEL STAFF WITH CONTRACTING PI SCENIUM

[illegible]

close together. The upper part is arranged for a counterweight to it.

And I walk it at last rise the curtain (I open from the centre of you I see) and take the stage in the *role of the plastic poet* into a national union. The subject is so vast that I scarcely know where to begin especially as I find the poem already hunted at that the scene artist can do is work. But

I dare I know and with marvellous results with the author's statement regarding mine spirit self in and among all world things in separate groups but such small share mystery set in. I have not yet a blessing on some air if you expect me to I have been brought up in that school. On the other hand I do not despair of being able to set you thinking from my standpoint.

warm in colour in the pink sky—an effect in nature that deeply moves every imaginative painter, and which has been most nobly rendered by the painter, George Mason. With but little hastening of nature's time—the forty minutes of the act would be long enough to represent the first rays of the sun arising on the distant slopes—time enough for the land to darken into that bewitching colour which is to be seen between the setting of the sun and the rising of the moon. Then for the moon to increase in strength as it rises (correctly) into the sky showing a hint of ever increasing brilliancy as the whole scene darkens almost into night when the curtain must shut off the picture from the eye of the spectator.

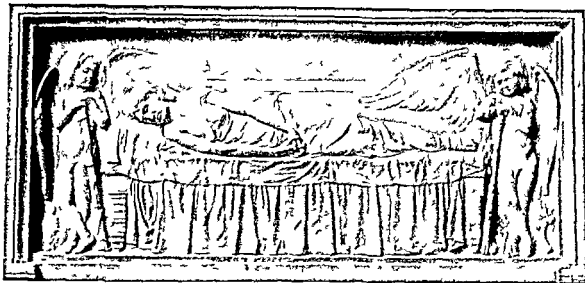
Now I reasoned that a painted sky could not be changed in colour and a painted distance could not first give me the long shadows and then the absence of all shadows. The other alternative immediately presented itself to me—of making the distance in relief—strongly enough modelled to catch the light and cast the shadows. I came upon this as a natural inheritance for my grandfather had already done the same thing—not for the stage but for the church. He was by trade a mason and by nature an inventor of the first order. His opportunities for the display of his inventive faculties were most limited having had, from an early age the care of the little farm property. But his artistic instincts were so strong that he set to work with his boys to make these little pictures in relief of figures with complete backgrounds, that we still see in the churches of Southern Germany. The Nativity was a favourite subject. Heads and faces of the figures were carved in wood and the draperies made of real material dipped in glue, which stiffened when dry. Trees were modelled partly with natural twigs and partly with mosses and rocks and banks were all built up and coloured afterwards. In my boyhood standing at the bench of my beloved father I made many such pictures in relief but my subjects were purely of a romantic character. I made forests with distant mountains to shut them in and I carved the animals and carved the hunters. Therefore modelling the distance in my play was simply to carry on the work begun and perfected two generations before me. This modelled surface properly lighted appeared from the auditorium almost stereoscopic in its reality. For this modelling I used a mixture of plaster of Paris glue and stumped paper sometimes adding tow. Then local colour was given with the ordinary tempera colours. Let me now for a moment leave the background and speak of the sky.

The sky was shut off by the houses to the right and the left of the stage. This made it easy for me to stretch the gauze across the stage. From the

backs of the house I could play various limelights upon the front of the gauze surface which started from behind the hills in the distance—I therefore was free from it. It was made to lean forward so as to give opportunities of throwing lights upon the canvas of the painted sky which was behind it and close up to the wall. This gauze produced an atmospheric effect far removed from the ordinary painted sky. No form of painting could have rendered the various tones of that sky so truthfully. No pigment could have equalled the colour I obtained by the illumination of the gauze by the lights passed through coloured glasses. This surface of gauze is a perfect foundation for nature's grey in skies—that subtle tone which baffles us so much in painting. It is also a foundation for a soft blue when the painted sky behind it is lighted up. With such a foundation of tones which are not produced by means of a pigment on a flat surface wonderful atmospheric effects can be obtained. As forms can be thrown upon the gauze surface by means of lanterns clouds can be made to chase each other across the sky. From sunrise to sunset from storm to calm all sky effects can be produced with a mystery and withal truth to nature utterly denied to the brush alone. Having space on both sides of the gauze the surface can be used as a transparent medium to soften harsh colours or as an opaque surface upon which colour and form can be thrown from the front. I see endless possibilities for startling work with this material. I see a possibility of bringing living people within the focus of a lantern so constructed that they shall be reflected back on to the gauze surface and again be repeated numerous times until the heavens would live with spiritual figures. If life were only not so short if money were only more plentiful for such experiments if somebody else could only do my painting work I could produce a fairy playhouse such as man has only seen in his dreams.

And these are some of my dreams when I lie awake at night for the love of stage work lies deep down in my soul—a gift no doubt from my father who with his brothers and sisters were all Pösson players for that play was at one time performed in our native village in Germany which with its present 1000 inhabitants boasts of a theatre that cost them £600 to build. But forgive me I had forgotten scenic-art is my theme. Now this atmospheric gauze sky is no dream. If I were building a new theatre in London I would arrange a pigmented gauze screen to be brought up out of the bowels of the theatre after the scene was set and the principle of adjustment should be similar to that on the skiff just described where covers turn back on a hinge and finally settle underneath. None but electric





IN MEMORIAM
(By Onslow Ford (1911))

ONSLOW FORD A R A

BY MARION HEIPWORTH LIXON

IT might be thought to be a rather too curious thing were we to seek to gauge the import and meaning of French ascendancy in sculpture. Yet the task were not an unprofitable one. The manifested bent of a people which in other phrase is the spontaneous and unconscious expression of its genius should have an interest for other than the mere student. A brief history of national tendencies—shall we call it?—were it to be traced would teach us something of those special influences which have made England great in poetry and in landscape painting. It would show us the ground plan the foundation of such agencies as have made our Celtic neighbours the framers and the sculptors of the modern world. But for the moment it would be wandering far afield. To take the thing at the first I must then to merely graze or scratch the surface we may say what indeed is pretty evident that the French have a passion for form. This is true not alone of their art though it is so manifestly true of both their plastic and dramatic art. But it is true of their religion their laws their architecture of their very social life and institutions. We see it in their love of a well high drastic kind of etiquette in their approval of that arrangement known as the *marriage de convenance*.

In England in what a recent critic has pleased to call our Shakespeare nation and in no such love exists. In England the individual is more or less paramount

and artistic expression like the wind flows from any point of the compass. For this is well to be remembered. I doubt if we shall see a great school of sculpture in Great Britain though doubtless isolated sculptors (or even small groups of sculptors) will from time to time arise. Such men—and this I venture to predict will be poets as much as sculptors—will speak to us with the charm of diverse tongue. But they will hold us not so much by the commanding force of a Dalou or a Rodin as by the cunning of some hidden meaning some suggestive grace. I know not what of allurements by which we are beckoned into other and ideal worlds.

Such a man stands before us now, not touched by the great time-spirit he cannot help but be something of a Pealst. A man of his time he cannot help being full—as his time is—of contradictions of qualities that is to say which fair and reasonable in themselves seem to give the lie to each other. The problem whether Onslow Ford should be reckoned among the Pealsts or the Idealists is a moot point. Every man who studies his work will answer the question after his own kind. Yet the least biased might waver if called upon to give Mr Onslow Ford his place—though not his rank—in contemporary art. On the side of imaginative sculpture we have but to glance at the artist's figure called "Tolly" with its leeching flower-like grace of torso with its bony strenuous

ultimate aim To put the thing in a model if an artist will choose one of two courses He will sacrifice the merchantlike truthfulness; or he will sacrifice mere conventional beauty for truth Mr Onslow Ford has chosen the latter and the latter part It is this final and irrevocable choice which has made him the force he is It is this and little else which will make his work live

The mere outline of the subject's life can be given in a couple of lines. Born in London in 1835, he received his artistic education in Munich exhibited his first work in the Royal Academy in 1857 and was elected an Associate of that body in 1858. The author of "Folly in sooth has sought for adventures beyond the primary and primary of dedicating his days to art He has slipped through his forty years of life with what the French call a *glorie* for unobtrusiveness. Character and temperament have alike continued to hold him—Mr Onslow Ford—aloof and the honours which fifty years have brought are such as have been thrust upon him. Labour hard and unremitting has been the sum of his days though it may count it the unregenerate to learn that Mr Ford had his moments of human laxity in youth. Like Keats he hated Greek. Like the famous Hellenist sculptor who was to seize so much that was Hellenic in plastic art wavered in the choice of a career. For drawing, probably practised on the margin of a Latin primer, was the chief concern of the Black

British sculptor. He went to the academy and ostensibly to learn to draw, but he went to Dusseldorf and Antwerp at the age of seventeen. It was left for Munich and the famous German sculptor Michael Wagnmüller to give the young man his final turn and lent. A two years' study in the Bavarian city where he worked under the influence though not actually in the studio of the German professor cemented the tendency and from this moment there was neither turning back nor the thought of it.

Setting his face in the direction of London the boy sculptor first exhibited a bust of his wife. This as I have said was in 1853 and was followed by strenuous application—its fruit being the prize in the competition for the statue of Sir Lowry Hill which is now to be seen by all good citizens at the Royal Exchange. A fineful of them if a parcel of critics and amateurs may be made in the generic term were by this time narrowly watching the young artist who had found a temporary studio had by his fellow workers—Mr Gilbert and Sir Edgar Poole. Successful with the Portland Hill essay statues of Sir Charles Leed, Mr Gladstone and that most picturesque of actors Mr Henry Irving as Hamlet.

The first two works elicited public attention the last appeared for Mr Onslow Ford's technical skill acquired as he himself constantly works in a laborious self-taught fashion was a thorough dancing by bounds and strides. The charm of



THE ROYAL ENGINEERS MEMORIAL TO GENERAL GORDON AT CHATHAM
(By Onslow Ford, A.R.S.)

stalk like I go and we shall say here at my rate is an uncompromising Realist. Here is one to whom actuality is everything for whom pretty subtleties and compromises do not exist. Here is one to whom the whole truth and nothing but the truth is acceptable. But is this true in its cruder and almost wholly modern sense of the bulk of the sculptor's work? To turn to the artists list called

Ivy to the work exhibited in the Academy last year called 'A Study' is to be convinced of quite the contrary. I doubt if the very perfume and essence of the young girl of what is furrowed like and yet almost removed and almost in its

virginity was ever more subtly conceived in clay. Mr. Ford's 'Study' is not simply a young girl it is the young girl soft breathing in her fugitive grace her exquisite unconcernedness. The head inspires one in a degree with the emotion which stirs in the Psyche fragment at Naples. In looking at it we feel that we have that evanescent and elusive thing an idea carved in the sternest of materials. It is in itself wrought in stone.

This ideality forms a very inconspicuous part of the artist's work yet strange to say it is the very chief and main office of criticism to charge the sculptor with a lack of imagination while critics it is to be that find him actually lacking in any large or high sense of proportion. Such charges probably matter less to the artist than to those who may have to substitute them. What is noteworthy in this connection is that both social and facts are true applicable to him and the same source. Mr. Onslow Ford

I take it has something dual in his nature and in his gifts. If his conceptions lean to the ideal in his manipulation and in his outward presentments he

has no law or sovereign guide but the real. Something in dividual and special there is in all his efforts that quality we call style. He possesses in a prominent degree and a just and delicate perception of the hidden and inner meaning of sentient things. But with all these gifts—perhaps because of all these gifts—Mr. Onslow Ford will be found to approach nature humbly and reverently with a kind of subservience. I might call it which I belong to the statuary the surrealer



A STUDY
(By Onslow Ford. A.R.A.)

the seker. Hence arises a loving fidelity in all his essays and the rejection of all that is facile tricky and conventional in art. Such an attitude has patent and obvious merits though it lays the artist open as we have seen to more than one misconception. Educated as we are for the most part in a meek classic school Mr. Ford's unwavering fidelity to nature may strike—may does strike—many as being the result of a want of selectiveness in the subjects he chooses to portray. In a word surface critics quarrel with the sculptor's ideals.

All such cavillings however must be set aside if we would understand Mr. Onslow Ford's work in its large, its real relations. The models an artist may select as well as the tools he uses are generally the best for him and effect only in a small degree the final issue of his hand and brain. What is vital beyond and above technical skill and that alluring quality called style is the sculptor's

ultimate aim To put the thing in a nutshell an artist will choose one of two courses He will sacrifice the unflattering truth for beauty or he will sacrifice mere conventional beauty for truth Mr Onslow Ford has chosen the latter and the latter part It is this final and unrevocable choice which has made him the force he is It is this and little else which will make his work live

The more outline of the sculptor's life can be given in a couple of lines I am in London in 1871 he received his art instruction in Munich exhibited his first bust in the Royal Academy in 1877 and was elected an Associate of that body in 1888 The author of "Folly in sooth has sought for adventures beyond the primary and primary one of dedicating his days to art He has slipped through his forty years of life with what the French call a *flair* for unobtrusiveness Character and temperament have alike combined to hold him—Mr Onslow Ford—aloof and the honours which forty years have brought are such as have been thrust upon him Labour, hard and unremitted, has been the sum of his days though it may comfort the unreceptive to learn that Mr Ford had his moments of human laxity in youth Like Keats he hated Greek Like the famous Hellenist the sculptor who was to seize so much that was Hellenic in plastic art wavered in the choice of a career For drawing probably practised on the margin of a Latin primer was the chief concern of the Placid

beath school days punctuating the vowed and ostensible reason of a sojourn to Dink and Antwerp at the age of seventeen It was left for Munich and the famous German sculptor Michael Wagner to give the young man his final turn and bent A two years study in the Bavarian city where he worked under the influence though not actually in the studio of the German professor cemented the tendency and from this moment there was neither turning back nor the thought of it

Setting his face in the direction of London the boy sculptor first exhibited a bust of his wife This as I have said was in 1871 and was followed by strenuous application—its fruit being the prize in the competition for the statue of Sir Powel Hill which is now to be seen by all good citizens at the Royal Exchange A handful of them if a parcel of critics and amateurs may be included in the generic term were by this time narrowly watching the young artist who had found a temporary studio hardly his fellow workers—Mr Gilbert and Sir Edgar Bachman Successful with the Lowland Hill essay statues of Sir Charles Reed Mr Gladstone and that most picturesque of actors Mr Henry Irving as Hamlet



THE ROYAL ENGINEERS MEMORIAL TO GENERAL GORDON AT CHATHAM.
(By O. O. Ford, R.S.A.)

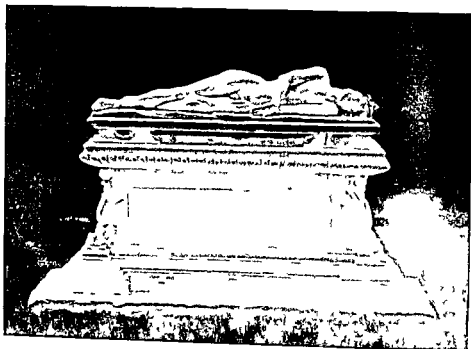
followed The first two weeks elicited public attention the last applause for Mr Onslow Ford's technical skill acquired as he himself constantly avers in a laborious self-taught fashion was a thing advancing by bounds and strides The charm of

the statue Folly following the monument to Lady Lanyon called In Memoriam * and Lancelotti was not however the outcome of any mere science or skill. There was inspiration in its freshness its spontaneity its life. In purchasing it the trustees of the Chantry Bequest seldom lighted on a better choice. The originality of the Folly appraised of what was to come. More than the Lowland Hill or the Irving Hamlet it made the fortunes of its creator for here in a seductively

Dunburgh commission with the two figures The Dance and Music the first conception being one of the most graceful and gracious the artist has yet given us.

Coming to the present day there are the designs involving an infinity of labour for the new coming there is the much discussed statue to Lord Southdown finally, there is Mr Onslow Ford's crowning work. There is the Shelley.

But of the poet or of this last thus inspired



THE SHELLEY MEMORIAL

(Sketch of the Memorial as it will be seen from the Sadlers' Tenement, by Onslow Ford, A.P.A.)

direct and simple realisation the sculptor both found and made known his special gift.

Such discoveries are never less than plunges when they come from without and without bent on further development the artist looks around him for a corner in which to work undisturbed and so looking alighted on a house amid the flowering trees and gardens of St Johns Wood. Here he fashioned for himself a studio where appropriately enough the characteristic statue of Perseus saw the light. Much and excellent work has followed this effort which exhibited in the Salon and at Burlington House, made Mr Onslow Ford a member of the Royal Academy. There was the first of his mother exhibited in 1889, there was the daring experiment of mounting a hero on a camel in the well known London monument there was 'The Singer' and the Mahirajah of

* A copy of which work is to be found at Dresden.

presentiment of him who shall speak? There is that about the great word-jumper which leaves us the toilers and maulers somehow marvellous. Not for us was it to see Shelley plumed. Those who saw him have passed away. What though he died never so recently and in truth it is hardly seventy years ago he is already an abstraction for us and our thoughts of him are coloured by what of passion of pathos of lingering tenderness there may chance to be in our own natures. A dozen men or hardly a dozen men in a century are thus enshrined in our imaginations. The portrayal then of any such man or any such abstraction has drawbacks obvious and manifold. The difficulties are all of themselves. It is not alone that the creation must be a thing in itself beautiful that it must take as near as may be the outward and visible form of the actual man but it must realise, if it have the element of a permanent success in it a vivid popular ideal.

All praise then to the sculptor who has dared and in his daring succeeded, in such a doubtful enterprise. The daring indeed of the project is as apparent as the success of it. The poet is represented as he was found on the storm washed shore of Virgoglio lifeless, nude, cold but still beautiful in ex-



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(Dying Ovid by Ford A.R.C.)

pressibly beautiful in death. A branch which is a wreath and yet is not a wreath of laurels encircles the poet's head. Beneath the figure and the slab on which the figure rests a youthful and tenderly abstracted muse bends over her broken lyre while two winged lions and some delicate leaf tracery complete the accessories of the monument. What is technical in the work speaks for itself. The skill and the learning in it are evident. A certain majesty too is conveyed in its very simplicity for Mr Onslow Ford has fully realised in this his last and surely most entrancing effort both the command and the power which lie in directness. In it is in all the better things he attempts the script is completely out-spoken. The motive is simple, serious, passionate,

all that Milton asked of a poet and in this representation of a poet we have had seized for us the very entity the very heart of that abstraction out of which, in some sort we have made and fashioned our ideal.

Large in conception there is a repose and unity in the work which satisfies and convinces as it satisfies. In no other way would we have had the passionate poet the passionate lover of the sea represented but in just this wise—locked in the sea and race white as the wild surf which engulfed him. Not other would we have the stormy end depicted but in just this high brave way. For what if we hear the booming of seas and whining of winds in that last strife which was to end all other—let us

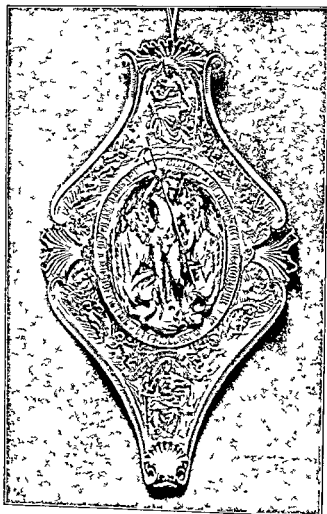


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(Folly by Onslow Ford A.R.C.)

look to it let us listen and in a little while it shall be ours to hear a sound as of some celestial music proclaiming not only above and beyond but here below the immortality of the chosen deity.

Thus then has been Mr Onslow Ford's task. A task not only of labour and manifestly stupendous labour but of love. Is such labour like mortal excellence its own reward? Let us hope not.

As I might say Oxford is to be felicitated for it is in University College instead of in the famous Jonian graveyard that the memorial is to find a permanent and final home. Yet our gain in this



THE GORDON SHIELD

(By Onslow Ford A.R.A.)

Times have changed since the sweetest music maker of our century was held to be an evil thing. Times have changed since the poet was expelled the university which is now to receive him back with loyal and reverent. They have changed indeed since Lord Byron Shelley was the country of which he was to be the national vaunt and pride. We know better now, and in so knowing may felicitate Lady Shelley no less than the creator of the work. In

stance is in no wise Italy's loss. A copy of the statue is to be erected to the poet at Arezzo the gift being handsomely tendered by the poets and literati in law and Mr Onslow Ford. The project is a graceful one. Shelley's centenary is hard upon us and little better tribute could be offered his memory than the erection of a monument by the self same sea which on that fateful July day in the twenties gave up what was mortal of the singer who yet lives.

CHARLES KEENE HIS LIFE AND WORK *

BY M. H. SPIELMANN

THE life of Keene was one that many an artist might envy. It was as is shown by Mr Layard's delightful volume a life in which he enjoyed all the quiet and repose he most desired in which he succeeded in accumulating for the benefit of those he loved the store of wealth for which he laboured, and in which he received all the recognition and more which he imagined his talents deserved. Its most exciting incident as he himself declared was a visit to the dentist, its chief interest apart from his work the pursuit of his refined and simple hobbies its solace the cultivation of music vocal and student moved thereto by a fine bass voice and a passion for the bagpipes. A chosen handful of friends a boxful of quaint tobacco pipes of the *Plague of London* period a sketch book a practising stick a few flint arrow heads and a golf club—these were to him the requisites of a happy life. In the enjoyment of them he lived and died leaving no man to speak ill of him. To Mr Layard's charming examples of Keene's chivalry to men I may add one of his gallantry to women for when it happened that he received a screamer as he called it for *Punch* in which a woman was the butt he would transform her in his drawing into a man. No he would say in response to any remonstrance it would be cowardly to keep it a woman.

That Keene in the estimation of the world will

* The Life of Charles Samuel Keene By George Somers Layard. With many Illustrations. (Sampson Low and Co. 1899)

retain his position there can be little doubt. His name will be linked with those of the other great masters of the point of a pen and I think a little beyond them—with F. Schlegel Rops with Edwin Abbey with Menzel with De Neuville and one or two others.

Yet at first his work was extremely tight though pregnant with promise of his feeling for character and light and shade. Judged by that no less than by subsequent work he has generally been thought—and Mr Layard mentions it in his book—to have been unquestionably an artist by nature and only a humorist by accident. That serious art would have claimed him had *Punch* not haply acted upon him as a loadstone as it has from first to last on so many others of our most distinguished artists and draughtsmen. But the fact has been lost sight of by all writers on Keene's art that he as well as Mr Tenniel had executed a series of



SLEEPING MAN

(From a sketch by Charles Keene)

comic pastel drawings for *The Book of Beauty* (lately exhibited at Messrs. Dowdeswells) which wrought so early as 1846 proved by their genuine fun and farcical humour that the comic vein was in truth already strongly ingrained in him. His tightness of manner he gradually lost—began to lose in my opinion according as he forgot the use of the graver. For to Whymper the wood-engraver he had been apprenticed just as John Leech William Harvey Mr. Parker Foster Mr. Ricketts Mr. Shannon Mr. Walter Crane and others had each in his youth begun life in an engraver's studio, and when the narrow restrictions were lifted which the Linnæan imposes has

independence and originality were allowed full play. Perhaps the best example of the results of his emancipation may be seen in his illustrations to a volume not referred to by Mr Layard—*A Story with a Vengeance* by Albert Smith and Anon. B. Peich published in 1852 in which the name of the en-

sion and character is to be compared with that of any other artist—if his artistic virtues in that respect can be said to be shared by another—that other is indubitably M. Paul Penouard. His life was in his art his one passion outside of it being music—a passion which he shared with Cuns-

borough with Dyce, Pinner, Webster, Knight and so many other of our best known artists. Modest and retiring to a fault he yet never permitted his individuality to be interfered with but worked steadily to the end turning neither to the right nor to the left his power developing the longer he lived and more and more approaching perfection in that art he chose to exercise. He was longer upon it than Leech but almost from the first he was a great thoughtful man and perhaps he was the greater in his art that he was incomparably less of a thinker and if an original humorist.

His education was simple and his first placed in an architect's office he was removed to Mr Whymper's where he was also encouraged to draw while serving the time of his apprenticeship. He then took a studio in the Strand where he lived amid dust and cold—a skylighted attic which he has drawn more than once in *Peich* and elsewhere and which he occupied for years dividing his time between his cherished pursuit of drawing, reading, music and collecting. Through his fellow-student Samuel Coleridge he became connected with the *Illustrated London News* and worked for it for a time while studying at the evening life-class of what is now the Langham Sketching Club. Soon after in 1851 he made some drawings for *Peich* which were sent in anonymously by his friend Mr Henry Silver himself for some years on the staff of that immortal journal. Not for three years did Keene discover his identity but from that time forward he became one of the most constant and delightful

if not one of the most appreciated of its artists until his last illness—his first and last—snatched the pencil from his hand.

It is of a life smooth laborious and calmly joyous a life as simple as the lives simple were that Mr Lavard tells us. He seems uncountably enough to have neglected wilfully to obtain personal and technical information from the world could best have supplied it—the publishers, editor and fellow workers of *Punch* with but one important



A FINE-SIDE REVERIE.

(From a Sketch by Charles Keene.)

graver was a liveried though that of the young artist was not thought worth recording. At the same time there can be no doubt that to his knowledge of the art of engraving is due his extraordinary subsequent success in drawing on wood for the engraver—a technical accomplishment in itself.

Keene appears to have been influenced first by Menzel with whom he afterwards exchanged salutary in the shape of drawings and later by Mr Whistler. But if his power over expres-

exception. For that reason there are unfortunately deficiencies, errors, and omissions. The author has thus made his interesting book less interesting than

it need have been and certainly less authentic.

It is natural that in such a work as this the illustrations should form an important if not the more important feature. It must be admitted that they are admirably chosen and display in exactly the full merits of Keene's work. The beauty & line of composition of each scene has been keenly and tenderly observed, his conscientiousness of design his charm in the arrangement whether of background or group—and the masterliness in respect to the former is apt to be the first sight of in his finished drawings through the very excellence of his principal figures—all these are demonstrated by the various methods of reproduction. The resources of photogra-

phy is instinct. Similarly the study for the *Once a Week* illustration is not only full of life and is unflinchingly true and so certain in the draughtsman's sense of ease and facility as we regard it. In contrast with this daylight study is that for 'A Finesse Reverse,' the admirable completed picture of which is also given in Mr Layard's book. We can see how different in temperament was the man who approached this drawing to that of his fellow pupil at Whymper's his great colleague on *Once a Week*—Lud Walker. Most of Walker's drawings were begun with indecision and out of his initial doubt arose a thing of beauty and of grace. This

sketch of Keene's on the other hand betrays no sign of hesitation. It is as positive as decisive firm and *banished* is the obvious character of the sitter. A further contrast is to be found in the

Study of a Tree—as graceful as one of Mr Mac Whirtas' sketches or Sir John Millais' fine more truthful than a photograph and displaying as much knowledge of tree character and structure as one of the studies of Mr Lusk. I have included it as it is one of the many scores of studies which Keene loved to make in order to obtain a full ground of truth and beauty for the simplest of his black and white pictures, and which contain many of them drawings and sentiment that within their limits have never been exceeded. And lastly there is the comic little sketch of an Old Lady showing her tongue to a chemist. What could be more rigid and direct,



A NORTH BOSTON

(From a Sketch by Charles Keene)

vine colotype wood engraving and process have been brought to bear on their representation and the result is entirely satisfying and satisfactory. A few of these examples have been selected to illustrate this notice being chosen with a view to set forth the serious beauty of Keene's work and the serious exquisiteness and grace of his studies for his finished drawings are well enough known to the world at large—the great public to whom his studies will come as a revelation. The *Sleeping Man* is obviously a portrait and one can see at a glance it is a striking likeness touched in with an economy of means and yet with completeness which are surprising while the *Exposition* of the human robe from it is a sort of the humour with which



STUDY FOR ONCE A WEEK ILLUSTRATION

(By Charles Keene)

and more completely suggestive? Yet so conscientious was Keene, and so eclectic in his taste, that one of his *Punch* pictures which I have seen at Mr. Barker Foster's was the *seventh* version of the subject, every one of the previous sketches failing to satisfy the critical faculty of the artist.

Excellent up to a certain point as is this 'Life and Letters' there are statements of opinion to which it is impossible to subscribe, and assertions of fact which cannot be accepted. To these I may I think profitably pay some attention, not for the purpose of cavilling at good work done, but in order that this authoritative compilation should not in the subsequent editions

which are sure to be called for go to posterity with its blemishes upon it. Let me first take the errors of fact as nearly as possible in the order in which they occur. It may be objected that they comprise merely matters of detail; this may be so, but a biography such as this is necessarily made up of details—in which indeed its chief value consists. Mr. Silver, the artist's great friend who introduced him to *Punch*, is made responsible for

the statement that, after Keene first added his initials to his drawings in *Punch*, his previous signature of a mask only appeared twice, in point of fact it appeared upon his drawings no fewer than eight times. In giving a list of the first four drawings signed 'C. K.," Mr. Layard in reality mentions the first three and the fifth, omitting the fourth—an initial letter "W.," representing a Turk playing "back" to a ball at cricket. To the second volume for 1876 he says, he contributed only three drawings. True, only three signed drawings appear, but others there in which though unsigned are unquestionably from the hand of the great "Caric." The author further says that the year 1876 witnesses Keene's first appearance in the pages of *Punch's* Pocket Books. That *object* was made in the previous year 1865 when with the titled *Flying Plate* and title page entitled "Our Sporting Lamp—Awful Explosion" (a reprint for "Exposure") he made one of his happy efforts at cutting an attack on sported horses as even John Ruskin himself can be credited with. By a curious oversight, Mr. Layard after recording Keene's visit to Pitt Rivers in

1856, states that not until twenty years later, when he went for a holiday to Biarritz, did he again cross the Channel, yet later on speaks of an intermediate visit to the Rhine. Again he applauds Keene's care in never repeating a joke which he or another had previously used for *Punch*, but Keene in truth had no better a memory than other *Punch* contributors. Doubtless, he rejected all subjects which he remembered had appeared, but jokes unfortunately cannot be indexed—they crop up in all sorts of forms and in various guises and disguises, and by unconscious combination are often revived or accepted as new. And in this way Keene not

only repeated other old jokes on several occasions, but he actually plagiarised himself.

In his chapter dealing with the cartoons drawn by Keene in the absence of Mr. Tenniel Mr. Layard is neither accurate nor entirely explicit. It may be well therefore to say plainly that for *Punch* Keene drew altogether thirteen cartoons, which were published on the following dates: the 30th April, 1864, 7th and 21st July, and 11th August, 1866, 18th July,



A STUDY

(By Charles Keene)

1868, 6th March and 3rd April, 1875, and the 20th September and 27th November, 1877, while five of them appeared in 1878, on the 7th, 12th, 19th, and 26th October, and 2nd November, respectively. One of these—"At the Head of the Profession" (a fraudulent bank director cast, broken hearted, among house-breakers at a police station)—he describes as 'perfunctory,' but it is, on the contrary, a very admirable piece of work, nearly as good as anything he ever did, though a little 'open' in appearance through its being drawn and reproduced on so unusually large a scale. As regards the portraits in *Punch* by Keene of himself and the *Punch* staff—(Mr. Layard wrongly says he never was actually on the staff himself, not being in receipt of a salary; but the majority of *Punch* staff artists are not paid by salary)—it may be said firstly that the figure on p. 70 of the first volume for 1865 cannot possibly be meant for such a portrait of Keene as it is not in the least like him, while among the more striking of his autograph likenesses which Mr. Layard has omitted mention are those on p. 270 of the second volume for 1878, p. 165 of the second volume for 1867, p. 192 of the

first volume for 1868 p. 134 of the first volume for 1869 on p. 76 of the first volume for 1870, and on p. 176 of the first volume for 1871. Moreover the portrait of Mr Stacy Marks R.A. on p. 24 of the first volume for 1866, is a far better likeness of the genial Academician than that which has been reproduced in the book. Another portrait by the way which Keene was in the habit of reproducing was that of his nephew who was destined to work with him for some years in the same office (p. 25—Mr A. C. Cotton).

In speaking of those to whom Charles Keene was indebted for subjects Mr Layard tells us of two or three of the more important who supplied the artist direct. But he omits all mention of Mr Henry Walker of Worcester from whom Keene received a number of his best subjects for which he began by paying himself until the editor took over that duty and he tells us nothing of Mr Ashby Storr, a joke suggestor, little of Mr Haydon who contributed also much that was published from his own hand (whose portrait Keene introduced into the *Almanack* for 1885 as the Little Angler's "Gigantic Friend" and elsewhere) or of Mr Barker Foster nothing of Mr Callaway Mr Savile Clark, and others. Mr Dalton if I mistake not was among the many whose first contribution to *Punch* was re-drawn by Keene to whom it was forwarded from the office to treat, another was Major General Robley, referred to in the book as plain "Captain" who afterwards like Mr Dalton, was published intact and who to this day is an enthusiastic sketcher.

Mr Layard is severe upon those who hold that Keene so far as may be judged from his work had little appreciation of or sympathy for, female beauty and he cites the drawing of the Brittany peasant, in the number for September 20th 1866 as testimony of the contrary. He might fairly have added the pretty women to be found on p. 188, vol. 1 1869—very Leechy young lady, thus p. 222 vol. 1 1862, and p. 118, vol. 2 1892 as further evidence. But these pretty women either serve to accentuate the ugliness of all his other women when they should most have been beautiful and Mr Layard overlooks the fact that though in these isolated and I may say accidental cases the women are pretty they are certainly devoid of elegance. They are hardly more ladylike than his men were handsome or as a rule

distinguished, and when our author declares that no one can doubt that if Keene had chosen he could have drawn god-like heroes and be-worthied young



STUDY OF A TREE

(By Charles Keene.)

ladies as well or as dimly as Mr Du Mauer, he will certainly find no one to agree with him. That the artist could have drawn such from life—apart from his *Punch* pictures—there is little doubt, but even then his method of seeing and translating character would not adapt itself most easily to the representation of more facial beauty. On the many

and more completely suggestive? Yet so conscientious was Keene, and so eclectic in his taste, that one of his *Punch* pictures which I have seen at Mr. Burket Foster's was the *seventh* version of the subject, every one of the previous sketches failing to satisfy the critical faculty of the artist.

Excellent up to a certain point as is this 'Life and Letters' then are statements of opinion to which it is impossible to subscribe, and assertions of fact which cannot be accepted. To these I may I think profitably pay some attention, not for the purpose of cavilling at good work done, but in order that this authoritative compilation should not in the subsequent editions which are sure to be called for, go to posterity with its blunders upon it. Let me first take the errors of fact as nearly as possible in the order in which they occur. It may be objected that they comprise much matters of detail, this may be so, but a biography such as this is necessarily made up of details—in which indeed its chief value consists. Mr. Silver, the artist's great friend who introduced him to *Punch*, is made responsible for

the statement that, after Keene first added his initials to his drawings in *Punch*, his previous signature of a mark only appeared twice, in point of fact it appeared upon his drawings no fewer than eight times. In giving a list of the first four drawings signed 'C K' Mr. Layard in reality mentions the first three and the fifth, omitting the fourth—an initial letter 'W,' representing a Turk playing 'buck' to a ball at cricket. To the second volume for 1856, he says, he contributed only three drawings. True only three signed drawings appear, but others there are which though unsigned, are unquestionably from the hand of the great 'Carlo.' The author further says that the year 1866 witnesses Keene's first appearance in the pages of *Punch's* Pocket Books. That *debut* was made in the previous year, 1865, when with the etched folding plate and title page, entitled 'Punch's Sporting Lamp—Awful Explosion' (a misprint for 'Explosion') he made one of his happiest efforts, as cutting an attack on spiritualistic sciences as even John Leech himself can be credited with. By a curious oversight, Mr. Layard, after recording Keene's visit to Brittany in

1856, states that not until twenty years later, when he went for a holiday to Biarritz, did he again cross the Channel, yet later on speaks of an intermediate visit to the Rhine. Again he applauds Keene's care in never repeating a joke which he or another had previously used for *Punch*, but Keene, in truth, had no better a memory than other *Punch* contributors. Doubtless, he rejected all subjects which he remembered had appeared, but jokes, unfortunately, cannot be indexed, they crop up in all sorts of forms and in various guises and disguises, and by unconscious repetition are often revived or accepted as new. And in this way Keene not

only repeated other old jokes on several occasions, but he actually plagiarised himself.

In his chapter dealing with the cartoons drawn by Keene in the absence of Mr. Tenniel, Mr. Layard is neither accurate nor entirely explicit. It may be well therefore to say plainly that for *Punch* Keene drew altogether thirteen cartoons, which were published on the following dates: the 30th April 1864, 7th and 21st July, and 11th August, 1866, 18th July,

1868, 6th March and 3rd April, 1875, and the 20th September and 27th November, 1877, while five of them appeared in 1878, on the 7th, 12th, 19th, and 26th October, and 2nd November, respectively. One of these—'At the Head of the Profession' (a fraudulent link director cast, broken bentled among license breakers at a police station)—he describes as 'perfunctory,' but it is, on the contrary, a very admirable piece of work, nearly as good as anything he ever did, though a little "open" in appearance through its long drawn and reproduced on so unusually large a scale. As regards the portraits in *Punch* by Keene of himself and the *Punch* staff—(Mr. Layard wrongly says he never was actually on the staff himself, not being in receipt of a salary, but the majority of *Punch* staff artists are not paid by salary)—it may be said, firstly, that the figure on p. 70 of the first volume for 1858 cannot possibly be meant for such a portrait of Keene as it is not in the least like him while among the more striking of his autographs like those which Mr. Layard has omitted mention are of those on p. 259 of the second volume for 1859, p. 165 of the second volume for 1867, p. 192 of the



A STUDY
(By Charles Keene)



SHELLEY

(Drawn by C. Ricketts - Set from type opposite by Theodore Watts)

book covers too which Keene executed for the yellow back novels the pictures of which still serve to attract purchasers at the railway book stalls Mr Layard is silent. The general impression too that Keene entertained no feelings of friendship towards the Royal Academy is indignantly flouted by him. Nevertheless, the belief—now disproved—that he had never even entered the rooms of the Academy was for a long time shared by some of his own colleagues, and the fact remains that while he rarely spoke of the Academy with respect he steadily refrained to the last from contributing to it although he did exhibit elsewhere.

And finally it is something of a pity that Mr Layard has adopted so weak a line in defence of his hero—if defence it can be called when none attracts. He speaks scornfully of the journalists when they have not time to read contemporary works when they tried to. In the first case he says they were ignorant of his greatness in the second they ought to exploit him—forgetting that it is no more reprehensible to write an article laudatory or critical about a man's life and work while he is among us than a book when he is dead. He refers to Keene's work for the *Illustrated London News* in which he was engaged as special artist as pot-boiling but he fails to explain why it is less dignified to make a picture of an actual than of a supposed event—of a serious than a comic occurrence. This is doubtless characteristic of the author's inexplicable but pronounced

dislike of journalism and distrust of the public taste, yet he himself points out that Keene's artist companions at the sketching club could no more appreciate his work than the writers—though the former had ample opportunities of seeing and judging which the latter who were not professional artists, rarely enjoyed.

Yet notwithstanding what I have ventured to consider as blemishes the book in its kind is a very notable addition to the literature of art more especially of that narrower section of it known as black and white. It places before us the great master of the craft in his habit as he lived and wrote. And even though Mr Layard was personally unknown to him and has gained his acquaintance at second hand—I judge through the contributions of several of the artist's friends but certainly not less through his letters—he has presented to us the personality of Charles Keene with completeness and tact no less than with humour, appreciation and literary skill. He is perhaps with misplaced modesty avoided any real criticism of the master's work: he has declined in consequence of the many difficulties that presented themselves to compile a bibliography of the works he illustrated, and he has chosen to consider that he has done little more than compile a volume of *œuvres posthumes*. But the reader will close the book with the conviction that here is a work of sterling worth a thing of beauty in itself, both as a work of art and literature and a memorial not unworthy of our greatest master of the draughtsmanship.

For the Shelley Centenary.

(LATEST 4TH 1892.)

*IN Christ's own town did fools of old condemn
A sinless maid to burn in felon's fire,
She looked above, she spake from out the pyre
To skies that made a star for Bethlehem,
When, lo! the flames touching her garment's hem
Blossom'd to roses—wax'd like a lyre—
Made every fagot-twigg a scented brier,
And crown'd her with a rose-bud diadem!**

*Brothers in Shelley, we this morn are strong
Our Heart of Hearts bath conquer'd—conquer'd those
Once fain to work the world and Shelley wrong
Their pyre of hate now bourgeons with the rose—
Their every fagot, now a sweet brier, throws
Love's breath upon the breeze of Shelley's song!*

THEODORE WATT.

* See *The Voyage and Travels of Sir John Maundeville*



SHELLEY

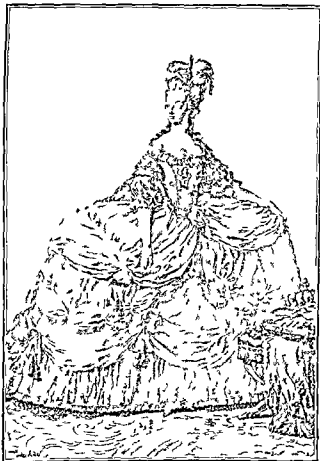
(Designed by C. E. Jeffers. Sculpted by Theodore Watts.)

up to the last days of her life when her once beautiful hair had bleached from misceivable suffering
Sunt lacrymæ rerum, et mentis mortalis tangunt

Among the artists who painted Marie Antoinette when she was Dauphine the names of Drouais, Michel van Loo and Duerloo are best known. None of these portraits do justice to the beauty for which the youthful Princess was famous. They represent Marie Antoinette with almost a plain face and without any of the charm which she then must undoubtedly have possessed. The forehead is high and projecting, the nose heavily curved and thick, the Austrian pointing lower lip is strongly marked. These features are also evident in the medals struck and in all of this early period of her life in France. That delightful artist Moreau le Jeune in his portraits of the Dauphine draws which the Latin of such able engravers as Goussier and Leconte transferred to copper has all those traits in the Princess's face strongly marked. Of that period of her life by far the most attractive representation of the Dauphine is that beautiful engraving known as the *Hommage des Arts*—designed by Cochin and engraved by Levestre in which the profile of Marie Antoinette is placed on a medallion encircled by angels and miscellaneously the Arts in the form of graceful nymphs with attendant cupids around.

When Queen the full length engraving drawn by Toussaint and engraved by Duflos is I think the one which gives the best idea of the majesty and splendour of Marie Antoinette and recalls the immortal description of her appearance in Edmund Burke's words—words too well known to need quotation. None of the engravings after the many portraits of the Queen by Michel Leconte are satisfactory, the one best known of which the original is now at Versailles and wherein the Queen is represented with her children has never been well reproduced neither has a very interesting full length life size portrait of Marie Antoinette with her children walking in the gardens of Trianon by the Swedish artist Westmüller a picture painted for Gustavus III of Sweden and now in the museum at Stockholm. That picture was exhibited in the gallery of the Louvre in the year 1783 and had I imagine been painted during the previous year at Versailles or at Trianon. In that year the Queen writing to her brother Joseph II says: "I feel more at Queen in my gardens than anywhere else. My trees and

my flowers do not fatigue me like the etiquette and representation does when at Court I am surrounded by devoirs et interests. A very few years were to pass when all she loved was torn from her: her gardens and her trees and her flowers and later on her friends husband children



MARIE ANTOINETTE.

(From the Engraving by P. D. for after the Portrait by Toussaint.)

The Queen loved to be painted at Trianon in her straw hat and in a plain muslin dress with a rose or two in her hair—and these portraits are I think much more interesting and infinitely more touching than those in which she appears in Court dress. There are several charming portraits of her when at Trianon one especially by an unknown artist which has not been engraved.

Three years after the Queen's execution a visitor describes the once beautiful little house of rest at Trianon which Marie Antoinette had so loved and where we can still enquire up her image surrounded by her children and friends as follows—

At the entrance of the Petit Trianon a notice—

board had written on it *'Trop rest a verdure'* Grass grew on the steps of the beautiful building once occupied by Marie Antoinette and in its rooms and halls. The mirrors had been broken and even the bolts wrenched from off the doors and the furniture broken. A damp chunnel like colour

charm attach itself to the spot so potent had been the spell of the poor Queen.

Even now after nearly a century has elapsed since Marie Antoinette passed the last few tranquil days of her life on this spot I know of few scenes so full of an indescribable glamour half



MARIE ANTOINETTE.

(From an engraving by C. G. after the Portrait by Le Barbier.)

permeated the place and only the beautiful wild covering in the panels of the Queen's rooms left unspoiled. The little theatre in the garden in which the Queen had acted still retained a few vestiges of its former decoration, some gilding still remained but the spoils had torn off the fine velvet from the chairs and boxes. Weeds covered the once trim lawns and hedges, the lake was stagnant and covered with weed and the village with its mill and its dairy in which the King had acted the part of the miller to the Queen the dairy maid—the village was covered with the threat of the guillotine and the guillotine had been set up and plundered all who came within its reach but yet the traveller felt a

serene half pleasant as that of Tintern produces and Mickel's beautiful ballad of "Cannon Hall" comes into our memory as one watches the light and shade play on the leaves and along the paths which once were trodden by Marie Antoinette.

Le Barbier Westmanland another Swedish artist painted the Queen more than once this was the one which is the full length portrait of Marie Antoinette in a superb dress with a plume of ostrich feathers on her head well known from the engraving. Barthelmy Pigeon was the engraver of this portrait which has also been reproduced in miniature of which latter the Duke of Buccleuch and Mr. Murray possess fine copies.

It is not necessary in this place to do more than to refer to the engravures that were published of the

widow in the Rue St Honoré. This is an excellent sketch has often been reproduced and even in this drawing we cannot fail to see that even at that moment of agony the poor Queen maintained calm and dignified demeanour. One portrait which has also been often repeated and of which the original is in the palace of the Prince d'Armering, at Brussels.



MARIE ANTOINETTE
(From the original by J. M. A. S.)

Queen at the moment that of the Revolution they were as ignorant as we are of things actually in the world. It is the subject of the same engraving which is the portrait of her. It is even in this engraving the portrait of Marie Antoinette features itself the very same as the portrait of her



Jls sont Graves dans ma Pensee

PORTRAITS OF LOUIS, MAR F ANTOINETTE, AND THE DUCHESSE
(From an engraving by J. M. A. S.)

character did that of her accusers. The cruellest libel portrait of the Queen was made by David as he watched her on her way to the scaffold from a



MARIE ANTOINETTE.
(From the original by Lord F. M. A. S.)

is of interest and of great interest. It is a small but a portrait full face of the Queen in the Conciergerie a few weeks before her death and was painted by a Polish artist named Kocinski. The face is still more the thought in ruin. (From the original by Lord F. M. A. S.) a repetition of the same interesting portrait of the same size as that at Brussels and Mr. D. M. A. S. is one of life size.

BERNARD EVANS, R.I.

By ARTHUR T. STIMP

AMONGST the many clever and talented landscape painters of the day there is perhaps not one who is more strongly individual or whose art is more strikingly an outgrowth of his genius than Bernard Evans. Occasionally his works are seen in the exhibitions of the Royal Institute of Painters in Water Colours and occasionally—still more occasionally—in the gallery of the Royal British Artists' Society at the Strand. But he is not to be exhibited because in the first place he is not a great producer and then what he does produce is eagerly picked up by collectors. One would like to have the opportunity of seeing in one of



BERNARD EVANS, R.I.
(After the sketch of J. Stimp)

his works not only for the reason that they possess the quality of all superior art of transmuting the scene they depict but also for the further reason that they carry on the best traditions of the great landscape art of the past. Some in consequence dub Mr Evans as of the old school but it should not be forgotten that it is a school which has produced work that has never been surpassed and that this far to live when a great deal of the flashy work of to-day is utterly lost sight of and forgotten.

Bernard Evans was born in Birmingham in December 1848 and is the son of Walter Swift Evans the descriptive Gothic designer. When

Pugin received his commission for the decoration of the Houses of Parliament the elder Evans was appointed one of his assistants in the carrying out

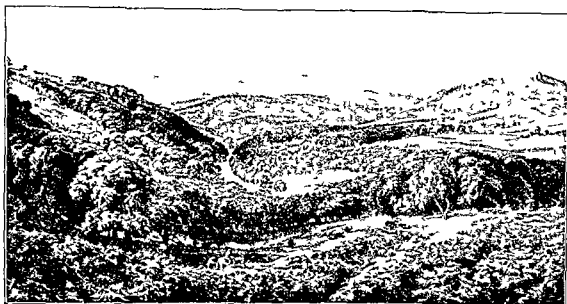
of the designs. His son inherited his first instruction in art from Samuel Lewis a well known teacher of drawing in the neighbourhood of Weymouth and the master of Wyndham's Academy at Exeter. He subsequently received instruction under George Wallis at the Birmingham School of Art and eventually became a student at the Royal Academy. He received great encouragement from his master Mr. Lockhart Henshaw.

whose works it is predicted will some day be as valuable as David Cox's also strongly recommended him to devote himself to art.

Henshaw's insight was abundantly justified coming to London at the age of twenty he Bernard Evans had the gratification of seeing his drawing in the picture "Cliff and Pines" on the line at South Kensington. In 1871 his water colour entitled "Fishing" won for him a similar honour at the Royal Academy. The same good fortune befell him in the following year in respect of "A Lady Villa, Cannock Chase, Staffordshire" and "The Villa of Frickton, Cannock Chase."

In 1876 Mr Evans became a member of the

Royal Society of English Artists exhibiting 'A Time work in the Society of British Artists exhibition
 Day in Winter, 'Perthshire Meadows and A These are just the points in which Mr Evans's



UPPER WHARFDALE.

(From the Portfolio by Bernard Evans R.I. In the Transactions of the Manchester Society of Liverpool.)

Valley Farm" respecting the latter the first strength lies. To use his own phrase he considers
Journal and In breadth and light effect of clear weather the expression of landscape and his great



ST AGATHA'S ABBEY

(From the Portfolio by Bernard Evans R.I. In the Transactions of the Manchester Society of Liverpool.)

atmosphere knowledge of cloud and hill form and aim is always to reproduce the true feeling and
 rendering of space it is approached by no other expression of his subject. How successful he is in

BERNARD EVANS, R.I.

BY ALFRED T. STORR

AMONGST the many clever and talented landscape painters of the day there is perhaps not one who is more strongly individual or whose art is more strikingly an outgrowth of his genius than Bernard Evans. Occasionally his works are seen in the exhibitions of the Royal Institute of Painters in Water Colours and occasionally—still more occasionally—in the gallery of the Royal British Artists, Suffolk Street, Pall Mall. But he is not a great exhibitor because in the first place he is not a great producer and then what he does produce is eagerly picked up by collectors. One would like to have the opportunity of seeing more of

his works not only for the reason that they possess the quality of all superior art of transporting you to the scene they depict but also for the further reason that they carry on the best traditions of the great landscape art of the past. Some in consequence dub Mr Evans as of the old school but it should not be forgotten that it is a school which has produced work that has never been surpassed and that bids fair to live when a great deal of the flashy work of to-day is utterly lost sight of and forgotten.

Bernard Evans was born in Birmingham in December 1848 and is the son of Walter Swift Evans the decorative Gothic designer. When

young he received his commission for the decoration of the House of Parliament the elder Evans was appointed one of his assistants in the carrying out

of the designs. His son learned his first instruction in art from Samuel Lucas a well-known water-colourist in Birmingham in three days and then the master of Wren and Crew took the Academy course. He subsequently received instruction under George Wallis at the Farnham School of Art and commenced landscape painting as a serious study under the late Edward Watts at his school of landscape art and received great encouragement from his master Mr Frederick Henshaw.

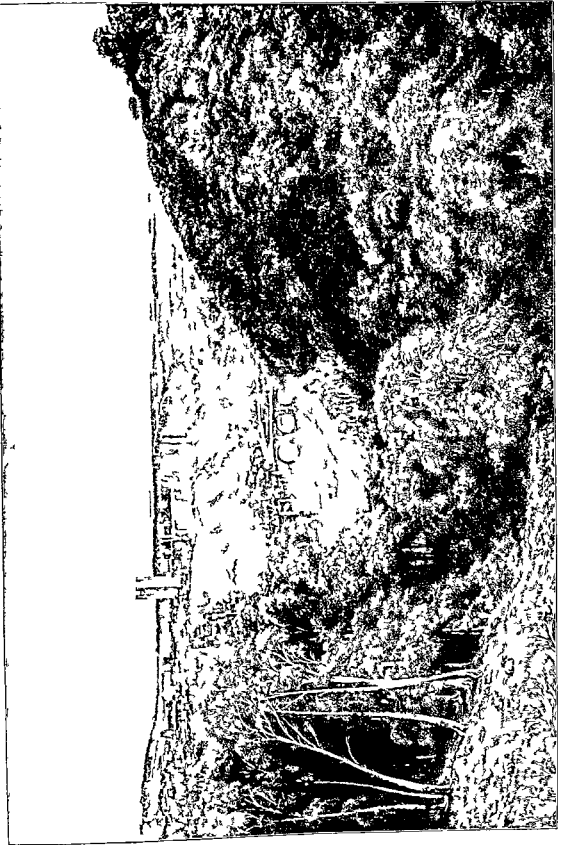
His works it is predicted will some day be as valuable as David Cox's and strongly recommended him to devote himself to art.

Henshaw's insight was abundantly justified. Coming to London at the age of twenty in 1868 Mr Evans had the gratification of seeing his drawing in aquatint "Charging Pastures" on the line at South Kensington. In 1871 his water-colour entitled "February" won for him a similar honour at the Royal Academy. The same good fortune befell him in the following year in respect to "Lonely Villages, Cannock Chase," "Moorland" and "The Village of Breckton, Cannock Chase."

In 1875 Mr Evans became a member of



BERNARD EVANS, R.I.
(Done by Alfred T. Storrr)



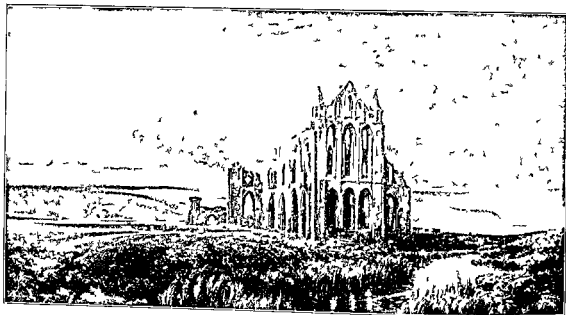
LICHMOND 10 KSHIRE

t n r g by E a d b n f n f d r E f grace by Prof. and E. with d)

this respect may be gathered from a notice which appeared in *The Times* of 1881. Speaking of *The Valley of the Dee* exhibited that year with *A Passing Storm* the critic said: "In the former especially Mr Evans has attempted a great deal for the masses of cloud that roll across the background, more vast and stormier than the ordinary winter fogs to be met with, but on the whole his boldness has been justifiable. The other and more perfect landscape is also of high quality."

Piviera, and if it should happen that he produces there still finer work than he has yet done his productions may look up on the recent affliction which dictated the wintering in a milder climate as a not altogether unmixed evil.

During the last five years Mr Evans has been busy chiefly with the Abbeys of York and Westminster, for the most part at Harrogate. He has already painted six of them: Pevsley, St. Hilary, Whitby, Bolton, Fountains, Ryland, and St. Agatha's Early,



ST. HILDA'S ABBEY

(From the Portfolio by Edward Paus. Reprinted in the Magazine of J. O. Rock, Esq.)

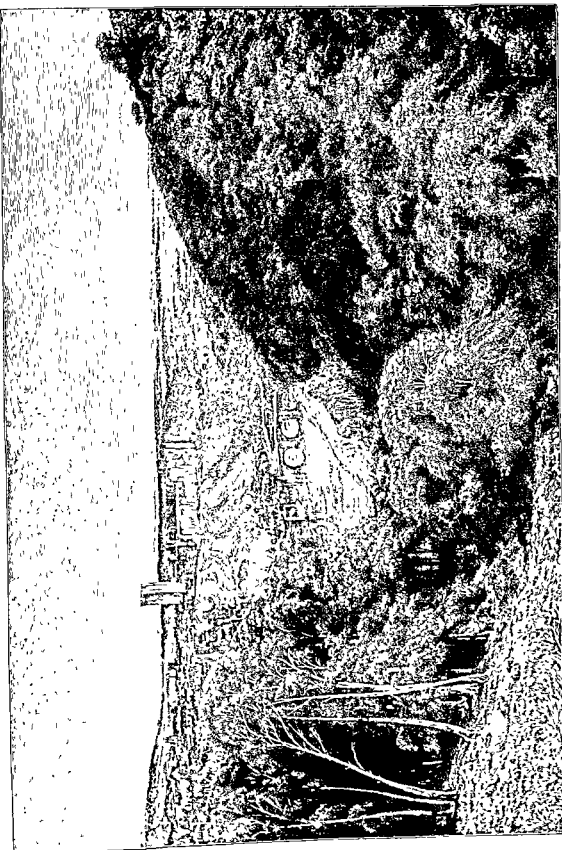
Since 1881 Mr Evans has exhibited though irregularly at the Royal Academy and the Royal British Artists and of more recent years at the Royal Institute of Painters in Water Colours of which he was elected a member in 1898. The order of some of his works is as follows. In 1892 on the line at the Academy *A Fine Day in January* the full wing year a study called *Lifeless* and at Suffolk Street *A Mountain Farm* near Farnmouth and *Farmhouse* and *Winter* later he exhibited at the Royal Academy *A Fern Harvest* *Cannock Chase*.

The *Forlorn of Cannock Chase* and in 1886 *The Hunt Heath Cannock Chase*. For two years the artist was incapacitated from doing anything in consequence of an affection of the eyes brought on by too much exposure in the pursuit of his calling for all his work is done out of doors. Fortunately for him and his art he is now quite recovered and good it is to be hoped for many a long year of work yet. During the earlier part of the year he was trying his hand in the pastures new of the

but as he intends to paint the entire series he has yet twenty to do—a good number. Of Fountains and Fountains indeed he has painted several views.

Languishing Winter Chills the Lap of Spring which serves for one of our illustrations of Mr Evans' work is his latest Fountains Abbey having been painted in the early part of last year and is a fine example of the artist's more mature work. It presents the south side of the Abbey which is invested with an air of romance and mystery as seen through the tall trees whose fallen leaves give a dull rich ground to the picture in striking contrast to the heavy masses of uprolling cumuli which laden with snow rise threatening above the ruins.

Neither in this nor in any of Mr Evans' later works is there any of the usual sketchy quality of water colour. He finishes with minute care and probably carries his drawings further than any other landscape water colour artist living. In his trees especially is this fact noteworthy his foliage showing nothing of the clumsiness so common in landscapes



RICHMOND, YORKSHIRE.

(From the Drawing by Bernard Evans, R.I. In the Possession of W. J. Carter, Esq. Engraved by Professor Berkeley.)

in the more delicate medium. Indeed while he uses little or no body colour his painting is almost as solid as oil. This is one of the artist's most distinctive qualities. Although he formerly worked in oil and exhibited some large pictures in that medium in the Academy, he finally relinquished oil for water-colour considering it the stronger material and capable of giving a finer and more transparent quality to the picture. Such is Mr Evans's opinion and in this respect his faith is certainly very largely justified by his work.

Both the *Fountains Abbey* and our full page illustration *Richmond, Yorkshire* were taken from the original pictures in the possession of W. J. Baker Esq. who owns one of the best private collections of modern paintings in the neighbourhood of London. The *Richmond* is certainly one of the artist's finest productions. It is full of subdued sunlight and clear outdoor atmosphere and when exhibited at the Royal Institute invariably collected about it a small crowd of admirers. The view presented is down the river showing the old town and the bridge with the Chydral and Humbleton hills in the distance.

Of the other specimens of Mr Evans's work the *Upper Wharfedale* is also a bit of last year's work. In it we have a typical August day with the foliage just beginning to turn. The glimpse of the river which is seen is the part running down from the Strid to Bolton Abbey. On the right hand still stands the celebrated hill called the Nid with its little hamsteads dotted at the foot perhaps on the whole one of the most beautiful views in the neighbourhood of Wharfedale. *Barrell Fell* and *Simon's Seat* are seen in the distance.

Mr Evans has worked so long in Yorkshire and mixed with its people so much that he seems to have acquired some of the dry humour of the shire (if he did not get it earlier from his mother) and he tells with quaint droll how the boys of Knarlesborough took umbrage at the way in which he painted their native town. He does his out-of-door work in a van some thing like a bathing machine and it was whilst thus engaged rubbing in his Knarlesborough sketch that the boys took exception to the rich somnolent tone for which he has so strong a predilection.

They did not approve of my colouring and became very indignant at the idea of a man from Harrogate painting Knarlesborough that colour said the artist recently when describing the scene. They did not consider it at all complimentary and



Linger in winter or fills the lap of spring.

FOUNTAINS ABBEY

(From the painting by Bernard Evans, R.I. in the possession of W. J. Baker Esq. of Greenhow.)

suspecting some unneighbourly design—there being a constant rivalry between the two towns—they retired and commenced to storm my van with men, spirit and patriots until it was unrecognisable. It is pleasant to learn that later these truculent critics acknowledged that the progressing drawing was more like it.

As already stated Mr Evans is somewhat of the older school of English landscape painters and appears to have taken such men as Turner, Cox, De

Wint Cotman and Lulling as his masters, but, while adopting these as his exemplars, he has always gone to Nature herself for his inspiration and he expresses the impressions thus derived in his own way. There is an eloquence in his atmospheres and cloud shapes that needs to have been felt to be fully appreciated. Nor is he less deft in his treatment of woodland scenery for which he has a special predilection particularly when he can get it in masses. He has something of Turner in his grandiose method of composition thus investing his pictures with a fluctuation of lucidness and mystery. This arises in great measure from his love of the wilder scenes of nature in his leaning towards the more romantic tones of colour and from the rigid avoidance of the pink and pea green in landscape. It speaks well for the appreciation in which his work is held that he seldom has any pictures in his studio. They are bought up as quickly as painted and he generally has commissions on hand besides. Some of his landscapes have gone to America others to the Colonies. His Cannock Chase and another were purchased for the National Gallery at Sydney while

A Sunset has found a place on the walls of the National Gallery at Melbourne. Three other pictures, *Christ in the Storm*, *St. John the Baptist*, and a large oil painting of *Knave's Rough* from the *Castle Lud* were acquired by Mr. Walter Hill

of the Mount Morgan Gold Mines, New South Wales.

It is worthy of remark that Mr. Evans was the founder of the City of London Society of Artists started with considerable effect ten or eleven years ago under the patronage of the Duke of Falmouth, the late Duke of Albany, the Princess Louise and the then Lord Mayor Sir Francis Truscott. The first exhibition was opened at Skinners' Hall in January 1880. Two other exhibitions were held in the same place which was lent to the artists for three years. The fourth was held in the disused law courts of the Guildhall which the society admirably altered for the purpose and was under the patronage of the aldermen and officers of the City. This proved to be the last exhibition the Corporation refusing to grant the room when asked to do so the next year and making use of it afterwards for an annual loan collection. When Sir Francis Truscott accepted the first year's presidency he said the City exacted with its hand from a thing it had created and it is to be regretted that the Corporation did not regard his promise as binding the more so as it is historically and in regard to the side of works the exhibitions were a decided success the last one particularly so. In fact in it was gathered the finest collection of sculpture ever brought to gather by living English artists.

THE GRAFTON GALLERY

By M. PHIPPS JACKSON



WITHOUT entering closely into the question of the true purpose of pictorial design it may perhaps be accepted as a general principle that the love of fine art in a people is an evidence of progress. If we were to measure the taste of our countrymen from only a period not antecedent to the time when the British Institution closed its doors by the number of permanent galleries of greater or lesser importance that have since sprung up in the metropolis the result would be not a little astonishing. The first great institution important alike in its motive and institution that has practically ceased to exist as representing art is the Grosvenor Gallery. What that delightful and most popular resort did for the cause in which it had its being it is needless to mention here, but it may, I hope, be asserted without offence that the vacancy thus caused has not yet been quite filled. As to what may be accomplished in that direction can perhaps be judged by

the particulars I am about to furnish of a grand artistic edifice in the course of construction scarcely more than a stone's throw from the gallery I have but now alluded to.

Started as a company, with a share capital of £20,000 and a like number of shares a site has been secured for a noble range of galleries, the principal entrance to which will be in Grafton Street, New Bond Street whilst the rear will extend very nearly to Dutton Street. The actual space covered will be not less than 270 feet in length with from 20 to 30 feet in breadth and with corresponding height. Whilst the illustrations published with these notes give a fair idea of the structural nature of the undertaking it may not be uninteresting to explain that the chief entrance to the building in Grafton Street will be into a handsome hall, this leading to the suite of galleries of which in order to realise their importance it would seem to be desirable to give the dimensions. The first reached is the Octagon Gallery, which is 55 feet by 33. From this entrance

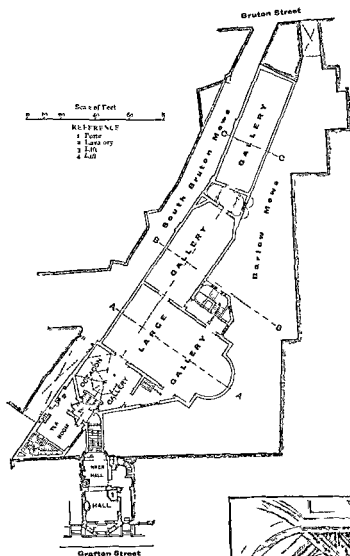
is obtained to the Large Gallery: a splendid room 62 feet long by 43 feet broad. Passing through this

The architects Messrs J T Wimperis and Arbuckle are also making rather a special feature of the lighting of the galleries which having regard to their artistic purpose will be illuminated not from the immediate centre of the ceilings but from windows contiguous, somewhat after the fashion as some of us will remember of the Salon in the Champ de Mars.

In addition to the chief entrance in Grafton Street the building will be open on both sides so that two carriage entrances can be made from Pruton Street one of them communicating with Hay Hill Perkeley Square. It is also not unlikely that in course of time another handsome entrance to the galleries may be acquired in Bruton Street.

Having given some idea of the building in its mere structural aspect, and considering the vast importance attaching to the management of so great an undertaking it may be well to briefly allude to that branch of the subject and then conclude with a reference to the more particular artistic features of the scheme.

When on a long lease with satisfactory terms the site was taken over by the company from Messrs Thomas Denman Croft and Francis Gerald Prince as vendors it was felt how essential it was to secure a very powerful directorship and it should be some guarantee that the management of the company will be

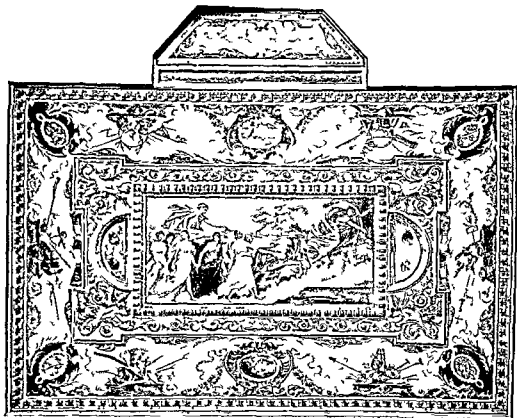


PLAN OF THE GRAFTON GALLERIES.

we find the Middle Gallery which is 59 feet long by 28 feet broad, and finally after crossing a lobby the Long Gallery, a spacious apartment no less than 68 feet long by 20 feet 6 inches broad is reached. This imposing suite of rooms will be on about the same plane as the entrance in Grafton Street. In the basement and elsewhere in the edifice there will be rooms for dinners, teas and suppers whilst the kitchen and other domestic offices will be amply provided for.



THE LARGE GALLERY



GLIDE ELVIS ALDOP4 IN THE DRAWING P IN CEILING AT ASBRIDGE
(A n P n by T S S th)

ARTISTIC HOMES THE DECOUATION OF CEILINGS - II

By G T ROBINSON F.S.A.

MY first article on the subject of the decoration of ceilings was mainly occupied in tracing the revival of that modelled stucco work which made them a remarkable and peculiar feature in our English homes. Nor is this reversion to their past history a matter of merely archaeological and antiquarian interest for the present is born of the past alike in literature and art.

As in olden times, come from the green grove
So of olden books can we find our new news.

and the cunning, on knowledge of to by springs from the seed sown broadcast by our forefathers. I have the more especially reverted to this old practice of modelling in plaster employed in modelling expressly to suit the shape and altitude of the particular ceiling, as I am greatly lessons of seeing so laudible an art process more graciously revived. It has well nigh passed into the limbo of forgotten things, and it is painful to record that its death blow was dealt by an architect.

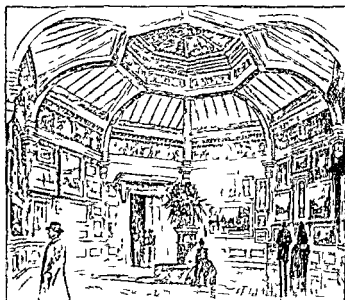
When Isett Adams returned from his study of old Roman architecture in its most unadorned phase he brought with him a new fashion directly derived from the degenerate decadence then prevailing in modern Italy. Instead of seeking to execute his designs in the old modelled stucco work which they were originally executed in, he borrowed the craft of the cheap picture and mirror frame maker and brought with him a band of Italian workmen endowed with the knowledge of a secret composition itself the ultimate offspring of the noble old art of working in gesso. This was a putty like mixture pressed into box wood moulds and from this dusty cool ware of phantasmal material a few imitations of honey-suckle ornaments, masks and scrolls were arranged often with grace and elegance light and airy festoons and garlands which were not by any means without merit but which by constant iteration became tiresome. The illustration on page 300 will give a good and

carried out in an efficiently business manner when it is to be noted that Viscount Baring MP, T. D. Croft Esq., Alfred Farquhar, Esq., the Marquis of Granby MP, W. G. Lathams Esq., Lord Hathfield, E. M. Unkenlow Esq., Q.C., and the Earl of Wharncliffe have agreed to act as directors. The various duties of secretary have been entrusted to Mr. Henry Fishwick who was for about two years engaged at the Grosvenor Gallery. The offices of the company will be at 8, Grosvenor Street, W., where all particulars may be obtained.

As regards the more immediate purpose of this important addition to the Metropolitan art societies, there appears to be a catholicity of motive sufficient to ensure popularity. It is the intention of the

is hoped that by generous treatment of such works to make their authors feel they are to experience the consideration due to professors of so high a branch of the fine arts. It is well to add that the general exhibition scheme is comprehensive in character, and may as time and opportunity serve include not only specimens of painting and sculpture but also of objects germane to those arts.

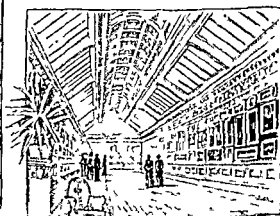
Such is the undertaking that will ere long be submitted to the public. It is not intended that it should supersede or interfere with existing institutions of the kind but rather that it should supply any want that may still be felt in similar societies. Started with a desire to spread knowledge of the arts of design among the masses, with every arrange-



THE OCTAGON GALLERY



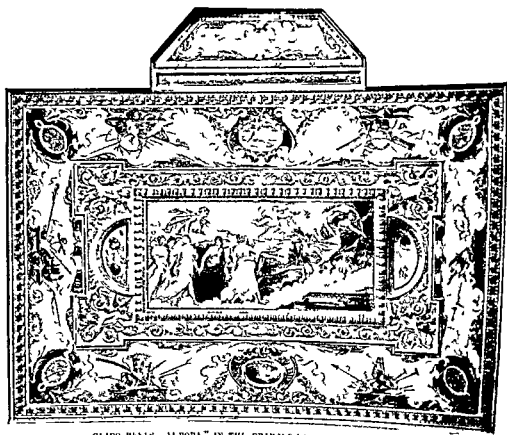
THE EAST GALLERY



THE END GALLERY

direct to exhibit periodically the very best examples of current art both British and Foreign that are available. The branch of sculpture also enters somewhat prominently into the programme and it

must be careful for thought could supply as to architectural fitness and the comfort of visitors, the Grafton Galleries would appear likely to command success.



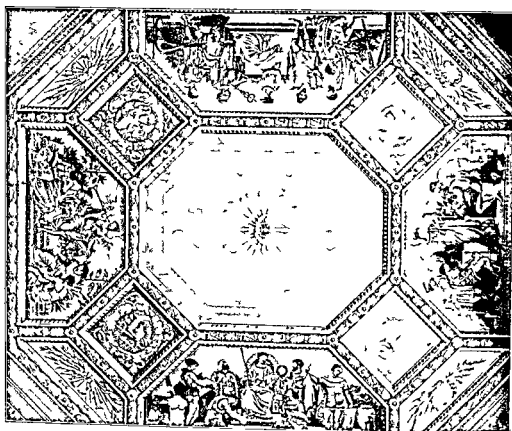
CLIDO RENIS AUTOPA" IN THE DRAWING ROOM CEILING AT ASHBRIDGE.
(From a Drawing by T. S. G. A.)

favourable example of this class of work as designed by its importer at its best.

There was one redeeming quality in Adams's own work—he did provide entouchees for low relief figure work or for painting by such elegant artists as Cipriani or Angelica Kauffman—and other painters of inferior price and equal decorative value as

picture frames, musical instruments and the other pieces which good hand wrought carving luthiers had occupied.

Once let loose the new process ran rampant and the grace and elegance which brought it into vogue soon disappeared at the ruler hands into which it afterwards fell, it became bad in manufacture and



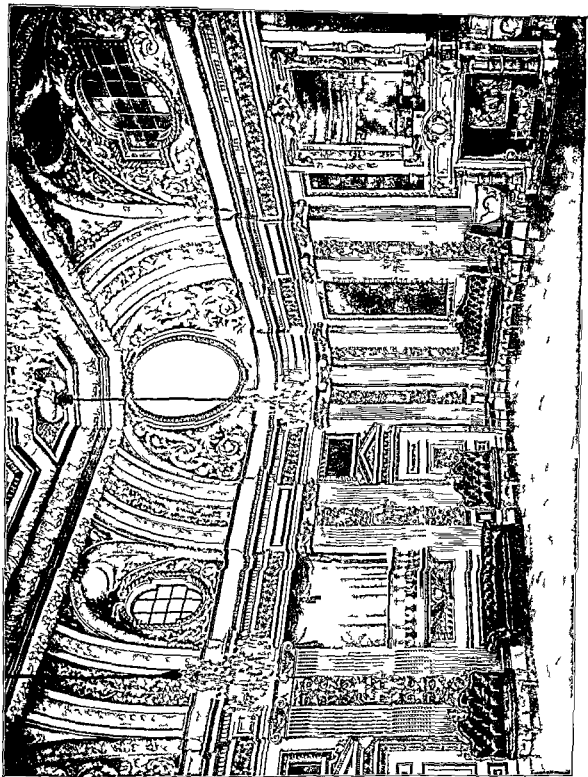
CEILING OF THE LIBRARY FAIRLAWN, SPIVEY OAKS.

(From a Photograph by H. P. Pearson.)

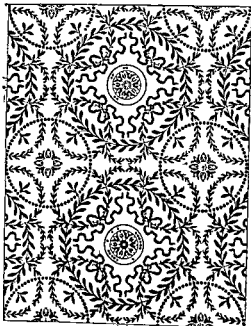
Of course a process so easily applied and so new became immensely popular. The demand was greater than the limited land of Italian workmen could supply, so with characteristic energy an Englishman fathomed the secret and the great grandfather—indeed I may I think say the great great grandfather—of some of the present representatives of the still eminent firm of George Jackson and Sons then a clerk of works to some houses which were building in Portland Place from Adams's designs took good note of the various materials supplied to the Italians then working there, and learning himself a carver he set himself sedulously to work and finally succeeded in producing the fashionable composition which was covering not only the ceilings but the walls, the chimney-pieces, the door frames

design, it had none. This was bad enough but worse followed and an evil which yet survives—on ruler weighs upon us for there never was life in it—came in cast plaster work.

Plaster putty had at least the merit that it was light, you could bend its flexible sprays about it open it here and close it there and give some touch of human handicraft to it, but the rigid fossilised plaster, which must be thick and stout enough to handle whilst cementing it to its groundwork and heavy enough to bruise your heel for the sin you had committed if it fell that that was the dreadful depth of disgrace which the ceiling decorator then raised on high. Do not say I know too well those hideous central flowers, those curiously bad angle pieces, that dreadful running border as stiff as a corpse?



MUSIC SALOON VIMBORNE HOUSE



CEILING PAPER.

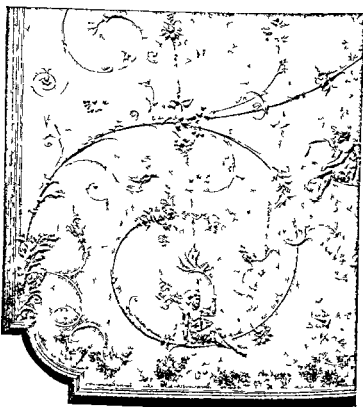
(Designed by A. Jang et for Jeffry & Co.)

and can you believe that people once rejoiced in such things and that these were admired? and alas! are still in too many cases decreed the fitting inmates of our tasteful homes. Thanks to the fitful and vacillating deity who presides over that portion of men's minds they call Taste we are in some measure delivered from all these evils and a new fashion has set in.

The comparatively recent invention of canvas plaster—that is thin canvas pressed into the plaster whilst fluid—enables large surfaces of plaster to be cast very thinly and lightly. Moreover the relief work is cast at the same time and in the same piece with the groundwork, so that the relief may be as low and the detail as small as desired obviating the grossness which was a necessity of the former process. This enables the designer to model his work in clay in precisely the same manner as the old stucco-worker did his ceiling save that it is not done *in situ* so the artist must exercise his reason instead of his eye. Unfortunately, the modeller's reason is rarely so cultivated as is his eye.

From this model a mould is taken in gelatine which being pliant enables the undercut portions of the mould and consequently the cast, to relieve itself and an effect of lightness to be attained with ease which under the old process of rigid moulding could be but imperfectly obtained with much trouble and difficulty. As an example of the result of this process I refer you to the illustration on this page showing one fourth of the centre part of a ceiling each section of it measuring six feet square. It is a very elegant composition modelled for Messrs Jackson and Sons by Mr Stephen Webb each of the four portions differ from the other and the artist has shown much discretion and wise restraint in not overburdening his ceiling with too much ornamental detail—a very rare virtue in these days when over bedizenment is the bane of all design.

But the process I am speaking of has other advantages. All curves as well as flat surfaces can be executed in it and with equal ease and this is a great advantage in large rooms especially those in which acoustic qualities are the primary consideration. This is shown in the illustration on p 353 where the music saloon or ball room of Woburn House in Arlington Street is shown. It is



PORTION OF A CEILING AT 33 PALACE COURT

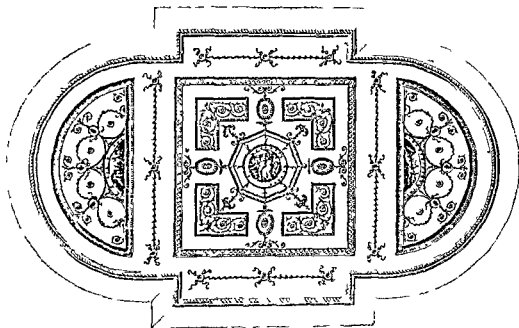
(Designed by Stephen Webb for Gilbert & Sullivan, Esq.)

recently been built by Messrs Trollope and Son from my own design and the whole of the interior work was done in canvas plaster. A further advantage of this process is that the work is put up quite dry, so that there is not only a great saving of time in finishing it for the painting and gilding, but it may be proceeded with almost immediately, but also there is no risk from damp.

If you have one of those terrible ceilings of central flowers and angles I have already spoken of and al-

so and dart ornament gulloches and other details which are essentially repetitive and needed because they thus act as a foil to freer ornament it would be folly not to avail oneself of this means of obtaining the desired end. The sin is in repeating the portions which pretend to be especially designed for one particular place and purpose and in using them where they are unfitting.

There is even a better means of securing this, that is by leaving those portions of the ceiling



CEILING AT LUTON HOUSE (176)

(Designed by Robert Adam. Ornament modelled by James and the Paintings by Zucchi.)

have which sometimes occurs, is of laminate plaster. A kind of you can cover up the former—unfortunately not the latter also—with a canvas plaster ceiling and hide if you are unable to destroy the abomination.

The only thing to insist upon in a new ceiling of this kind is to have it especially designed for you and a guarantee given you by the manufacturer that the moulds shall not be re-used. It is true it will cost you somewhat more but you will have the satisfaction of knowing that it is your own copy right and that you will not be nauseated by finding it reproduced in inferior manner in whole rows of jerry building speculators who get the work cheap and pay only for the casting. This insensate reproduction is a thing to ban and to avoid. But is all reproduction and repetition a sin? By no means. It has its uses and where a long line of architectural ornaments is introduced such as the well known

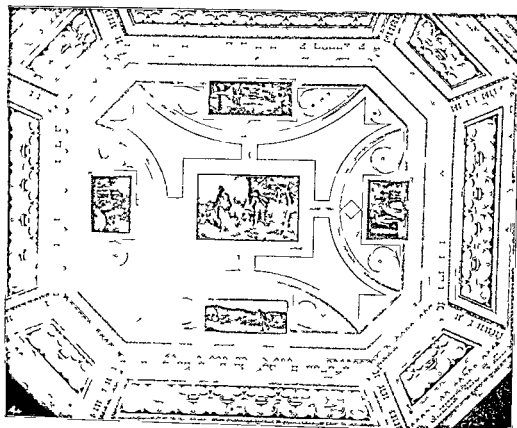
whereon you intend to display the most artistic work quite plain in the canvas plaster and modelling on these in gesso the subject work. This has been admirably done by Mr. Walter Crane at Coombe Paul Sevenoaks. That ceiling is divided into ten compartments by moulded and cast ribs or beams and the panels thus formed have their relief work directly modelled on the flat ground and very delightful figure work most of it is made rich with colour and gilding. I need not say, having mentioned the artist's name it is full of poetry and quaint fancy. This is the highest type of modern ceiling work in formative art pure and beautiful in form and glowing with colour also and towards such work as this should your aim be directed.

I have not yet said a word about painted ceilings. In an article of this kind and with black and white illustrations only it is impossible adequately to set it forth; moreover the treatment of the design is so

enormously varied and not being so bound by architectural rules as the formative one, is more difficult to classify and analyse. Indeed it would take a good sized volume with coloured illustrations to describe and delineate. Yet it has wondrous charms and has received the heart and hand work of the greatest artists. Its success however does not merely depend upon its own merits for it is simply

which formed the study of the proprietor and is of a more sombre character in colour. The Lamp of Genius illuminates its centre whilst the panels which surround it are filled with the effigies of those who have shone in literature, science and art.

The third (see p. 351) is the ceiling of the large drawing room at Ashridge the seat of Earl Brownlow a room some fifty feet long and thirty feet wide



CEILING OF THE BOLDOAIR FAIRLAWN, SLIEVE OAKS

(A Planograph by H. I. Roberts.)

the culminating point of our general scheme of decoration and cannot be considered merely by itself. I nevertheless call your attention to some modern forms of it two of them showing how it can be most effectively introduced and the third of a higher rank. The first of these is the ceiling of the small drawing room of a fine old eighteenth century house the ceiling itself of which an illustration is given on this page is a new one designed in its formative lines to suit the architectural character of the building it is divided by ribs into compartments and is decorated with conventional ornament painted in faint colours having plaques of subjects taken from the eighteenth century poets. The other (see p. 352) is that of a similar room

and which has only just been completed. The centre panel is a fine simile copy of Guido's Aurora from the Hospitios Palace in Rome of the same size as the original and especially an Italian artist on the spot expressly for Earl Brownlow. It is surrounded by a border containing trophies of the arts the sciences the chase arms agriculture and commerce with festoons of flowers and conventional ornament.

All these three I have been executed by Messrs Trillogie under my own direction and supervision and will show in some slight degree some of the capabilities for charming artistic decoration of this class at the present time. In other cases I have frequently found in the collection of the possessor

of old pictures many 'gallery-pieces'—fairly good pictures, but of no great value—broad decorative paintings which require to be seen at a distance and which, by toning the surrounding ornaments to either enhance or repress their colour form admirable ceiling decoration, although they were too large or not sufficiently highly finished for exhibition so near the eye as they would be on the walls of our smaller English rooms. Indeed in ceiling decoration whether painted or modelled much finish is detrimental to effect, but still being the essential quality. In a simpler form you can produce a very good effect by painted ornament—lift it from pictorial illustration—and not aiming at high art. In fact when you cannot get home work of the best drawing it is far better not to have it at all but confine yourself to ornamental detail. Until recently it has been hardly possible to get good home painting in England except at a very high price, but there are now always so many of the younger artists who are not overburdened with work but who are quite capable of doing it well and are content with a moderate reward indeed I am glad to say I can point to many ceilings designed by me on which is the handiwork of several artists who are now members of the Royal Academy and who then found this class of painting eminently useful and instructive to them giving them the sense of breadth and the mystery of a large brush greatly to their future good to gether with a welcome if moderate addition to their purse.

Of course, a painted ceiling requires a painted wall. Both must be considered permanent decorations and both must tone together. Well done under the right direction they will last for generations and if proper materials are used can be cleaned without injury so that in the long run it is not such an expensive process as it seems. And it is not rejected everywhere—it is an individual work and not a ready-made mechanical affair purchasable at

any yard by anyone else. Yet there are ready-made, mechanically-produced expedients which are useful where circumstances prevent the use of the higher forms of decoration where ephemeral decoration only is needed and for the less important rooms in a house. Some of Mr. Scott Morton's embossed canvas patterns are very suitable for this purpose and by the judicious use of a few moulded wood ribs effective ceilings can be produced from them. Embossed papers, Anaglypta, lignum and many other low-relief products are of tangible Japanese paper which combines both colour and relief can be very advantageously used with bamboo or other mouldings and the gold ground is very effective in a somewhat dark room and flock paper painted in one tone and rolled with another so as to pick out the ornamental pattern in a lighter or a darker tint produces a good effect. But in all these cases you should do something to relieve the monotony of a large expanse of the same articulated ornament either by breaking up the surface by broad divisions into panels or constructing a broad border of another pattern. The designs of many of these papers are often very admirable and have engaged the attention of our most skilful designers such as Mr. Walter Crane, Mr. Lewis Day and many others. They were fully treated of by Mr. Day in *The Magazine of Art* for April.

I have I think, shown you the principal means by which our ceilings have been and can be decorated, and I have now only one general piece of advice to give. Do not attempt to do this without professional advice. I am not a bigoted worshipper at the shrine of Duval of the Ephesians, but knowing how exceedingly difficult it is to design a good ceiling to suit the particular characteristics of almost any room and having first made many failures and seen so many by others, I warn the inexperienced amateur against attempting it. Failure is so easy success so difficult.

"THE KIND CONFESSOR"

PAINTED BY PEDRO DE ZAMORA

FRAMED BY CHARLES COUTY

"THE Kind Confessor"—variously known as "The Good Priest" and "Royal Confessor"—is one of the best known paintings of one of the most eminent Spanish painters of the latter half of the century. By birth Zamora was a Spaniard but by education belongs to the French school and was in fact a pupil of Meissonier. Although he usually selected subjects attuned to his racial feelings, he was nevertheless regarded in his native country

as something of an alien. A past master of the craft of painting he was essentially a man of wit—a satirist at the Convent who worked with the brush instead of with a pen. A literary painter *par excellence* he probably equaled his master in his power of the pen and the resources of his art and it might be added had he possessed a sense of poetry equal in degree to his sense of humour he might have taken his place among the first painters of the age.

OUR ILLUSTRATED NOTE-BOOK

A GOOD deal has been said recently at Art Union fairs and elsewhere about mural painting and our own society efforts in this direction have been confronted with the extensive productions of the modern French and German schools. The present work of which we give some illustrations and a taken and carried out during the last four years by a lady artist of Edinburgh may be something towards wiping away this reproach.

There are two kinds of mural painting. In the one kind the painter executes in colours or similar material away from the building to be adorned and this is afterwards applied to the walls in chosen spots. In the other the work is actually carried out *in situ*.

It is one of the chief merits of the painting in question that it does not consist merely in patterns, more or less decoratively treated framed in certain wall spaces but in a series comprising figured and

historic commercial bankers and villages medallions with the same subjects processions and groups of life-size persons as all situated in their mutual connections and relation to the architecture of the apartment. The work is not faultless. To judge by the standard of the cathedral will picture there is a certain amateur

shness about Mrs. Traquair's drawings due to the fact that though a sincere student of the art, she has lacked the (not unmix'd) advantages of a professional education. On the other hand the paint



FIG. 1.—PORTION OF MURAL PAINTING AT THE SONG SCHOOL BY MARY'S CATHEDRAL, EDINBURGH.

(By Mrs. Traquair.)



FIG. 2.—PORTION OF MURAL PAINTING AT THE SONG SCHOOL BY MARY'S CATHEDRAL, EDINBURGH.

(By Mrs. Traquair.)



LANDSCAPE WITH PINE.

(By Mrs. Traquair. Lateral of acquisition for the National Gallery.)

on the walls in colours or in some impasto process. Mrs. Traquair has worked the red in upon the walls of the school and the work is well done. It is full of life and interest.

The painting is admirable and this most especially in the primary request of colour of light space and bold line and of a moral suitability of design. The hall is used for the training of the

Episcopal Cathedral Choir and the theme is a Song of Praise in which are shown in all the orders of creation from fishes and beasts through the ranks of ordinary mortal society up to the heroes of the human race and finally the angel hosts. Our illustration is from the first portion of the work attacked is ambitious in theme (Christ Opens the Lapis of the Dawn) the "Dawn" of the Holy Christ (Christ) but is on the other hand a little thin in hand in execution. Fig. 2 shows a portion of a procession where angels in rainbow robes are followed by heroes of modern and ancient times, foremost of whom walks the poet laureate. The technical process employed is one that lends itself to a brightness and delicacy of effect which is the great claim of the work. The walls first receive several coats of creamy white oil paint over the plaster and on the well finished surface thus secured the artist works with oil pigment rendered highly fluid by turpentine. A rubbing of this allowed to reach the proper degree of desiccation is then manipulated with the hand and the rig till texture is obtained the lights being in every case obtained by the luminousness of the white ground and not by bold colour. The process of the artist own and when locked with a flat varnish the work seems likely to be durable. When we note that the hall measures some forty seven feet by twenty five and the painting covers the two gable ends (above a panelled door) and almost ten feet high upon the

Five pictures have been newly hung in the National Gallery. The first is *Abraham and Isaac* by Jacob van Ruisdael—a picture bequeathed by



DOOR OF A VILLAGE INN

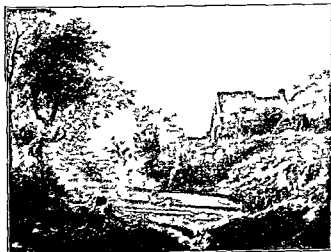
(By George Morland. Recently acquired by the National Gallery.)

Samuel May which has been in the possession of the Gallery for many years and which numbered 44 apparently takes the place in the official catalogue of the "Chantry" by Guido Pannini now at South Kensington. A Landscape with Ruins (1302) by Moucheron the gift of the late Mr Richard W. Cooper is remarkable for its delicate painted trees.

Another work from the same donor is a Landscape with Satyr (1303) ascribed to Martin Juckaert. The Door of a Village Inn (1301) by George Morland is an admirable sunset effect by that master. Hogarth's Servants (1304) by the great founder of our school is an interesting group of six or seven male and three female which has been purchased out of the Lewis Fund and which we propose to illustrate shortly in these pages.

The authorities of the South Kensington Museum have been obtaining during the last few years very carefully executed models of some of the most highly decorated examples of architecture in Italy to show the relation between the ornament and the buildings themselves. The most recent of these additions are models of the Chapel of St Peter Martyr in Sant Euforgio at Milan and a small portion of the interior work of the Sallustiana in the Hall of the Bankers at Perugia.

The former known also as the Capella Minore was erected by Michelozzo Michelozzi of Florence about



A BLEACHING GROUND.

(By Jacob van Ruisdael. Recently received by the National Gallery.)

longer we may fairly congratulate the solitary artist on her luck as well as on her artistic skill.

1462 for Pierello Tortinini the agent of Cosimo de Medici. The frescoes are attributed to Vincenzo



THE QUEEN

(By S. J. van Ruyck. Re-erected at Hong Kong.)

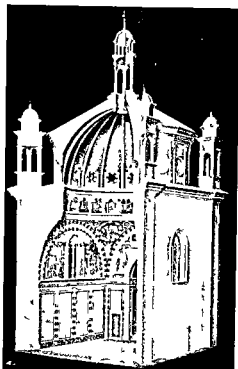
Civerchio (see *L'Arte* Trattato dell'arte de la Pittura Milano 1584) and represent scenes in the life of the Dominican monk Peter of Verona better known as St Peter Martyr who was assassinated in 1292. In the right hand lunette are depicted the Saint preaching and the miracle of the Host whilst to the left are the miracle at Narni and the death of the Saint. Over the large rich leading to a smaller chapel is the Annunciation. The doctors of the Church are painted within medallions in the pendentives. The cornices of angels in relief is by Michelozzo Michelozzi. This exceedingly beautiful model was executed by Signor Adolfo Consolini and painted by Professor Giuseppe Gnoli. The other models of the great *bancone* or stall with back in the Sala del Cambio at Perugia. The back is decorated with panels of intarsia work and carving. At the top within a niche sits a figure of Justice and on either side is a griffin emblematic of the city of Perugia. The *bancone* is carved with arabesques and at either end is a griffin. Beneath the figure in a frieze runs the following inscription:

COSTOS IUDICIUM INFERIO IUDICIUM NOTATIS EPPO ME COLIT. In the niche may be read VERITAS AQUILAQUE IMPERATOR. The intarsia work and carving were executed by Antonio Benicivieni da Mercatello perhaps after the designs of Pietro Perugino about the year 1501.

The model was principally executed by Civerchio a Marino whose untimely death left the work unfinished. Other artists were found however to

fulfil the execution of the contract entrusted to him. It was much hurried while on view in the palazzo of Count Baldeschi and great praise is due to the skill and efforts of Marino's fellow workers in bringing to a satisfactory conclusion a difficult undertaking. Several painters and sculptors have each contributed a share thereby manifesting the varied and multifarious art excellences which distinguished Marino and made his loss so irreparable.

Signor Scardovi has carved the griffins (for many centuries the cognizance of Perugia) and the bas-reliefs of the stalls besides the ornamentations of the tribune every detail of which is perfectly reproduced. The statue of Justice is the work of the sculptor Tadino and the Chimera on the great



MODEL OF THE CHAPEL OF ST PETER THE MARTYR, MILAN

(Recently added to the South Kensington Museum Collection.)

banco with its decorations looking like fine lace work is by Signor Frenguelli. The painters Piombini, Innocenzi and Novelli (so well known as a miniature painter) have closely copied the intarsia on the backs of the stalls. Signor Angelini has figured the signs and emblems of the money changers on the angles of the banco and the partitions of the vaulted ceiling have been painted by Count Rossi. The panel portraying Venus during a shower drawn by two lions will be a tribute to the graceful expression of the features of the goddess.

ENGLISH ART AT THE CHICAGO EXHIBITION

It is devoutly to be hoped that the apathetic attitude of the artists and owners of works of art in England in regard to the forthcoming Chicago Exhibition will soon be exchanged for one of greater interest and worthier energy. It is only natural, perhaps, that the well known American prejudice against English art—in general so unjust—should have had a deeply depressing effect upon British enthusiasm just as, owing solely to British indifference, France awoke to the merits and value of the English school only a little late in the Exhibition of 1867. But if artists and collectors are so dead to their own interests, they should at least be patriotic enough to make an effort to proclaim the ascendancy of English art. The French are putting forth Herculean efforts to make a proud display in a palace of their own and to secure to themselves as hitherto the American market. We may be content to leave to our triumphant neighbours all the commercial advantages to be derived from the long-existing nursing of the American art trade and art buyer, but we are assuredly in duty bound to vindicate our own rightful artistic position and we can hardly expect to do so if we repeat our attitude of *nonchalance* that so sadly hampered us at the last Paris Exhibition.

THE WATER COLOUR DRAWINGS AT THE NATIONAL GALLERY

Mr JAMES ORROCK writes to us as follows: On Whit Monday a party of gentlemen, composed of an Associate of the Royal Academy, a member of the Royal Institute and two connoisseurs, went to the National Gallery to enjoy the pictures. After examining the oil pictures they desired to study the Turner and De Wint water colours, in what is known as the 'cellars' of the gallery. They found, however, to their surprise, that the iron gates were barred against them! On enquiring the reason for this strange proceeding one of the officials said that the authorities on such crowded days as Bank Holidays were afraid a serious accident might take place on the 'dark and steep stairs, or in the still darker passages.' A Bank Holiday of all days, is the one when numbers of people, whose holidays are rare, crowd to see and study the works of our English masters. They frequently come from distant parts of the country to enjoy the 'Liber Studiorum' itself, and the beautiful De Wint water colours in the Henderson collection. Surely, therefore on such days as Bank Holidays of all others, the public ought to have the privilege of seeing the works of their own native masters? Is it not a disgrace that the Heaven of the Trafalgar Square gallery should be exclusively devoted to the golden-glazed saint-eyed saints, and the 'Hell' of that gallery to the housing of the mystery-pieces of Turner and De Wint? Is such a region of 'dark stairs and passages' into which the authorities consider it unsafe for the public to descend? Moreover this is the place to which the gifts of such artists as Turner and John Henderson are permanently doomed and to which generous art patrons are invited to contribute. Our British art may well be scorned and despised when our authorities consign one of its most

original and beautiful branches to the 'cellars' of our National Gallery. It may be, however, that before long the tax-paying and long-suffering public will demand their rights and insist that their own British art shall be honourably represented and housed so that the people and the nations may see whether we have a school or no.

RECENT EXHIBITIONS

It might *prima facie*, be imagined that a collection of pictures filling three galleries of considerable size, and consisting entirely of portraits—many of them of persons unknown to fame—would prove tedious. The second annual exhibition of the Society of Portrait Painters, which is, in the whole, quite equal to its forerunner, held last year in the same rooms, goes far to establish the groundlessness of this surmise. It cannot be denied that there is to be found here a substratum consisting of the garish and unvarying portraiture of persons the interest of whose counterfeit presentations for the public is not an obvious one. On the other hand the Society brings forward a sufficient number of new and old works, both English and foreign, to give the display a genuine interest and a genuine *raison d'être*. We find, among old friends, Sir J. E. Milne's famous 'Mrs. Ischodffheim' looking perhaps from the tone of its vermilion and tawny greenish-brown the *oldest* of the Italians is never the more—but otherwise in fine condition. It justifies its reputation as a brilliant example of daring colour and firm handling, as well as of incisive characterisation. The same master's popular 'Three Sisters' a portrait group of the artists' three daughters in early youth looks far less well, and is not, we should say in the best state. Mr L. J. FORTNER's full-length 'The Earl of Wharfedale' shows that well known patron of art and things artistic in workmanlike shooting costume. Hard as the handling of the picture is, unless as the landscape background appears there is an unaffected dignity in the simply conceived portrait, a convincing firmness in the well balanced and natural pose. We never before remember to have seen from the brush of Sir JAMES FORTNER a life-size full-length of the class to which the 'Mrs. Meredith Cross' here exhibited belongs. Concomitant art is shown in the rendering of the satin dress. But the texture of the flesh is less satisfactory. The contributions of Mr WATTS are illustrative of his merits in the noble and liberal 'Duke of Argyll' and the sympathetic powerfully coloured 'P. H. Callerton Esq., R.A.' Sir FREDERIC LEIGHTON's last and most virile work in portraiture is certainly the well remembered 'Sir Richard Burton,' which displays with not exaggeration all the force of character of the deceased traveller. Professor HERZOGNER is at his best in the equally well known portrait of a black-haired 'Dick Reel'—'American Lady,' wearing long tan coloured gloves which he now fantastically styles 'entranced in some divine mood of self-oblivious solitude.' Time has somewhat improved, and we hope it will still further tone down Mr OULF's dignified highly wrought presentation of the late Cardinal Manning. Mr WHITLIER'S large full-length, 'La Princesse des Pays de la Poirelaine' (acknowledged

domain at Ford Cricle, we had the means of judging at the remarkable display of her pictures, studies and sketches at Lord Brownlow's residence in Carlton House Terrace. The exhibition had for motive a charitable object in the wish to aid, by the fees paid for admission the neglected colliery villages on the Northumbrian coast. Lady Waterford, who was born in 1818, and only died in May last year, was the daughter of Lord Stuart de Rothesay, our representative in Paris during the occupation of the Alpes after the Prussians War, her sister being the sometime famous Lady Canning, who died in India. Of considerable natural gifts herself, Lady Waterford after the death in the hunting field of her husband the Marquis preferred to spend her life in comparative seclusion in her home in Northumberland, where, however she practised a large hearted philanthropy, as well as an inborn taste in the arts of design. Her work whether in painting or drawing, is by no means always technically accurate but it is highly imaginative, tender in feeling and is marked by a sense of colour, breadth, and largeness of grasp that in appreciable degree approached those of the old Venetian masters. In the latter gift there was nothing more illustrative of her peculiar power than a sweet little painting of the 'Infanta of Spain,' a richly costumed child toying with a parrot—quite a wee volume of wealth and colouring, and not less valuable in this respect was her 'Rose crowned Youth and Witheld Age.' Lady Waterford had also a rare skill in painting heads, of which the visitor found examples in a fancy study of 'Oger the Dane, a rather noble profile of one of the old sea kings in armour, and "Mrs. Heslop," the venerable house keeper at Ford Castle. It likewise pleased the artist to ornament the schoolroom of the village near where she resided with frescoes, such as 'Moses and Miriam,' 'Jacob and Esau,' and similar subjects, which were transported to Lord Brownlow's for exhibition.

The beautiful city of Venice has so constantly formed a theme for the artists pencil from the time of the old Italian masters down to the present day, that one is scarcely surprised to find yet another version of the Queen of the Adriatic from the brush of Mr. MORTIMER MENPES. The nearly sixty studies and drawings at Dowdswell's galleries, in New Bond Street add yet another reading of an old story. Most of the canvases in the present exhibition were small many indeed minute, in size, and in this they resemble the former series of India and Japan from the same brush a general characteristic of the work being sense of tender beauty in the interpretation of the designs. This was sufficiently evident in the golden glory of his 'High Altar, St. Mark's,' and the 'Santa Maria della Salute,' a directly open site, but not less a precious silver grey, scheme of colour. But the artist by no means limited himself to the sumptuous old palaces and other edifices of Venice, but could find in humbler subjects like his 'Drying Clothes,' a quaint doorway and balcony of a wickerwoman's house, and another little study of modest motive, 'A Family Wash,' the picturesque view of 'Labour.' Of what may be termed more extended views, 'Venice from the Lido' and 'The Trieste Steamer' an exercise in tenderest tones of sea and sky, were representative, and in subjects where the artist limited himself to the expression of character in single figures, two young girls 'Giovanna' and 'Maddalena' fully realised the Italian ideal.

The pictures by Professor HERKOMER R.A. and his pupils at the Fine Art Society in New Bond Street,

naturally attracted a good deal of attention. The Professor had fifty of his own pictures at the exhibition, many of which as in his fine portraits of "Lord Tennyson" and "John Ruskin" are familiar to all of us. More ambitious designs, "The Foster Mother," and "The Queen of the May" no doubt found admirers. Mr. Herkomer contributed some of his beautiful etchings in "A Charter house Study," "A Sufferer" and "Crossing the Brook." In a few unassuming words of preface to the catalogue of the exhibition, the Professors pupils disavowed any intention of endeavouring to copy the manner of their masters and saying it was his wish that each should form his or her own style, this being amply borne out by their works in the collection. One of the more important pictures was a well worked out study of about a score of figures of members of the Salvation Army and those present at one of their meetings. Come unto Me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden" by E. BOROUGH JOHNSON. A processional Bacchanalian subject with dancing, joyous figures, "Evree! Io Bacche," by Miss AMY SAWYER, was an encouraging specimen of well trained skill, and "The Hunt," by G. HARCOURT half humorous motive, showed us a young man visiting the dilapidated home of his forefathers, whilst the villagers curiously regarded the young squire's advent. The classical legend of the head of Orpheus singing as it rested upon his lyre and floated into the Gulf of Melos, after being torn from his body by the Thracian women, found in imaginative illustration in DANIEL A. WHEAT SCHEIDT, who had also a minute gem like study of "A Navy" in whole length. A strong portrait of Professor Herkomer, by TAYLOR HADDON, and some mezzotint etchings of pictures by deceased and living masters were closely imitative of the particular manner of the painters.

REVIEWS.

To produce an adequate impression of a picture in prose or verse is impossible. Painting and poetry appeal to different if kindred emotions, and the poet who writes sonnets or odes to pictures always errs in regarding the pictures as disguised literature. MICHAEL FIELD has failed in "*Sight and Song*" (London: Elkin Mathews) where many greater writers have failed before her. The verses never touch the same chord as the picture that suggests them. Oftentimes they describe the subject and arrangement with astonishing accuracy, but the colour the harmony, the sentiment, all are flown and there is little else than description to take their place. After all, the subject is, and must ever be, secondary. We carry away from a masterpiece of Titian or Tintoretto a poor recollection of the names and employments of the personages represented, but we cannot forget their plastic impression, the space they occupy in the canvas the relation of their colour to the background and the fine harmony which they conspire to produce. The function of a figure in a picture is indeed chiefly æsthetic. When the figure is translated into a poem, it is endowed with a past and a future, its motives are discussed, its intentions criticised and its literary process carries you far away from painting. Poems there are—such as certain masterpieces of Poes—which produce an effect of colour and vague forms, but their success is due to their divorce from fact and common sense. If you would suggest in words the fantasy of Watteau it is idle to write a metrical description of his pictures. Yet Jane has caught the sensation in his "Fetes Galantes," while Michael Field has failed in her "Embarkment."

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dare devilry of the punter is allied to an irresistible truth and vigour. M. CHARTANS' "Mlle Brandes, late of the Comedie Française," is marked by his usual finish and felicity in characterisation. Mr. HUBERT VOIS sends contributions in various styles, not all of which it is possible to commend. Best of these is the unfinished "Wilhelmine, Queen of the Netherlands," showing the youthful Sovereign of the Low Countries as she stands in unaffected fashion on a stone staircase, wearing a plain black frock, with nothing whatever to indicate her exalted station. Madame MADFLEIN LEMAIRE presents a portrait of M. Coquelin cadet, M. FERNAND KNOFF, "Mlle. Jeanne Kefer," M. LEON COMEFRI "Portrait of a Child," M. BOUTET DE MONVEL—better known in England as an illustrator than a painter—also contributes likenesses of children, and M. ROYBET, a "Portrait of a Lady." Among a whole number of British artists whose works we have on the present occasion been unable to refer to in detail are Mr. ARTHUR HACKER, the Hon. JOHN COLLIER, Mr. JULIAN STORY, Mr. A. STUART WORTLEY, Mr. J. LAFITHE, Mr. DUDLEY HARDY, Mr. BLAKE WILMAN, Mr. PERCY BIGLAND, Mrs. LOUISE JOPLING ROWE, and last, though not least, Mr. GREIFFENHAGEN, whose full length "Portrait of a Lady" is one of the most successful things of its kind—the ultra modern kind—to be seen in the exhibition.

Old, without showing symptoms of decay, the Royal Society of Painters in Water Colours in its one hundred and seventeenth exhibition, displayed such sustained virility as is possible in a body of artists constituted as this is. The Society relies upon its own strength, without asking for, or permitting, aid from outsiders. As a result, there is an amount of sameness in the drawings periodically shown in the gallery at 53A, Pall Mall East anything especially novel in character being of necessity the work of new members. One more recent innovation in rules otherwise like those of the Medes and Persians may, however, be noticed in the recent admission of lady artists to full membership, both Mrs. ALLINCHAM and Miss CLARA MONTALBA having not long since been the recipients of this honour. The former lady did not exhibit at all in the last exhibition, and the latter only had one drawing "After a Shower, Venice," that could be considered fully representative of her talent. Mr. CARL HARR, who is too conscientious in his work ever to be a very public exhibitor, concentrated his matured powers in an elaborate design of "A Bridal Procession at Damascus." The respected President, Sir JOHN GILFILL, was also a contributor of but one work, "A Standard Bearer," a study stamped with the individual character and charm of the master's art. Mr. FREDY RUCKMAN, who has been able, one is glad to see, since his recent accident to get into harness again, sent a picture, important in the design, and involving a great deal of work in the carrying out, "Preparing the Oranges for the Packers, Andalusia." Among the perhaps minor but still interesting exhibits were "The Lord of the Manor," a handsome little lad feeding swans in a lake, by Mr. TOM LLOYD, "Fair Wind and Fine Weather," by Mr. C. NAPIER HENRY, "An Eastern Shepherd" by Mr. ARTHUR MELVILLE, and "The Footpath by the Water Lane," by Mr. BIRKBECK FOSTER. The screens were rich in examples of Misses E. A. WATERFORD, A. R. A., S. P. JACKSON, H. STACY MARKS, R. A., R. THORNE WATTS, HENRY WALLIS, and HENRY MOORE, A. R. A.

That the late Louisa, Marchioness of Waterford had opportunity for developing her artistic tastes in her quiet

domain at Ford Castle, we had the means of judging at the remarkable display of her pictures, studies, and sketches at Lord Brownlow's residence in Carlton House Terrace. The exhibition had for motive a charitable object in the wish to aid by the fees paid for admission the neglected colliery villages on the Northumbrian coast. Lady Waterford who was born in 1818, and only died in May last year, was the daughter of Lord Stuart de Rothesay, our representative in Paris during the occupation of the Allies after the Peninsular War, her sister being the sometime famous Lady Canning, who died in India. Of considerable natural gifts herself, Lady Waterford after the death in the hunting field of her husband the Marquis, preferred to spend her life in comparative seclusion in her home in Northumberland where, however, she practised a large-hearted philanthropy, as well as an inborn taste in the arts of design. Her work whether in painting or drawing is by no means always technically accurate, but it is highly imaginative, tender in feeling and is marked by a sense of colour, breadth, and largeness of grasp, that in an appreciable degree approached those of the old Venetian masters. In the latter gift there was nothing more illustrative of her peculiar power than a sweet little painting, of the "Infanta of Spain" a richly costumed child toying with a parrot—quite a wee volume of wealth and colouring, and not less valuable in this respect was her "Pose crowned Youth and Withered Age." Lady Waterford had also a rare skill in painting heads, of which the visitor found examples in a fancy study of "Oger the Dane" a rather noble picture of one of the old sex kings in armour, and "Mrs. Heslop," the venerable housekeeper at Ford Castle. It likewise pleased the artist to ornament the schoolroom of the village near where she resided with frescoes, such as "Moses and Miriam," "Jacob and I saw," and similar subjects, which were transported to Lord Brownlow's for exhibition.

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Charles Keene," a review of which appears issue of THE MAGAZINE OF ART has been so and a second edition has already been called for and, has enabled the author to correct the at first disguised the volume, which, with may now become a standard book. "Lecturing" of Sir FREDERIC LICHTON and Mr. TATE. The University of Dublin denounces the weakening of that seat of learning to the existence and of the arts. Last year we prominently called to the fact that the University of Dublin shared those of Durham, Aberdeen, and St. Andrew, as well with the Victoria, the dishonour of having ignored the, the present unprecedented action would seem to be a direct reply to our criticism.

The matter of the National Gallery of British Art has taken another turn. Mr TATE has finally retired from the scene—for the present, so that Sir JAMES LYNTON is left free to come forward with a suggestion which certainly offers a solution of the problem. He proposes that the new gallery should be nominally under the control of South Kensington, so as to benefit by the Sheepshanks and Chantrey collections, while additional members of committee should meet the objections of the South Kensington haters.

OBITUARY

We regret to have to record since our last obituary the death of M. JEAN BONNASSIER, sculptor, of the Académie des Beaux Arts, in his eighty-second year, whose works, chiefly religious and historical, gained him the knighthood of the Legion d'Honneur in 1871, of Herr WILHELM RICHTER, at the painter of ann whose real name as an oil painter of the age of two fate ly turn works, who enough. State of critic of our.

He produced many other works, which were of great value to museums, and his fingers serving as a worked monument. A. ul. His. He. H.

pour Cythère," which is so conscientious that it reads like a literal translation from one medium to another. However, she confesses in her preface that she has striven "to express not so much what these pictures are to the poet, but rather what poetry they objectively incarnate." But the main interest of art being emotional, to suppress "the subjective enjoyment" is to omit the essence, and Michael Field, in analysing the legends which were the excuse for her chosen pictures, has preferred the subject to the spirit, and might have caught her inspiration from the classical dictionary and the mediæval legend.

Mr T. A. COOK'S *'Old Touraine'* (London: Percival and Co.) is a piece of not very adroit book-making. The subject is excellent for there is no lack of romance in the castles of Loches, Langlois, and Chevenecaux, but Mr Cook has preferred research to observation, and relies far too much upon books, far too little upon his own eyes. The style, also, savours of the journal, and would have been the better for a rigorous castigation. There is no task more difficult than to give new distinction to old themes, and Louis XI, Francis I, and Marie Stuart are disastrous, if tempting, topics. Nor is Mr Cook as accurate as his method demands, and, despite some passages of happy description, "*Old Touraine*" is a disappointing work. The illustrations are useful and unpretentious, while the index and lists wherewith the book is furnished are admirably compiled, and this, in an indolent age, is no small solace.

Still another work on the "*Principles and Practice of Linear Perspective*" (G. W. Bacon and Co.) Mr H. J. CARROLL, 'Art Master and Examiner in Drawing,' what ever that may be, has been treading in the footsteps of Mr Ditchett—for he is also the author of "*Practical Geometry*." Surely it is not necessary for every art master to publish a work on these much worn subjects. It is well-nigh impossible to put them in a new light, and even when the subjects are treated with clearness, as is certainly the case with the book before us, the question remains, was it necessary? But perhaps art masters, like some doctors, think to assure their position by the writing of a book.

A useful handbook for painters in oil, entitled "*The Use and Abuse of Colours and Mediums in Oil Painting*," by H. C. STANDAGE, has just been issued by Reeves and Sons of Cheapside, London. It deals mainly with the question of the durability of pigments in oil, a subject so exhaustively treated by Professor CHURCH in his recent book on the chemistry of paints and paintings, that one wonders if another book on the subject is wanted. However, the information given is generally reliable. In addition to this, the chief subject of the book, there is much valuable information on mediums, grounds, and other subjects which every oil painter will be glad to have. The author has made one mistake, he has prefaced his book with a quotation from Mr RUSKIN in order to show that oil painting is much more lasting than water colour, and the conclusion of the works of TURNER is cited in proof. But Mr RUSKIN wrote that passage many years ago, before it became evident that Turner's oil paintings were fast perishing, and that it would be by his carefully preserved water colours, and not his oil pictures, that he would be known to posterity.

Another handbook for students and amateurs on "*The Technique of Oil Painting*," by FREDERICK OUBTTON, is published by Moffatt and Paige. It is distinctly a book for the amateur, and tells him, amongst other things, what pigments he should use when he paints skies, or sands, or

bricks. It is a book which may be not without its uses to a beginner.

NOTABLIA

The Medal of Honour of the Salon has been granted by M. MARIAN for his picture of "Carpeaux" representing the death of the great sculptor among the vivified figures of his creation.

Messrs. BURNES JONES, ELIOT J. GUTHRIE, JAN VAN BIEREN, and HERBERT VOS are among those who have been elected Associates of the Société Nationale des Beaux Arts, better known as the Champ de Mars Salon.

Sir FREDERIC LEIGHTON and Sir GUYRETT MILLAIS have been selected by the German Emperor for the award of the Order of Merit—the highest distinction that can be offered to achievement and attainment in Germany—a reward that must be valued.

Mr Layard's "Charles Keene," a review of which appears in this month's issue of THE MAGAZINE OF ART, has been so well liked that a second edition has already been called for. This, we understand, has enabled the author to correct the faults which at first disfigured the volume, which, with emendations, may now become a standard book.

The "doctoring" of Sir FREDERIC LEIGHTON and Mr ALMA TADEMA by the University of Dublin demonstrates the awakening of that seat of learning to the existence and influence of the arts. Last year we prominently called attention to the fact that the University of Dublin shared with those of Durham, Aberdeen, and St. Andrew, as well as with the Victoria, the dishonour of having ignored the arts, the present unprecedented action would seem to be a direct reply to our criticism.

The matter of the National Gallery of British Art has taken another turn. Mr TATE has finally retired from the scene—for the present, so that Sir JAMES LYTON has felt free to come forward with a suggestion which certainly offers a solution of the problem. He proposes that the new gallery should be nominally under the control of South Kensington, so as to benefit by the Sheshpinks and Chantrey collections, while additional members of committee should meet the objections of the South Kensington artists.

OBITUARY

We regret to have to record since our last obituary the death of M. JEAN BONNASSERON, sculptor, of the Académie des Beaux Arts, in his eighty-second year, whose works, chiefly religious and historical, gained him the Knighthood of the Legion of Honour in 1853, of Herr WILHELM LICHTER, at the age of sixty-eight, the well-known Austrian painter of animals and battle scenes, and of M. VIDAL (whose real name was Louis Navet), the blind sculptor. He was an oil painter when he was struck by blindness at the age of twenty-one, and thenceforward grappled with his fate by turning sculptor. He produced many admirable works, whose chief fault was angularity, but which were good enough to obtain "rewards," and were purchased by the State for the provincial museums. He was an excellent critic of sculpture, his fingers serving him as eyes, and, it is curious to note, he always worked at night time.

Mr WILLIAM BRADFORD, the eminent American marine artist, of Quaker origin, is also dead. His pictures of the Labrador sealboard as well as of the more southern coast, and of fisher life generally, have obtained considerable reputation in the United States. He was one of those who accepted though not perhaps unduly, the great assistance nowadays offered by photography.

Orsini occupied several years of his strenuous life. Then subjects were—Volta, Archimedes, Galileo, and Columbus before the Council of the Vatican. All are vigorous dramatic carefully planned and with well devised accessories. The "Archimedes" is undoubtedly one of the artist's best works. We see the philosopher plunged in thought and one of the computers of Syracuse in the act of invading his quiet retreat. The con-



FAITH

(From the Painting by Niccolò Barabino)

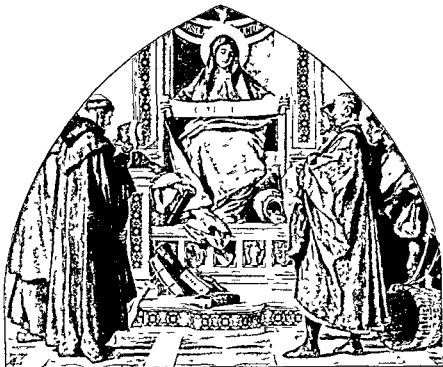
offerred by Charles VIII to the Florentines and the Sicilian Vespers. These proved so successful that Signor Celestia spontaneously increased their stipulated price. Next came two frescoes for the Orsini Palace, likewise in Genoa: representing the Triumph of Science and the Triumph of Love—grandly conceived and effective works. It was in fresco painting that Barabino was perhaps at his best. This branch of art afforded free scope for his power of design and treatment of masses spurred him to rapid execution and allowed no time for timidity or the introduction of afterthoughts and reminiscences. In fact as an *affreschista* he ranks only beneath Cesare Maccari whose works so nobly decorate the Senate House in Rome.

Four oil paintings commissioned by his former

trusting figures—Archimedes too much absorbed in planning some engine of defence to be aware of the capture and sack of the town and the fierce legionary about to force him to solve a graver problem than one of earthly science—tell their tale with conciseness and effect. Barabino had a knack of choosing suggestive themes, all his pictures have a tale to tell. One easily falls into the way therefore, of judging them from a literary standpoint as though technique and colour were quite subsidiary to the motive and no 'Art for Art' Impressionist creed had yet founded a school. The lighting of this picture is not satisfactory. Even the Sicilian sun at midday could scarcely shed so hard and strong a glare, but this defect though very obvious on the original canvas disappears in the engraving.

The "Galileo" a much larger and more complicated work, was exhibited at Turin in 1880 with great and instant success. The aged astronomer rests on soft pillows on a princely bed, apparently explaining some subtle calculation to a trio of elegant students, who are listening reverentially to his words. Critics differ as to its technical merits and while praising the composition of the work, point out the incongruity of endowing the needy and much-persecuted sage with such very luxurious surround-

ings of a justly dismissed halft, than of an unjustly dandied genius. Even at this crisis of despair the Columbus of history must have shown more wrath than despondency, and some traces of the indomitable courage that bore him on to success. Barabino has treated the scene very dramatically, but the comic element is too much accentuated, and the figure on the right peeringly touching his forehead worries the spectator as a blunder in composition.



CHARITY

(From the Painting by Niccolò Barabino.)

ings. The Columbus is a dramatic historical scene also on a grand scale and cost the painter several years of arduous toil (see p. 265). He travelled to Salamanca to secure local colour and to sketch types and made endless alterations in the composition of the work. The original cartoon was finely conceived, simple, and vigorous but when the painting of it began the whole thing was changed and many fresh details crowded in. More innovations were made before the picture was completed until as it stands, the hero has not only lost his due prominence but almost the physiognomy of his part. The council has broken up after finally refusing to aid his mad quest in search of a new continent. Columbus sits alone, his rejected charts at his feet, baffled, discouraged, well nigh crushed. His attitude betrays utter hopelessness, and his whole air is rather that

of a columnist, Barabino was uncertain being often betrayed into discords of tone just as his excellent draughtsmanship was often weakened by hesitation and over-anxiety. But he possessed dignity of line, and with greater self-confidence would have done fuller justice to his powers. It was by racking his brains in search of new effects that he sometimes marred the freshness of his first conceptions and instead of achieving novelty layed into reminiscences of effects seen elsewhere.

The glowing mosaics over the doors of the Florence Duomo were designed by Barabino and will keep his name alive in the city he loved. They are stately, decorative and excellently fitted for their purpose and although in this instance also the original cartoons show greater boldness and freedom a certain amount of conventional stiffness is not

The struggling period of Burabino's life was an exceptionally short one. He was only twenty five when his first historical piece, 'The Death of Pope Boniface VIII' brought his name to the front. It was immediately purchased by Mr. Brown of Genoa and is now in Italy in England. Thenceforth his position was assured. He received a commission to execute three frescoes in the Celestia Palace at Genoa on historical themes—'Galileo before the Inquisition', 'The Corsican tearing the ignominious treaty

from Signor Orsini' occupied several years of Burabino's strenuous life. Their subjects were—'Alessandro Volta', 'Archimedes', 'Galileo at Arcetri' and 'Columbus before the Council of Salamanca'. All are vigorous dramatic, carefully planned and with well devised accessories. The 'Archimedes' is undoubtedly one of the artist's best works. We see the philosopher plunged in thought and one of the conquerors of Syracuse in the act of invading his quiet retreat. The con-



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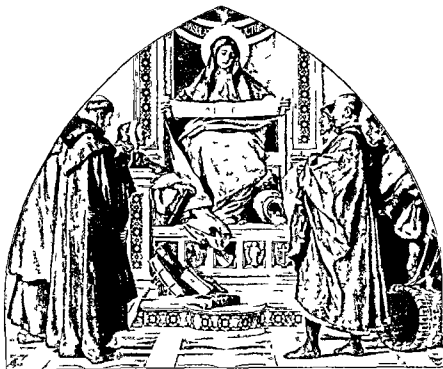
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(From the *Pausing* by A. edo Bartholomew.)

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The glowing masses over the doors of the Florence Duomo were designed by Faralino and will keep his name alive in the city I visit. They are sturdy decorative and excellently fitted for their purpose and although in the main devoid of original cartoons show a rather better and freer than a certain amount of conventional suffering is not

presented to the medium through which they are presented to the world.

The closing year of the painter's life was devoted to two very interesting and promising works but

rather, unfortunately, was at all near completion. The smaller one represents St. Francis of Assisi descending a mountain in wintry twilight bent on some errand of mercy. Ground and rocks are covered with snow but the gentle sun is attended by a flight of friendly birds who seem to be guiding his steps. The greater and more important work undertaken by royal command depicts the last moments of Charles Emmanuel of Savoy. Ludovico was acquainted with the theme and went to Piedmont to study the death chamber in the Castle of Savignone and secure accuracy of detail. The more complete of his small oil sketches for this picture gives a very effective conception of the scene. The dying duke reclines in a huge carved chair wrapped in his State mantle with his crown and insignia on the table beside him. Mourning relations and courtiers are grouped in the background on a raised terrace, the Host stands near the door with kneeling reciters. By some cunning of the brush Ludovico had brought the sculk of the dual roles into harmony with the dark crimson cushions of the chair and the pale yellow cope of the priest to the right his cool direct manner, the soft white surplices of his attendants. But the painter died in failing health experienced more than his usual

deciding the plan of his work and rejected sketch after sketch—hesitating, doubting, reconsidering.

During the last weeks of his life this feverish anxiety seemed stilled, he worked as thoroughly and

cheerfully as his great energy and chiefly in the hours of the day. Then came the day before his death fresh discouragement assailed him and not content with encircling parts of the painting never to be completed he made a new design in pencil treating the subject in a totally different way. A few hours afterwards he was seized with alarming symptoms and expired the following morning.

For many years Burdino had been president of the Artists Club in Florence and member of the Government Council of Fine Arts respected by all and loved by his intimates. Entirely absorbed in his work a grave reserved often melancholy man he led a quiet and simple life of frugal existence. At the delightful fairs given by the Florentine artists he played the best with dignity but was more genial within the walls of his own studio. There was an intensity about him that impressed even casual observers and the morbid self-discounted by the lack found in the artist outside he has carried struggles of his life into reputation. Thus he would be useful to posterity intent with



MADONNA—QUASI OLIVA SPLECIOSA

(From the last by Nicol. Tarab.)

trust at the root of his
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CONTINUED FROM THE COUNCIL OF SALAMANCA
 (From the *Publication by Nicolaus Eberhardus* Financed by *Fredericus Barthol.*)

moderate prices and only received L. 10,000 (£400) for his popular *Calileo in Arcetri*.

That he knew happy moments it is impossible to doubt but he was scarcely a happy man. Hunted by demons of ideal perfection his life was spent in alternations of hope and despair. Morally also he had no field and many instances prove how valiantly

Sampicardoni laboured steadily at his fresco in the hospital church and when the plague reached the town not only presided over a committee of succour but devoted himself to personal attendance on the sick. His industry was enormous. The contents of his workrooms at the time of his death might have repaid the toil of a lifetime. The



CHRIST ENTHRONED AND THE PROTECTING SAINTS OF FLORENCE

(From the *Manica* by Niccolò Barabbari after the Great Door of the Cathedral of Florence)

he strove to live up to it. Once in his youth when commissions were rare events he was chosen to paint some frescoes in the cathedral of Santa Riquenza but on learning it the moment of triumph that a fellow townsman had also completed for the first he generously divided the work with his worsted rival. Again he hid a constitutional in overworking himself of all disease and especially of cholera. Accidentally when this epidemic broke out in Italy (14 years ago) Barabbari first met the way to the country. It is love for his family, never his to resist the pain. He remained with him in their at

times finished oil sketches of all his chief works, vigorous and careful studies of heads (life size) for this and that painting and free compositions (every free he had used in every one of his productions) cartoons, rough sketches, numerous! there were scores of rejected first ideas—some going to the ultimately adopted—and all of great interest. Moreover, stuck in neat little cases were hundreds of masterly studies in pencil and oil, full of valuable hints to student of art. Numerous designs and drawings for a fresco were also showed that the painter's imagination was in full activity till the



BORDER BY A GILT LACQUER MAKER

BURMESE ART AND BURMESE ARTISTS IN TWO PARTS—PART I

By HARRY L. THILLY



A KANAYA

(One of the figures in the Burmese art of the Zoolie
'Gemi')

SOME time ago I was called upon by the Chief Commissioner of Burma to report on the condition of the Art Handicrafts of that province, and was subsequently sent to the Calcutta Exhibition as officer in charge of

the Burma Court. I also collected exhibits for the Indian and Colonial Exhibition and was in constant supervision of Burmese craftsmen and their apprentices since 1882. I have therefore had good opportunity of studying the handicraftsmanship of the Burman and propose in this notice to describe its merits and peculiarities.

The workmen of Burma although they have little idea of composition are wonderfully fertile designers of details. They can all draw with freedom and grace, their legends are full of stirring incidents and deal with a varied range of characters from the puny human infant to the grotesque man-eating monster. Then standards of masculine and feminine beauty differ from ours but are nevertheless quite possible. Without the might and delicate refinement of the Japanese, they are free from the extravagance of the Chinese and there is nothing in their art so debased as the representations of Hindu gods.

There are as yet no artists in Burma, and to see how the people draw, we must examine the designs of the decorator, the gilt lacquer maker, the silver smith and the wood carver. It is true that pictures may be seen in some of the houses of the well-to-do. Many of these are panels taken from the lintel of the funeral pyre of a monk, and the others are similar productions made to order by decorators. These pictures are remarkable chiefly for the glaring colours used for the absence of any composition, and for the distorted perspective common to Oriental representations. The drawing is, however, good, the attitudes are lifelike, and the story is generally well told. To European eyes, the attitudes appear as distorted as the perspective, but it needs a very slight knowledge of the country to recognise that the Burmans habitually place themselves in the most ungainly positions. After more intimate acquaintance with their mode of life, we find out that these very attitudes are esteemed graceful, and are only acquired after years of practice. For example, a village belle comes to take her seat at the theatre. The place is crowded with people sitting on mats spread on the ground. She is perfectly self-possessed though conscious of general criticism. A dainty wreath of jessamine is placed hair-wise just below the neck in coils of shining black hair. She wears a spotless white jacket with tight fitting sleeves and over one shoulder a maize coloured scarf is thrown. With every swaying movement of her little limbs, the gay colours of her narrow silk petticoat glance and play in the light of the flaring torches. When she reaches the mat that serves as the family box she sits smilingly down and leans on one arm and gradually turns the hand round inward until the elbow is bowed outwards in front. The general impression is one of supple grace, but if we watch this girl walking through the village by ordinary daylight, we shall see that she swings her arms backward and forward, in time with the circling sweep of her out-turned feet. And further, when resting during the cool of the evening unobserved in the recesses of the rustic house we may see little maidens scarce promoted

this case being taken to include design in black ink—white and mechanical execution. To put the matter into a concrete form let us compare by an English

seems to spring from the curves themselves instead of being a part of the scheme of the background. It must be remembered that all the drawings which

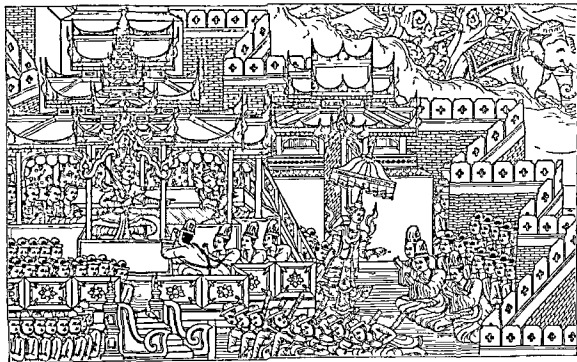


BORDER DRAWN BY A CUT LACQUER MAKER.

studied the border that forms the head line of this article. The first impression is decidedly pleasing, then we feel that the design is useful and resting to the eye, there being sufficient intricacy to interest without the confusion that wears. The flower background is an effective contrast to the sweeping

illustrate this article were done as part of the day's work of the best master workmen and were not made for publication. They are all original and the men themselves simply to let on them, as on their attempt to express their thoughts.

This art of the cut lacquer worker is interesting



THE BANISHMENT OF PRINCE WELTHANDIYA

(Designed by a Cut Lacquer Maker.)

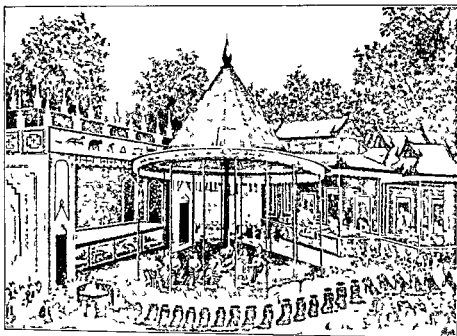
curves of the primary design and these curves are again strengthened by the straight lines of the interlaced design. The execution is completely unequal. It will be noticed that the spring has been done without measurement and that the pattern is in two places misymmetrical. The only apparent fault in design is that just over and under the central and two end main curves the figure

is taken account of the subjects treated and the one in which the finished work is put. The Buddhist religion is still a vital force in Burma and it is peculiarly suited to the Burmese mind. Its more destructive tenets afford the pseudo learned a tool for metaphysical contemplation and that without the scientific accuracy so hateful to the Burmese mind. Its numerous legends of the previous

to the dignity of clothes practising again and again these curious motions and attitudes. Our criticism of the same attitudes mixes with our own feelings, and the secret of the illusion at the theatre is perhaps in the nature of the surroundings. In the early morning under the open sky, and with the hard business of the day before us we look with the cold eyes of the foreigner in the evening when tired but with our worries behind us, we were able to enter

primary colours would look pale and tame. Under these conditions and at the necessary distance the broad backgrounds of vivid blue and the staining greens and flaming reds merely look like the colours of a brilliant enamel. Before the torch is applied these pictures are snatched from their places by the village elders and are treasured as memorials able of the holy deputed and of the gay festival that celebrated his translation to *Ne bu a* the resting place of the pious Buddhist.

When the decorator draws for a private patron his professional training tells against him for he is a craftsman and not an artist. Notwithstanding he works his figures to a smaller scale, and crowds in more incident and detail and although he tones down his colours or uses much gold leaf, he is not often successful. A photograph of such a picture is here reproduced. It was drawn by the painter of the *Lite King of Burma* for Colonel Hawkes, C.B. It represents



KING THIBAW WITNESSING A NATIVE PLAY

(Exhibited by the British Art Club)

into the children's play, amused and half under standing, but at night, we leave the house and everything English in it and sitting in the midst of a Burmese crowd, we are able to understand their modes of thought and their standards of beauty.

In the same way we should not judge of the decorator's picture when hung in the duty hut of a village elder, but should attend the festival of the cremation of some venerated *houye*. Here the picture is but one of many panels in the base of a towering structure, quaint in form, and resplendent with gold and colour. The midday sun pours its blinding light over a flat plain crowded with Burmese, clothed in their greyest silks and gleaming white jackets. The funeral pyre stands in the centre, crowned by its seven roofed spire and stretching out its flame coloured wings. It is surrounded by smaller trophies from rival villages but it must outshine them all. In that blazing sun, and before that, no man crowd anything but the strongest

Thibaw and his terraqueous queen witnessing a Burmese play. The king and queen sit in a raised box at the back, with minds of honour men then. The actors *pyawants* in the centre. The ministers sit at the king's feet and the elders of the council, in white, sit just within the police guards. The latter are dressed in scarlet and wear tin helmets on their heads and carry shinn Mutin rifles in their hands. The band sits to the left the leader being within a circular frame of graduated drums. A few police elders are allowed to peep round the corner. This picture is interesting, is being an attempt by a Burman to represent what he actually saw.

I now turn to another class of decorations—viz those who work in gilt lacquer, and here we are on more familiar ground, for this handicraftsmen produces his effects with black or red lines on gold. Allowing for difference of subject his productions may justly be compared with the more elementary work of our own artist decorators—elementary in

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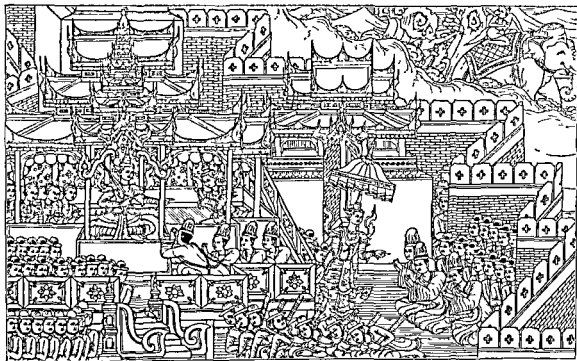


BORDER DRAWN BY A GILT LACQUER MAKER

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(Drawn by a Gilt Lacquer Maker.)

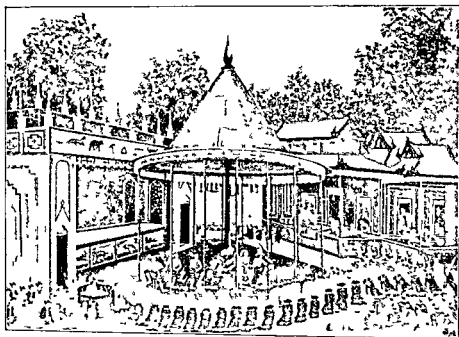
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KING THIRAW WITNESSING A NATIVE PLAY

(From a painting by a Burmese artist)

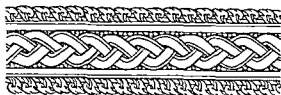
into the children's play, amused and half understanding but at night we leave the house and everything English in it and sitting in the midst of a Burmese crowd we are able to understand the motives of the night and their strange beauty.

In the same way we shall not judge of the decorator's picture when hung in the dirty hut of a village elder but should attend the festival of the cremation of some venerated person. Here the picture is but one of many panels in the base of a towering structure gaudily painted and resplendent with gold and colour. The midday sun pours its blinding light over a flat plain crowded with Burmans clothed in their richest silks and damask, white jackets. The funeral pyre stands in the centre, crowned by its seven-roofed spire and stretching out its flame-coloured wings. It is surrounded by small villages for many villages but it must stand them all. In that blazing sun and before that terrible scene we can see nothing but the strongest

Thiraw and his terraced queen witnessing a Burmese play. The king and queen sit in a raised box at the back with minds of honour near them. The actors perform in the centre. The ministers sit at the king's feet and the elders of the council in white sit just within the police guards. The latter are dressed in serket and wear tin helmets on their heads and carry shinn Martini rifles in their hands. The band sits to the left the leader being within a circular frame of graduated drums. A few police elders are allowed to creep round the corner. This picture is interesting as being an attempt by a Burman to represent what he actually saw.

I now turn to another class of decorators—viz those who work in gilt lacquer, and here we are on more familiar ground for a thus handicraftsman reproduces his effects with black or red lines on gold. Allowing for difference of style at his productions may justly be compared with the more elementary work of our own artist-decorators—“elementary” in

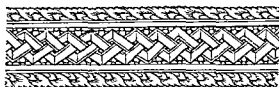
very steps to keep guard by the graves of the heroes who fell in the great assault. It is not unlikely that these pictures half hidden away in



BORDER BY A WOOD-CARVER.

the surroundings of many a pagoda have fired the excitable imagination of the modern tourist and suggested the barbarities he has inflicted on his unfortunate countrymen and countrywomen and especially on old people and young children. Having at length gained the wide platform at the top the Buddhist finds on all sides symbols of the mysteries of his religion. We are however only concerned with their representation by the Burmese craftsman and with his successes or failures as a draftsman.

But before we begin to criticise let us pause while to get a general impression of the surround—the atmosphere in which the artist has to work. The eye is first caught by one of the carved shrines of dark oiled wood work but quickly glancing backwards and upwards follows the rapidly retreating stepped base of the mighty gilded pagoda to where the narrowing sides can both be seen at the same time. *Higher still the bell-shaped cone dwindles away to a glittering van.* At the summit



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of every pagoda a *ho* or umbrella is placed. This is made up of a number of trunks each one smaller than the one below and to the lower edge small bells are hung. To the clapper of the bell is fastened a leaf shaped pendant. From here then comes that faint rhythm of tinkling golden bells rising and falling with the play of the morning breeze.

The horizontal lines of the flagged platform rest the eye and the otherwise broad space is pleasantly broken up by the small kneeling groups engaged in recitation of the mystic pathways to perfection. Around the outer edge are heavy trees and quaint low buildings beneath which the mysterious shady

recesses on the outskirts of which sit vendors of gold leaf, tapers, little flags, toys and catibles. These flags and tapers are placed in front of the large brzen images of Gaudama that sit in pliant state underneath handsomely-carved canopies opposite each principal entrance. The images are placed on pedestals ornamented with facets of coloured glass, arranged in excellent patterns. The colour effect is generally good, the background being often a diaper of lead coloured glass. It is however,



ROUGH SKETCH OF CARVED DOORS

the wood carving finished on nearly all the buildings that is most worth examining and drawings by Burmans of some of the carved bands are here reproduced. A reference to the drawing on the opposite page will make the position of these boards at once apparent. They give breadth and unity to the general design and serve to cover the fastenings of the upright carving which goes behind them.

As the work is placed fifteen feet and upwards from the ground and as it is exposed to the alternate wet and shine of the Burmese climate it is necessarily of bold design and roughly worked out. A visit to one of the large shady buildings on the edge of the platform mentioned before will often bring us to the temporary workshop of a master wood carver. The patron is generally a rich merchant of Rangoon who having acquired his wealth perhaps by wholesale merchandising of dried fish is anxious to obtain

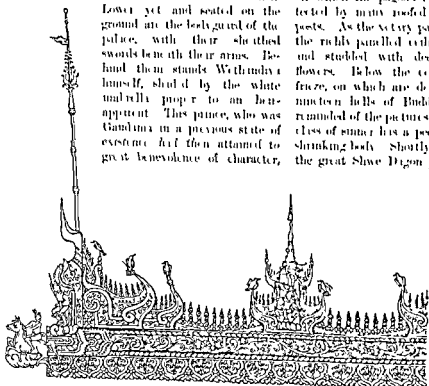
existences of Gautama Buddha serve as themes for the drama to which young and old rich and poor are so passionately devoted. Its superstitious appeal to those ignorant vulgar, and its beautiful precepts to those who desire to live a pure life. What wonder then, that every village has at least one monastery built away from the noisy clamour of everyday life? Here the recluse, wrapped in his yellow robe and freed from mundane anxieties to which the sons of the village? During the still of the noonday hour he gazes into the dark depths of the spreading trees that shade the monastery. If he be unshod he calls a sleepy urchin from an inner room and orders him to bring such and such a Pali manuscript. The boy goes to a chest not unlike the marriage coffers of Medieval Italy except that instead of being of carved wood it is covered with gold leaf on which are pictures in black lines. The illustration on p. 69 reproduces a very typical example of the arrangement and mannerisms of this kind of work. The subject is taken from one of the ten greater legends of Gautama Buddha called the story of Vithandiva or rather who was king of an Indian province. The king resorted under a royal canopy with the sword of state in his hand, to the right is the queen and to the left are monks of honour. Below are the ministers with uplifted hands and to the left are the elders of the council.

Lower yet and seated on the ground are the body-guard of the palace, with their sheathed swords beneath their arms. Behind them stands Vithandiva himself, shaded by the white umbrella proper to an emperor. This prince, who was Gautama in a previous state of existence had then attained to great benevolence of character,

and freely gave away anything that was asked of him. In this instance he had bestowed the white elephant, the glory of the kingdom, upon some mendicant Brahmins. It may be observed that the Brahmins are throughout this story, shown up as grasping cruel creatures, so that the legend was probably not written until Buddhism had succeeded in replacing the Hinduism of India. The king is depicted in the act of banishing his son Vithandiva to a lonely mountain. The queen and ministers are attempting to intercede. In the upper right corner the Brahmins may be seen carrying off with great haste their sacred prize. This drawing exhibits many of the traits and most of the defects of Burmese composition. The story is graphically told and the main figures are sufficiently prominent and the detail is evenly distributed over the field of the picture. The faults are numerous and obvious.

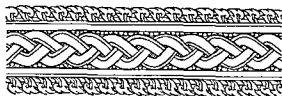
Gilt lacquer workers are naturally much employed to decorate these secondary buildings which cluster round the base of the larger pagodas. The Burmese who have a profound belief in astrology, build the approaches to their pagodas facing the cardinal points of the compass. Every Burmese moreover has a horoscope, by which he can tell from which point of the compass he should climb the tedious flights of steps leading to the top of the hill on which the pagoda is built. The steps are protected by many roofed canopies carried on stout posts. As the weary paces for breath he may ride the richly panelled coolies, covered with gold leaf and studded with deeply-carved crimson lotus flowers. Below the ceiling is a string-course or frieze, on which are depicted the torments of the nineteen hells of Buddhism. Here again we are reminded of the pictures of the Middle Ages for each class of sin has a peculiar torture applied to his shrinking body. Shortly before the English stormed the great Shwe Dagon pagoda the attack of Rim-

goun, a patriotic elder went to the expense of a gilded frieze on which was represented the victorious Burmese army torturing unfortunate British soldiers in every conceivable way that the harsh cruelty of hate could invent. It is curious to contrast the quaint uniforms of the earlier conquerors with the trim fighting dress of their successors as they march up these



BURMESE SKETCH OF CARVED LACER BOARD.

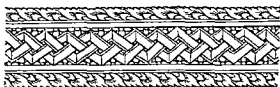
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BORDER BY A WOOD-CARVER.

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But before we begin to criticise let us pause awhile to get a general impression of the surroundings—the atmosphere in which the artist has to work. The eye is first caught by one of the curved shingles of dark oiled wood work but quickly glancing backwards and upwards, follows the rapidly retreating stepped base of the mighty gilded pagoda to where the narrowing sides can both be seen at the same time. Higher still the ball-shaped cone dwindles away to a glittering point. At the summit



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sufficient merit to outbalance his encouragement of the taking away of animal life. To do this and to gain the honorary title of shrine builder, is well worth the expenditure of some £4000. The old gentlemen having mingled preliminaries with all the various master workmen of the tradesmen to be employed has come to see the work started. He wears a fillet of spotless white cambric round his non grey hair which is gathered into a small knot on the crown of his head. A lawn jacket open in front flaps loosely about his body showing the yellow brown skin. His petticoat is of silk the pattern being large squares of greenish grey marked out by narrow white lines. He carries a beautiful rosary in his hand and has all the importance of a master of ceremonies. In marked contrast to this position is the master wood-carver who is a small but well developed young man with eyes set wide apart and bright with intelligence. He is quiet but speaks with authority to the group of pupils who are beginning their work and who though in silent enough to outsiders are respectfully attentive to their teacher. The master carver distributes the paper

patterns he has previously drawn and a couple of boys generally work at the same piece of wood. They place the teak plank on the floor and holding the pattern in place with either great toe begin to hammer away furiously upon it knocking out the chips with gouge or chisel. After a little they take matters more easily and light then chisels and the master goes off to the others. In this fitful way they will work all day with an interval of an hour for breakfast. The relation between the master carver and his pupils is interesting and takes us back again to the Middle Ages. They always call him

the teacher and he is to them the best carver in Burma. There are happily no schools of art to introduce a dead level of mediocrity. There are no contrivances for art ware to turn the wood shop into a manufacturing factory. Work is individual and is never repeated, for each fresh piece of timber will surpass everything that has been done before. Finish of execution is not thought of much consequence but general effect is aimed at. This is probably because the work is all made to be set up in the open air, where even teak does not last long exposed to sun and rain.

"ELIZA ANNE LINLEY (MRS SHERIDAN) AND HER BROTHER"

PAINTED BY T. GAINSBOROUGH R.A.

BY the kindness of Lord Sackville, the owner of the picture we are enabled to engrave one of the most beautiful works produced by Gainsborough and one of the most perfect examples of his art. When it was hung in the New Gallery at the Guelph Exhibition it attracted universal admiration for its own sake. But not a little for that of its original. It was perhaps in the whole the most talked of picture in the gallery. According to the catalogue, Miss Linley was the daughter of Thomas Linley the composer. Born in 1754 she sang with her sister afterwards Mrs. Pickell at the concerts her father had established at Bath and here she was painted by Gainsborough who was then residing in that city. Very soon after she proceeded to Calais where in 1772 she was privately married to Sheridan in intending to enter a convent. When she obtained her father's consent however she was returned to him in England and thenceforth retired from the concert platform. She was an accomplished singer and remarkable for her beauty. Walpole writes of her March 16th 1773. "I was not at the bill last night and have only been to the opera where I was infinitely struck with the Carrara who is the prettiest creature upon earth. Mrs. Hartley I am to find still handsomer, and Miss Linley to be the

superlative degree. The King admires the last and looks her as much as he does to draw so high a price as an oratorio and at so devout a service as *Alleluia's* First."

This was the lady who so fascinated Gainsborough not only by her beauty but by her voice—for Gainsborough it must be remembered was one of the most brilliant musicians of the day. She had captivated his ear as much as his eye and his heart was in the exquisite portrait he painted of her. Not that the artists' admiration was otherwise than platonic. Sheridan who was so soon to marry her wholly engaged her affections and was besides his intimate friend. The actor statesman indeed was to Gainsborough what Johnson was to Reynolds, and him he chose from all others when he felt the presentiment of coming death to accompany him to the grave. Miss Linley, as the picture is usually called was painted in Gainsborough's last period—the period which gave us the best of his five portraits of Garrick, his portrait of Quin (whom he persuaded to sit in order that he the artist might thereby gain immortality!) and his pictures of Lady Ligonier, Lady Grosvenor and Captain Wade. It is one of the most beautiful possessions of its owner and must be numbered among the masterpieces of English art.



ELIZA ANNE LINLEY (MRS. SHEPHERD) AND HER TYTCH

(From the Painted by T. G. Sutherland, R.A. Engraved by Professor Eastlake)

sufficient merit to outbalance his circumlocution of the taking away of animal life. To do this and to gain the honorary title of "shrine builder" is well worth the expenditure of some £4000. The old gentleman having arranged preliminaries with all the various master-workmen of the tradesmen to be employed, has come to see the work started. He wears a fillet of spotless white cambare round his iron grey hair which is gathered into a small knot on the crown of his head. A lawn jacket open in front flaps loosely about his body, showing the yellow brown skin. His petticoat is of silk the pattern being large squares of greenish grey, marked out by narrow white lines. He carries a broad rosary in his hand and has all the importance of a master of ceremonies. In marked contrast to this pattern is the master wood carver who is a sturdily well developed young man with eyes set wide apart and bright with intelligence. He is quiet but speaks with authority to the group of pupils who are beginning their work, and who though silent enough to outsiders in respectfully attentive to their teacher. The master carver distributes the paper

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COPYRIGHT IN WORKS OF FINE ART IN TWO PARTS—PART I.

CONSIDERATIONS FOR A NEW BILL

BY GILBERT E. SAMUEL, SOLICITOR



IN view of the fact that the defective state of the law of artistic copyright is shortly to be brought before Parliament a consideration of some of the most important points in which the law requires elucidation or amendment may it is hoped assist in furthering the movement for a legislative reform so sadly and imperatively needed.

badly drawn, obscure in style, complex, illogical, and often incomprehensible many of the statutes governing the law of copyright in works of fine art contain provisions which when intelligible are ridiculous, and that this unsatisfactory state of the law is acknowledged is evidenced by the fact that repeated efforts have been made but without success, to obtain its improvement. A Bill with this object was introduced in the House of Commons by Mr. Black and others in 1864; a second was brought in by Lord Westbury and referred to a Committee of the House of Lords in 1869; a Royal Commission on the subject was appointed in 1876; the report of the Commissioners whose terms extended over a period of two years being issued in 1878; a third Bill was submitted by the Duke of Rutland (then Lord John Manners) in 1879 and a fourth by Mr. Hastings in 1882.

In spite however of this apparent activity in the direction of reform the substitution of one consolidating and amending Act in the place of the existing many statutes remains still to be accomplished.

The branches of the fine arts to which I propose to refer are paintings, engravings and works of that class, drawings, photographs and sculpture. The law with regard to which it might be supposed would be identical so far as the same are capable of being regulated by the same law, but the genius of English legislation is always to do things imperfectly—as was remarked by the late Lord Westbury and so rational a course has not been adopted. Prior to 1862 there was no Act of Parliament by which copyright was given for paintings and drawings. The preamble to the Copyright Act passed in that year also includes photography in the same category of unprotected works but it would seem

that this is inaccurate and that copyright in photographs would be provided for by an Act passed in the fifteenth and sixteenth years of the present reign, which declared that the Acts then in force for the protection of engravings, etchings, and prints—the earliest being 8 Geo. II. c. 13—were intended to include prints taken by lithography or any other mechanical or semi-mechanical process by which prints or impressions of drawings or designs are capable of being multiplied indefinitely. Whether the phraseology of this statute, whose aim it was to remove obscurities in previous Acts, was itself sufficiently clear so as to include photographs, appeared to the framers of the Act of 1862 as open to question. Hence the statement, of dubious accuracy in its particulars to which I have referred. However this may be, the law relating to paintings, drawings and photographs is now governed by the last mentioned enactment. Engravings and similar works are protected by five distinct Acts while the statute in force dealing with sculpture is 54 Geo. III. c. 56.

There is no reason why these various branches of the fine arts should not be dealt with concurrently and made subject so far as may be to similar conditions. If they were thus treated and the law relating thereto embodied in one statute, the inconsistency which now exists would be removed while the saving of time and labour to those whose interests or vocation render an acquaintance with the law a necessity would be enormous. Reform of this nature was recommended by the report of the Royal Commission but is after nearly fifteen years all the Acts which then constituted the law are still in force; it is time that serious steps should be taken to obtain its speedy accomplishment.

This diversity in the law is again manifested in the unequal terms for which copyright endures. For engravings and similar works the term is twenty-eight years from publication, for paintings, drawings and photographs *from the life of the author and seven years after his death*, and for sculpture fourteen years from the first putting forth or publishing of the protected work but if the sculptor be living at the expiration of such period, "the sole right" declares the Sculpture Act, *returns to him* for the further term of fourteen years. The wording of this Act is as usual misleading for it has been held that if a sculptor conveys all his interest in the copyright in a work the conveyance would pass to the purchaser

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this contingent right, which would therefore not return to the former as the statute provides. On comparing these terms it will be seen that there are two principles upon which the periods of the duration of the right are based. In the case of engravings and similar works and sculpture, the term commences from the date of the first publication of the protected work, while in that of paintings, drawings, and photographs it is given for the "author's" life and a number of years after his death, the latter principle being adopted for the first time in connection with the fine arts by the Act of 1862. Admitting that it is desirable to assimilate the law, it becomes necessary therefore to consider which of the two principles should be retained so that the unnecessary distinctions which the retention of both of them involves may be discontinued.

The reason assigned at the time of the passing of the Act of 1862 for the adoption of the life of the author and a number of years after his death as the period for the duration of copyright in paintings and drawings was that it was felt that if it were fixed at a stated term from the date of publication as in the case of engravings and similar works and sculpture there would be difficulty in determining the date of publication—a difficulty which is sufficiently obvious. When can a picture be said to be first published? Presumably at the date when it is first exhibited, or sold, but if so how is this date to be proved or determined in after years? Under any circumstances the question of publication would always arise and lead to a certain amount of confusion. The same difficulty also applies to sculpture, but is not so evident in the case of photographs, in which however, no doubt out of a desire for uniformity, the Act has assigned the like term of the life of the "author" and seven years. The date of publication of engravings, lithographs &c. can also be easily ascertained as the statutes relating to those branches of the fine arts require that the day of the first publishing thereof be truly engraved with the name of the proprietor [of the copyright] on each plate and printed on every such print. Having regard however, to the difficulty of proving and determining the date of publication in the case of paintings, drawings, and sculpture, and to the advantages which would result if all subjects of artistic copyright were as far as possible dealt with on the same principle in this respect the simpler and more effective mode of averting the difficulty and at the same time ensuring consistency, would be to assign one general term for the duration of the right, which should be for the life of the "author" and a number of years after his death. This moreover is the principle upon which the copyright laws of most of the large Continental

States are founded a fact of some importance in considering this question, for when copyright conventions are entered into with foreign Powers, the latter naturally require that the protection given to their artists should be commensurate with that afforded by their own laws to English artists, and it has sometimes occurred that negotiations for such conventions have fallen through in consequence of the benefit which would be derived by the latter under the laws of the foreign State being greater than what would be obtained by the former in England. An instance that reciprocity is an essential element in the conclusion of such compacts is afforded by the International Copyright Convention entered into in 1887 by the United Kingdom with Belgium, France, Germany, Hayti, Italy, Spain, Switzerland and Tunis, whereby it is provided that "the author of an artistic work shall not have any greater right or longer term of copyright therein than that which he enjoys in the country in which the work is first produced. The Report of the Royal Commission, which also recommends the adoption of the principle of the life of the artist and a certain time after death, makes an exception in the case of photographs the reason given for excepting this class of fine art being expressed as follows—'On consideration however it will be seen that photographs are essentially different from paintings and drawings inasmuch as they more nearly resemble engravings and works of a mechanical nature, by which copies of pictures are multiplied indefinitely and the Report therefore recommends that the term should commence from the date of publication. As however, no exception in this respect is made with regard to engravings, which photographs more nearly resemble it is difficult to appreciate the force of the conclusion arrived at on the reasoning by which it is supported. It is obvious however, that it would not always be easy to ascertain whether the "author" of a photograph—the word "author" being the not very happy term employed throughout the Act and in relation to photographs peculiarly interpreted to mean the person who has superintended the arrangement thereof—is at a stated time living or dead, and the like objection would apply in some degree to engravings and similar works being reproductions of another's design, so that it might be advisable to make the term of copyright therein commence from publication.

As to the duration of copyright the term granted for *literary* copyright was originally fourteen subsequently extended to twenty-eight years. In 1842 it was further extended to the author's life and seven years afterwards, or forty-two years from the day of first publication, whichever might prove the longer

period. Legislation with regard to engravings and sculpture proceeded on somewhat identical lines with that relating to literary works fourteen years from publication being the original and twenty eight years the extended term subject however in the case of sculpture as has been before mentioned to the condition of the author of the work surviving a first period of fourteen years in order that the right for the full term might be acquired. With regard to paintings drawings and photographs it appears from the evidence given before the Royal Commission that all the old draft Bills contemplated a term of life and thirty years but when the Bill which subsequently became the Act of 1862 and in which that term also was inserted was discussed in the House of Commons objection to so long a term was taken by certain members of that Assembly who regarded copyright not as a form of property but as a kind of monopoly and it was not considered advisable to make copyright in works of art more extensive as regards duration than literary copyright. The term of life and seven years was therefore selected in order to assimilate the law to that which governs literary works, the alternative period of forty two years from publication being omitted on account of the difficulty of fixing the date of first publication.

In practice however life and seven years has been found to be an inadequate term and one unfair to the artist to whom the right originally belongs. This is seen more especially in relation to pictures the copyright in which includes of course the exclusive right of reproduction in every form. For instance an artist may have arranged for an engraving to be made of his picture and the engraving may take a considerable time to complete say as much as two or three years. If he should die before the expiration of this period then would only remain the balance of seven years after the picture is engraved during which the copyright would be enjoyed by his representatives for at the end of that term the picture would be available for engraving to any person who could obtain access to it. Again time usually comes to an artist when he is no longer young and it is only when he has attained a recognised position and when there is often comparatively little time left to enjoy the copyright that his works are reproduced. A picture moreover may not be engraved until after the death of the artist and in such a case his representatives would derive but inadequate benefit from his labour. That the term should be extended is generally felt and desired by artists and as far back as 1837 a committee appointed by the Society of Arts reported that an Act should be brought in to "secure a copyright for the authors life and thirty years after for

such of the designs of an artist as he may himself have conceived and is himself produced by his own hands or by those of his assistants." It is nevertheless difficult to fix the proper period to be adopted as it might be well for life and forty years as for life and thirty years. I believe it varies with most of the European nations between life and twenty thirty forty or even fifty years and on the grounds of reciprocity is an additional factor it would be an advantage to assimilate the term as far as possible to theirs. Life and thirty years seems to be the period most generally approved by those whose interests are most nearly affected and I think that if the duration of the right in paintings drawings and sculpture and engravings and similar works of which the design is an original conception and not a reproduction of any other work were so fixed and thirty years from the date of publication granted in respect of engravings and works of that class of which the design is not original or is reproduced from another work and of photographs uniformly would be as far as possible attained the prevailing dissatisfaction removed and the artist ensured a more just and equitable enjoyment of the fruits of his labour and skill.

Attention must now be called to two points in which the provisions of the existing Sculpture Act have proved inadequate to afford due protection for the work of the sculptor. The statute in question grants copyright for the term it provides to every person who makes or causes to be made

(1) Any new and original sculpture or model or copy or cast of the human figure or of any animal or of parts thereof or of any subject being matter of invention in sculpture or (2) any alto or basso-relievo representing any of such matters or (3) any cast from nature of any of such matters. Now it is extremely doubtful whether under the clause I have quoted copyrights of antique works would be entitled to copyright in this country. A sculptor may spend months in making a careful copy of an antique work on which is expended as much labour—if not as much original skill—as on producing an original piece of sculpture. Why should he not therefore be entitled to the benefit of copyright in the copy which he has made and which is his own property and a work of artistic merit? Moreover the encouragement of the artist implies the encouragement of his art and it will stimulate the cultivation of the national taste if the forms and designs of the greatest masterpieces of the sculptors genius were popularised by the increased production of his class copies which the conferment of an inalienable copyright in such copies would effect. Such a right would of course not prevent any other person taking copies from the same original, it

would only create a legal and exclusive title to the benefit to be derived from making reproductions of a man's own copy of a non-copyright work.

The second matter in which the law on this branch of art is defective relates to the various forms in which works of sculpture may be copied without any remedy being afforded to the owner of the copyright. As the law stands, copying or imitating in the form of sculpture or by casting done constitutes infringement. Copies by engraving, drawing or photography, or any other means not being sculpture or casting can be made with impunity and the question arises whether the act of imitation or reproduction in any form should not be deemed piracy. The injury inflicted on the reputation of the sculptor by incorrect copies of his work and the loss suffered by him in pecuniary sense constitute strong grounds for the amendment

of the law on this basis. It has been stated that the *photographing* of sculpture would probably act as an advertisement in the sculptor's favour, the danger of the copy being untrue being absent in the case of reproducing by such a purely mechanical process. It is the fact however, that sculptors desire to be protected against all forms of copying and to be entitled to any benefit or profit which may accrue to them from being in a position to grant or withhold permission for their works to be photographed or otherwise copied or reproduced and their demand is undoubtedly a very legitimate one. It is only simple justice that the sculptor should be enabled to maintain unimpaired the reputation which his efforts have created and to reap the reward which his genius has won. Elementary ethical principles, therefore, urge the inclusion of every form of copy of his work in the protection which copyright affords.

SCULPTURE OF THE YEAR

BRITISH SCULPTURE

By CLAUDE BISHOP



(Drawn by C. R.icketts.)

CHANGE has occurred in the times since the sculpture galleries at the Royal Academy and at the subsidiary exhibitions were summed up in one hasty glance by the tired visitor, and by the critic dismissed in a few vague and meaningless sentences.

Whatever may be the opinion as to the direction taken by the younger generation of English sculptors the genuine impulse received by the art as the outcome of their efforts to shake off a frozen and trivial conventionality, founded in the first place on classical models, is not to be denied even by the most sceptical. Notwithstanding this, however, sculpture—which with the Egyptians, the Assyrians, the Greeks the Romans, occupied a supreme and undisputed position, which in the thirteenth century had attained to an immortal nobility and beauty, when painting lagged far behind in an inferior stage, which again in the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries stood

in Italy, Germany, and France side by side with its sister, which in France has flourished uninterruptedly from the twelfth century to the present time—is hardly yet regarded in England with the serious interest which it deserves, and in other art centres readily commands. One ludicrous sign both at home and abroad is the growing effort to grapple with schemes of polychromatic decoration, and to abolish by tinting and surface ornamentation some of that 'sugared crudity of white marble which past generations have most erroneously deemed to be an essential tradition of classical art.

One of the first efforts in this direction was as is well known made by John Gibson whose only famous Tinted Venus remains, on the whole, the most moderate and the most successful example of the completion by polychromatic adornment of a statue in the round, assuming to follow in the wake of Greek prototypes. But until quite lately this example has remained almost an isolated one, and now the renewed effort has sprung up, as it were spontaneously in Germany, in France and in England much stimulated no doubt by the recent discoveries of archææ and pre-Helena sculptures of the most uncompromisingly polychromatic character on the Acropolis of Athens and by that of the wonderful sarcophagi with the battles of Alexander the Great, found with others of execrable beauty and interest on the site of the ancient Sidon, and now in the museum of Constantinople.

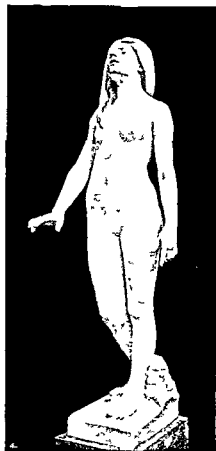
Paris and London show this summer cutfully thought-out works in which coloured and tinted marble ivory variously lined bronze and painted terra-cotta respectively play an important part, and no one of these examples shows any sign of having been suggested by any other of them.

At the Royal Academy the centre of attraction has been as might have been foreseen, the Shelley Memorial executed in marble and bronze by Mr Onslow Ford for Lady Shelley and by her presented to University College Oxford in the grounds of which under the sheltering roof of a small classic temple or monument it—or rather the original represented only in coloured plaster at Burlington House—will find a final resting place.

While I am glad to be able to express a very sincere admiration for the work in its component parts and a genuine gratification that in these days there should be found an English artist sufficiently unconventional to design sufficiently skilled to execute the last portions of these I must with equal frankness estimate the conception taken as a whole as somewhat incongruous as looking in the direction of unity. The bronze base with its supports of winged caryatidised lions with its mourning muse resting on an untrailing wreath of ancient classic shape with its gnarled tree trunks of bronze bearing golden fruit is fanciful and charming in its pictorial detail rather than reposeful and monumental. And then it is hardly in accord with the naked corpse of the poet which it upholds. This is an admirably modelled figure posed in lines of a cunning elegance. It represents the body of Shelley as it may have appeared after the fatal catastrophe of the Gulf of Spezzia with traces of the death-struggle still stamped on the contracted brows so strongly and inappropriately overshadowed with golden locks. Here is none of the august repose the eternal peace of death but on the contrary the perpetuation

through the ages of a fleeting moment of agony just passed. It will doubtless be said by the admirers of the monument that such struggle such agony are typical of the ill-starred poet's short, eventful life but I would ask is this drowned man in this poor wave-tossed corpse the most fitting crown of a monument intended to glorify the divine singer who has wrapp'd in a low blue web of etheric beauty round even the most tragic subjects of his song?

Few if any of the great fashioners of tombs have conceived the funereal monument in the spirit in which Mr Onslow Ford has here conceived it. The kings bishops and knights of the Middle Ages sleep the eternal sleep in regal repose with hands clasped in prayer or it may be folded on sword or crozier. The Burgundian sculptors of the fifteenth century show their mighty dead in august quietude upborne by weeping kindred and friends in the habit of penitents—the living mourning but the dead sleeping the well earned sleep. And again how peacefully repose with features beautified by the ennobling power of death the monumental figures of the great Florentine and Milanese sculptors the "Cari Marzuppi" of Desiderius da Settignano at Santa Croce the "Cudural of Portugal" of Antonio Rossellino in the lovely chapel of San Martino the "Gitan de Foix" of Agostino Inghis—that beautiful re-creation of a youthful



FATE LER.

(From the Statue by A. Toff. In the Frieze of the Temple of Apollo.)

man in its flower so suggestive in its sense of honour satisfied of death confidently and cheerfully accepted that the living who gaze may well envy the happy sleeper.

Certainly German Idealism has shown it infrequently represented even kings and the mighty of the earth on their tinsel striped of all earthly pomp and lying naked to await the trumpet which shall sound to awaken them. Put here the point of view is an essentially divergent one. The symbolism is that of the "Vivants" the "Memento mori" the reminder to the living of the equality of man before

Death. There is at any rate nothing momentary in this fleeting in these curious conceptions of the string-passionate master of the French Louvre since, there is on the contrary a suggestion of permanence and if not of perpetual peace yet of perpetual expectancy and enduring awe.

A word too as to the daring unconventionality

Mr Onslow Ford's remaining contributions to the Royal Academy are a good bust of the Right Hon A J Balfour and The Gordon Memorial Shield presented to Miss Gordon by the Corps of Royal Engineers. This last is a decorative silver shield somewhat of the form affected by Pietro Ferrigno in his figures of St Michael at the National Gallery.



THE STORY OF ENDYMION AND SELENE

(From the Pel / by Harry Bates A.P.A. In the Royal Academy Exhibition)

which has caused the sculptor to present his dead poet ruthlessly in absolute nudity. I will not pick in dealing with a work mingled high of efficiency—always a matter of intention—but a certain unsexiness there unquestionably is in this ruthless stripping to the pulchre gaze of Shelley the man presented with no special idealisation or generalisation of form but on the contrary with an end worn to return all possible individuality. It may be argued in answer to this stricture that statues of Greek athletes of Roman Emperors and modern fashionable celebrities and set up in public places, and following this classic fashion have been conceived his Charles V Victorians ever his Emancipator in the majesty of absolute nakedness, although with a certain shamefacedness he provided a sumptuous suit of armour to cover on occasions the bronze torso and limbs of his august master, that again Napoleon I is represented by Canova in the contrary of the latter at Milan in a Greek divinity. The case is in all the foregoing instances absolutely different, for in these statues the man appears not in his own personality but rather as the hero abstracted from the individual to the type, the ruler already on earth as a divinity and after death often wholly deified. To heroic impersonality there can be no artistic objection but the nudity of the individual whose form is an integral part of his individuality is still surely subordinate higher and more essential truth than is here suggested.

and elsewhere. It is harmonious and well balanced in design but lacks that freedom that variety in unity which is so indispensable in a work of the kind. For fineness and suppleness of modelling nothing here can compete on equal terms with Mr Alfred Gilbert's Comedy and Tragedy Sic Vita. This shows the lean Donatello figure of a mule comedian holding extended in one hand the broadly grinning mask of classic comedy while he turns sharply his face distorted with sudden agony to look down at an insect stinging him on the leg. It may fairly be allged here by way of criticism that the tragic antithesis has been exaggerated and is grounded on too slight a basis that the distorted visage of the figure is too strongly marked too old for the youthful slenderness of the muscular body. Still the beauty of the modelling in the torso and the realistically rendered limbs and extremities is so unimpaired as to much more than counterbalance the defects in detail.

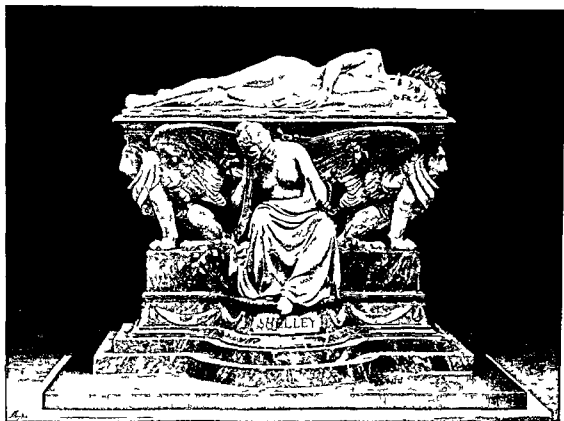
The same sculptor's enthusiastic such after new developments of his art suited to the modern standpoint is conspicuously evidenced in two important busts both of them fashioned in terra cotta painted to simulate a golden hue of bronze and still further heightened here and there by real gilding. "Sir George Birdwood K.C.S.I." appears holding in one hand and comfortably crumpling a small Indian man of gold—the representation of arms and limbs in a bust being in itself a novelty. In the "Lucan

Huddleston—posthumous bust the salient point is the audacious realism shown in presenting the full bottomed wig, the bands and the robes of the deceased judge. In both instances a most admirable skill is displayed in the rendering of the expressive features and the impression of a vivid likeness is conveyed the peculiar mode of tinting and decoration emphasising, however, beyond the point of sculptural dignity, the richness and vivacity of the conception. We come here in both instances somewhat dangerously close to nature and start back repelled somewhat by the naughtiness of the approach and the gulf consequently disclosed. The

Clun of Office of the Corporation of Preston presented to the Corporation to commemorate the Jubilee of H M the Queen is one of those elaborate

side. If this design had been carried out on an adequate scale London would thereby have gained an imposing and significant monument of a class still very poorly represented in its streets and open spaces.

It was with a series of classic reliefs that Mr Harry Bates first achieved a reputation which he has since enhanced and he returns in his large panel *The Story of Endymion and Selene* to his favourite form of sculpture. The large design is cast according to the artists wont in harmonious and easily flowing lines and its admirably—as we see in a smaller model—the chimney piece which is to receive it. The execution is however at present extremely sketchy, savouring much more of the clay model than of the marble into which as is to be



THE SHELLEY MEMORIAL.

(By F. Ouseley Esq. A.R.A. In the Royal Academy Exhibition.)

and unconventional examples of goldsmithery in which Mr Gillert specially delights.

There is undeniably dignity and a true monumental character in Mr Hamo Thornycroft's *Edward I.* a design on a small scale for one of the equestrian statues with which it was intended to adorn the four main blocks completing Blackfriars Bridge on either

as usual it will be translated. The task of the sculptor is here not more than half achieved.

Something of the same insufficiency of execution together with a marked want of style in the draperies is apparent in Mr Bates's *Memorial of the late James Tennant Caird*—the chief feature of which is a quasi classic genius or angel clad in a

long flowing cliton or undergarment. As a disciple of this artist must be counted Mr David McGill, whose bronze relief *Hero and Leander* while displaying no special originality of invention is well modelled and as to its general lines very happily adapted to the circular form which it takes.

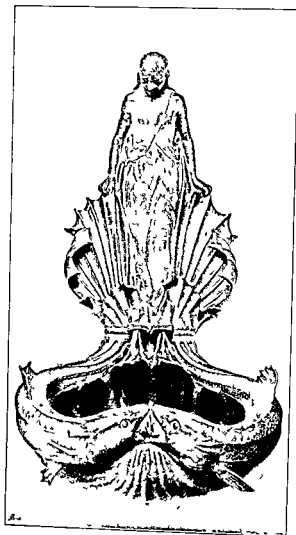
Mr Adrian Jones's huge group *Dancing Horses* hilling up with its mass the centre of the rotunda at Burlington House proves that he who fashioned it is a most skilful modeller anxious to attack the most difficult problems of his art. As a less study of modelled steeds contend with each other the performance has great merit but it is not easy to divine why it should have been attempted on this scale. The general impression made on the beholder by the group is not sufficiently definite, the design requires too much unravelling for a work of such monumental proportions. Mr Henry Brooks's chief contribution is a marble statue *The late Rev. Edward Thring* destined to be erected in Uppaham School Chapel. This scatted figure, if slightly conventional in conception is yet a thoroughly sufficient and artistic piece of work of a class which we shall be by no means anxious to see entirely swept away by the incursions of preterit sculpture.

I am unable to claim in their present position Mr Henry A. Pegram's too summarily modelled reliefs *Industry* and *Fortitude* which are designed as sculptural descriptions of the man entering into the Imperial Institute yet they are unfortunately ineffective in the position for which they are destined. Only partially successful too is

Mr Hugh H. Armistead's *Miss Lottie Armistead* a bas relief in white marble on which its author has lavished great pains but which nevertheless

trays an imperfect conquest of the chief obstacles in this difficult branch of the sculptor's art. Especially disturbing in its effect is the shadow projected by the lady's nose which is it appears to me is in too high relief for the scale of the work.

It is led she must needs go on and on flindly yet flaming not is the description appended by Mr Albert Toft to the life size marble statue of a middle woman advancing with abstracted gaze straight into space led on by a hidden and irresistible force. There is some unsmoothness in the ensemble of the figure—due no doubt to the imperfect proportions of the model—and thus may at first repel the casual observer, yet the work conquers in the end in virtue of a strong and imaginative conception which is at the same time one well fitted for realisation by the severest of the plastic arts. In his fantastic



DESIGN FOR A WALL FOUNTAIN

(See W. P. y. de Stepha. In the J. int. Am. Long. Exhib. 1883)

bronze bust of a worn, sorrow-stricken man called *In the Sea and Yellow Leaf*. Mr T. ft is evidently emulating Michelangelo and seeking even to outstrip his prototype in realistic drawing. He fails, however, to secure that pathetic human type of ugliness moved by the saving virtues of which we accept and admire the pitiless verities of the French master. Mr Telford's last Cumbrian, Graham Esq. (at the New Gallery) is also deliberately fantastic and exaggerated but these qualities will obviously appear not unsuitable in the portrayal of a sitter to whose public career the same epithets may without discourtesy be applied.

World more personal has been seen from the hand of Mr. George Farnpton than his large group "The Children of the Wolf" showing the athletic figure of a manly nude forester who supports on either arm a lamb of wool in the thicket—the offspring, as the title indicates, of some were wolf and wild or changed again from man to beast. I pray Signor Domenico Ticinatostes. Un Primo Dolore shows a recurrent female figure prostrate on the ground in the self abandonment of deep grief—a pathetic conception skilfully carried out. In attitude the statue has a certain resemblance to the timous Santa Cecilia of Maderno which a locus

excuted on a more extensive scale than has yet been accorded to them. They suffer however from the undue development of the rocky bases on which the figures are placed the broken lines of these competing on too equal terms with those of the beasts themselves. Mr. Charles T. Allen has been haunted in his bronze group of Jacob wrestling with the Angel—entitled "And Jacob said I will not let thee go except thou bless me"—by the "Iturus" of Mr. Alfred Gilbert much as the latter was himself haunted in that work by the "David" of M. Mercier. One of the most beautiful things at the Royal Academy is Mr. W. Reynolds Stephens' "Wall



EDWARD I.

(By Hans Thorvaldsen) P.A. In the Portland Art Museum.

the monument of the saint in her church at Rome flowing not unworthily in the wake of Louis. Mr. John M. Swan sends two small bronzes—"African Panther" and "Finnish Drunken" which are so large and sculptural in style as to cry out for

"fountain" a work in the taste of the earlier Italian Renaissance very finely executed in patinated bronze—green and tawny gold in hue. I would further call attention to Mr. John E. Taylor's skilfully executed marble bas-relief "Christmas Morn,"

to Mr George L. Wades full length statue H.P.H. the Dile of Conmunt —in which the body is supple and well poised but the head uninteresting —and his realistically faithful bust The late Sir Morell Mackenzie (New Gallery) to Mr Alfred Drury's statue Harmony in which while the

cases other than those in which the whereabouts of the sculptures has been specially indicated the works referred to in the course of the preceding remarks were exhibited at the Royal Academy. Indeed if the truth must be told the display at the New Gallery hardly deserved this year the name of



DUNCAN'S HORSES

(By Adlon Jones for the Royal Academy Exhibition)

general conception notwithstanding its variety is unimpaired there are to be found some fine passages of modelling to Mr George Smonds's graceful full-length Fountain Mermaid and Sea Lions (New Gallery) to a Model for a Wall fountain by Mr George Wilson to Mr Conrad Dresslers Carl Tyng up her Sundry in which again the body is skilfully modelled but the head peculiarly classic (New Gallery) and to Mr William O. Lurtrud's dexter seemingly half-effected relief in bronze A Dream

It is perhaps advisable to point out that in all

an exhibition of sculpture so scanty as it is regards quantity so poor as regards quality. It would surely be better on a future occasion to dispense altogether in the Regent Street galleries with this branch of art if there should really be obstacles in the way of its being worthily represented as it was at the earlier exhibitions. The deficiency is the more to be deplored because the atrium of the New Gallery offers unusual advantages for the display of a limited number of fine works while others—and especially bronzes—might well be sparingly and discreetly placed in the picture galleries themselves.

COX'S "VALE OF CLWYD"

BY J. ORLOCK, F.R.

DAVID COX painted three celebrated pictures of the Vale of Clwyd, two in oil and one in water colours. The oil pictures were both recently sold at the Murray sale. The water colour drawing

made by Nature and is therefore an impressionist picture of the highest class. Here we find no houses of refuge for browns and blacks and little fishy calculations—nothing out of focus or thing



THE VALE OF CLWYD.

(From the Pen and Ink by David Cox. By Permission of T. Barrett Esq.)

which is now the property of Canon Selous of Helt Rectory. Water colour here is one of the greatest knowings in existence and at the late Mr. Quinens sale worth more than 2000 guineas. The oil picture now in question was called the "Timmins Clwyd" to distinguish it from its twin sister known as the "Ships Clwyd." One is a silver hunting, the other a hunting in gold. The "Timmins Clwyd" has always been considered Cox's *chef-d'œuvre*, and although the price it brought lately at Christie's—viz. 400 guineas—is not high, the public Mr. Barrett is nevertheless to be congratulated on the possession of the finest pastoral picture in the world. Of late we have had symphonies in every colour of the rainbow but here we have a symphony of pearls. Like Turner, D. W. Hill and other masters in water colours Cox carried the purity and brilliant character of this medium into his oil pictures, and the "Vale of Clwyd" must also reflect the

which needs swimming away. No Cox like a true Briton stepped boldly into daylight and painted Nature as she sweetly presented herself only and as the healthy and unimpaired eye sees her. It is a trouble therefore to many taxpayers and to those among us who have studied this English master's art that such a noble picture as the "Vale of Clwyd" should be thought unworthy to take the place of a number of inferior examples by second and third rate foreign painters which have just been added to the national collection. Englishmen have no reason to be ashamed of such art as this; on the contrary they demand a fair trial and they will willingly abide by the verdict. When the French examples are seen and studied Cox's work they will assign to it a high place among the Penikese and Constable's in the national and foreign museums. Let us be fairly judged in the matter and let us have a "school" or two.

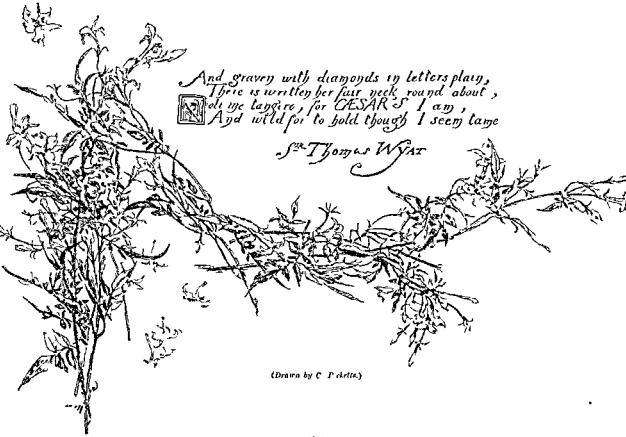
The Lover Despairing to Attain



TO MISTRESS ANNE BULLEN (aged & the semblance of a wife 37)



hase list to hunt? I know where is an hylde!
 But as for me alas! I may no more,
 The Vain travail hath wearied me so sore,
 I am of them that furthest come behind,
 Yet may I by no means my wearied mind
 Draw from the deer, but as she fleeth afore
 Flinging I follow, I leave off therefore,
 Since in a net I seek to hold the wind,
 Who list her try I put him out of doubt
 As well as I, may spend his time in Vaine!



*And graven with diamonds in letters play,
There is written her fair neck round about,
[A]nd we lapse, for CÆSAR'S I am,
And wild for to hold though I seem tame*

Sir Thomas Wyatt

(Drawn by C. F. Arlitz.)

THE CENTAUR

TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH OF MAURICE DE GUÉPIN

IN CHARLES WHITBY'S

BIRTH was bestowed upon me in a cave of these mountains. Like the river of this valley whose rapid drops flow from some rock, weeping in a grotto profound the first moment of my life fell upon the darkness of a sequestered lair, and broke not its silence. When our mothers near their deliverance they betake themselves to the caverns and in the depth of the wildest where thickest falls the shadow, they give birth, without plaint, to offspring silent as themselves. Then potent milk helps us to overcome the early hardships of life without fatigue or doubtful struggle yet we leave our caverns later than your cradles. To hold among us that the early times of our being should be secured and sheltered, as days filled by the gods. My increase ran well nigh its whole course in the darkness where I was born. So deeply did my sliding paces pierce the thickness of the mountain that I had not known which side the outlet lay but

for the winds veering now and again towards the entrance and the rent blowing cool blasts and sudden hurricanes. Sometimes too my mother would come back wrapt in the perfume of the valleys or still dripping with the waters which were her resort. Now these appearances would touch me no less as of the valleys and the streams whose emanations were about her yet did they harass my spirit and I would prowl the darkness in disquietude. "What," I wondered, is this beyond whither my mother hies and what so puissant reigns there that summons her so often to itself? And what are the varying emotions one has sense of that every day she comes back diversely affected? She would return now inspired by a joy profound now forlorn listless as if wounded. The joy of her return was apparent in her step and shone in her countenance. I felt its influence throughout my breast, but her despondency exercised a far



"TIME WAS WHEN I CUT BRANCHES IN THE FOREST AND HELD THEM, AS I RAN, HIGH ABOVE MY HEAD."

(Drawn by Arthur Benson)

deeper mystery and carried me further still into the world of conjecture whether my spirit had flown. At such times I was uneasy at my own strength. I was conscious therein of a power which could not be alike alone and brandishing my arms or girdling round and round through the squamous darkness of my cavern. I strove to discover, by the blows which

left me of speed. These seasons of unrest alternated with long releases from disquieting movement. Then I was sensible of no other emotion in my whole being save that of increase and of the steps of life which mounted in my breast. I felt the love of passionate emotion and wrapt in perfect peace I tasted more fully the grace of the gods which thrilled within



WHAT? I WONDERED. IS THIS ELAND? WHETHER MY MOTHER KIPS?"
(Dance of the Elks)

I dealt at the air by the passionate steps which I urged whether my arms should stretch forth whether my feet should hush me away. Since then my arms have been twined round the lusts of centaurs the bodies of heroes the trails of oaks my limbs have made trail of reeds of streams of plants numbing of the subtlest impressions of air. For I lift them in the still and sightless night that they may feel the breeze and draw therefrom signs that will augur my way. Pledge O Melampus, my feet how worn they are! Yet chilled as I am in these extremes of age there are days when in full sunlight upon the mountain top I run the mail race which I ran in my cavern of old and with the same design brandishing my arms and putting forth all that is

me. To calm and darkness the sense of life owes its mystery its charm. O Darkness that dwellest in the caves of these mountains to thy silent cure due the destined training which so bravely fostered me! In thy keeping I tasted life in its purity even as it left the lap of the gods to visit me! When I descended from thy sanctuary into the light of day I stumbled and faltered it not, its violence got hold of me making me drunk as though a deadly draught were poured sudden into my soul. Then I knew that my life hitherto so simple and so strong was shattered and dispersed as if it had quickened but to be cast abroad by the winds.

Then O Melampus who wouldst I now the life of the centaurs by what will of the gods didst thou turn



"TIME WAS WHEN I CUT IT AS HPS IN THE FOREST AND HELD THEM AS I RAN HIGH AT VE NY HEAI"

I am by Arth. L. m. n.

thy steps toward me the oldest and most desolate of them all? Long since I ceased to lead their life. No more do I leave the summit of this mountain whereon old age has prisoned me. The point of my arrows serves but to loosen the roots of clinging plants. Tranquil likes still I know me but I am forgot of the rivers. I will tell thee some pages of my youth but my recollections the issue of a weakened memory linger like the drops of a miggard life poured from a broken urn. First I have told thee of my first years they were exultant perfect simple and solitary the life which gave me to drink that I could and relate without difficulty. Went thou to ask a god O Melampus the story of his life he would tell it thee in two words.

The habit of my youth was swift and full of passion. I lived upon movement nor knew a limit to my steps. I would roam abroad in the pile of my unfettered strength even to the utmost verge of these deserts. One day when I followed a valley where continents seldom resort I discovered a man skirting the river on the other bank. It was the first that encountered my gaze. I despised him. There said I to the poor half of myself.

How short his paces! His gait how awkward! Sadly his eyes seem to scan the distance. Doubtless it is some centaur overthrow by the gods who have constrained him to crawl in this poor wise.

Often I would rest from the toils of the day in some river bed. One half of me huddled beneath the waters struggled to emerge the other arose in peace while high above the waves I lifted my idle arms. Thus would I forget myself in the midst of

the stream yielding to the impulse of its current which swept me on and carried its will vibrant to all the delights of its lands. How often overtaken by night have I floated with the stream beneath the spreading darkness, which filled even the depth of

the valleys with the nocturnal influence of the gods. Then was the bloom of my life alive and I felt but a faint sensation of being distributed with even measure throughout my soul like the shimmer upon the waters where in I swam of the goddess who pervades the night. Melampus my old god thus for the rivers peaceful the most of them and monotonous they fulfil their destiny with a better calm than contains with a wisdom more gracious than mankind's. When I withdrew from their bosom I was haunted by their gifts which clung about me for days and left me but faintly as they had been perfumes.

A fierce and blind instinct they governed my steps. In the stress of the most violent pursuit my gallop would be suddenly checked as though an abyss lay at my feet or a god stood before me. At the unlooked for cessation of motion I could feel my life invaded by an exhilarating passion. Thus was when I would cut



THE POINT OF MY ARROWS SERVES BUT TO LOOSEN THE ROOTS OF CLINGING PLANTS.
(Dedicated to the gods.)

branches in the forest and hold them as I run high above my head. My swift career kept in suspense the movement of the leaves which could but gently quiver. But at the least pause the restless breeze gathered and held on the branch and it resumed the current of its humming. Thus at the sudden interruption of the majestic race I sped across these valleys my life quivered in my breast. I felt it run and bubble, and revolve the fire it had caught

in the space so ardently traverse I. My flanks quickened and fought against the tides which oppressed them within tugging in the tempest the pleasure known only to the seashore of continuing without waste force life tense and at its zenith. Yet my heart bent to catch the freshness of the breeze I

echo of the errant centaur who is a guide unto himself. So while my quivering flanks knew the madness of the race I felt the pride grow in my heart and turning I paused while to gaze upon my smiling hamules.

Youth is like a verdant forest harassed by the



ONE DAY I DISCOVERED A MAN.

(Drawn by Arthur Lee.)

contemplated the summit of the mountains which a few moments merged in the distance the trees upon the banks the waters of the river those borne upon a sluggish tide those gurgled to the bottom of the earth at I conceived only of movement in their branches which make man to the breath of heaven.

I did not I said to myself enjoy free movement. I transported my life at will from one end to the other of the valley. I am happier than the torrents which fall from the mountains never to descend. The sound of my footfall is sweeter than the plume of the woods or the music of the waves, it is the

wind on all sides she tosses the priceless gifts of life while ever a solemn murmur fills the air. Living cruelness is the stream ceaselessly bringing the inspiration of Lybia now on the mountain top now in the depths of the valleys I leapt hither and thither like a blind and chunkless life. But when the night filled with the calm of the gods found me upon the mountain slope she led me to the entrance of the caverns and soothed me as she sooths the waves of the sea christening within me such gentle unbidden sleep yet married not repose. Crouched upon the threshold of my retreat



COLCHED UPON THE THRESHOLD OF MY RETREAT

I WATCHED THE GATHERING GLOOM

(Drawn by A. H. Jones)

my flanks hid within the cave my head bare to the sky. I watched the gathering gloom. The strange life that had entered me during the day fell from me drop by drop returning to the peaceful breast of Cybele as after a shower the wreckage of the rain clung to the leaves falls and rejoins the water course. 'Tis said that in the darkness the sea gods leave the pillars of the deep and seated upon the headlands gaze intent across the waters. So I kept vigil at my feet an expanse of life like a slumbering ocean. Restored to full and conscious being measured I had just been born, that the deep waters which had conceived me in their bosom had left me upon the mountain like a dolphin forgotten on the quicksands by the wave of Amphitrite.

My gait was free, and reached the farthest horizon. Like ever humid shores the outline of the western hills was touched with light all obliterated by the gloom. There, in their delicate clarity, some hills arose naked and pure. There I saw descend, now the god Pan ever solitary, now the choir of mystic dances or a mountain nymph pines by, drunk with the night. Sometimes the eagles of Mount Olympus crossed the lofty sky, vanishing in distant stars or beneath the haunted woods. The spirit of the gods already troubled broke in suddenly upon the calm of intricate oaks.

Thou pursue wisdom O Melampus which is the knowledge of the will of the gods and thou wanderest among men and like a mortal bewitched by destiny. In these haunts is a stone which, if you touch it, gives forth a sound like a snapping of harp strings and it is told of men that Apollo, chasing his flock in

these deserts hid his lyre upon the stone, and left its melody therein. O Melampus, the wandering gods have set their lyre upon the stones but none—none ever forgot it there. When I kept vigil in the caverns nathought that some day I should surprise the dreams of sleeping Cybele, that the mother of the gods, betrayed by a vision would yield her secrets, but I have heard night sounds which lose themselves in the whispers of the night, or words inarticulate as the babbling of streams.

'O Melampus' said the great Chiron to me one day, when I followed in his age 'we are both centaurs of the mountains yet how different our pursuits.' Thou seest that the search for plants is all my care and toil, but thou resembldest those mortals who upon the waters or in the woods have found and set to them by some fragments of the pipe broken by the god Pan. Thereafter Iaving leached from the veins of the god a spirit of savagery, or drawn from them a mystic fury, they go forth into the wildernesses plunge into the forests, skirt the rivers, lose themselves on the mountains, still restless and constrained by they know not what. The mares, beloved of the winds in farthest Scythia, are not more wild than they, nor more sad at night when Aquilo has abandoned them. Dost thou seek the gods O Melampus, and the source whence issue man and beasts and the principles of universal life? But old Oceanus father of all things hides such secrets within himself, and the attendant nymphs move ever in choral song before him that might be heard which may

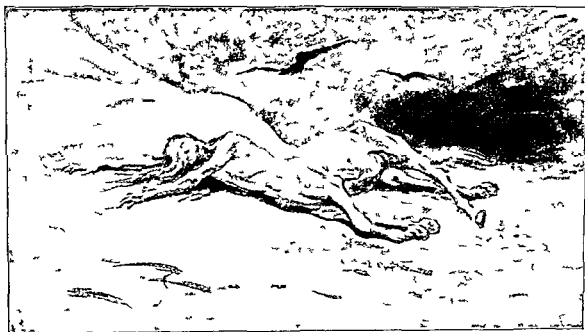
perchance escape his lips disparted in sleep. The mortals who by their virtue have drawn near unto the gods have received from their hands herbs where with to charm the people or fresh seeds to enrich the earth withal but no word from their inexorable lips.

In my youth Apollo incline I me to the study of plants and herbs, to do good their virtues of healing juices. Since then I have kept faithful ward in the vast alpine place of the mountain still by quietude yet ceaselessly devoted to the quest of simples and revealing to others the virtues which I discovered. Dost thou see from here the hall summit of Mount Cithæra? Alas! alas! I tell thee I will have my O Mæcæus the demigod children of the gods cover their eyes with the skirts of their robes and are burned upon the mountain top! The pains of death infect the blood derived from the immortal gods. Alas! we centaurs begot by an immortal mortal in the womb of old Nile unto age, unless for what succour shall we look from Jupiter who crushed with his lightning bolt the father of our race? The valiance of the gods tears eternally at the entrails of the craftsman who fashioned the first man. O Mæcæus my friend centaurs acknowledge as authors of their blood the evil which belied the privilege of the gods and it may be that what we receive without ourselves is but a theft, a vain relic of their nature wasted from after

like seed borne upon the wind by the all-pursuant breath of destiny. 'Tis said that Igeus Thescus stole the tokens and marks whereby his son might one day discover his birth beneath the weight of a rock upon the mountain. The jealous gods have buried the proofs of the lineage of kings but the secret of what ocean have they told the story O Mæcæus!

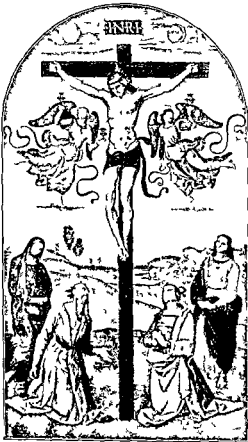
Such was the wisdom whereunto the great Chronos moveth. Alas! to the summit of the mountain the centaur cherishes the life of his course in his soul. His but still sturdily sense sink upon his fluids above which he rose like an oak sailing by the winds and did the strength of his legs suffer with the loss of years. It was as though I had turned some remnants of the mortality granted by Apollo which I have since I felt that I felt the

And I Melampus descended into old age, calms the setting of a star. Still I preserve strength enough to reach the summit of the rocks. There I linger now to watch the wild and restless clouds now to set, unregarded, from the horizon in my life. I see the Pleiades or great Orion. I tell thee that my strength fails that I am swiftly vanishing like a snail into the waters that soon I shall mingle with the rivers which flow into the spacious bosom of the earth.



(Drawn by Arthur Lennon.)

OUR ILLUSTRATED NOTE-BOOK



THE CRUCIFIXION

(By Raphael. Present in the Dudley Collection.)

TWO of the most important collections of works of art in the country were those of the late Lord of Dudley and Mr. Holburne, and by their dispersal at Christie's a few weeks ago the country is the poorer. The former contained many canvases of world-wide fame and of these we select four of the most admirable for illustration.

The "View in Holland"—the landscape being by Holbein with figures and cattle by Adrian Van de Velde—is, as Waagen expressed it in the course of an enthusiastic criticism, a masterpiece both for extent and excellence—a picture which is equal to a whole gallery. This work, which is signed and dated 1666, came to Lord Dudley from the collections of the Right Hon. Edward John Lytton (for whose ancestors it is

said to have been expressly painted) and Lord Hatherston. After a short fight, Mr. Agnew bought it for £10,000. Franz Meyer's *chef d'œuvre* "The Enamoured Cavalier," a picture of unusual size for the master as is remarkable for its state of preservation, as for its exquisite pencilling, its admirable light and shade and delicate harmony of colour. The ornament successively of the Breda and Albert Tevey collections, this beautiful little panel was knocked down to Mr. Vokins for £1,770—a lower figure than it had ever previously reached in the auction room. The Novar Madonna known also as *La Vierge à la Légende* on account of the scroll with the words

Fecit Agnus Dei held by the Child although called Raphael's was probably executed in collaboration by Raphael and Giulio Lombino. This celebrated work is said to have been in the collection of Charles I.—it was certainly in that of Lord Gwydir—is well as in the Novar Collection. It fell to Mr. James Peck for £202. Less beautiful than this picture, but more interesting is the large, world-famous Crucifixion of Raphael—the first



THE ENAMOURED CAVALIER.

(By Franz Meyer. Present in the Dudley Collection.)



SILVER GILT CHALICE (17TH CENT.).

(See also the 17th Century Collection.)



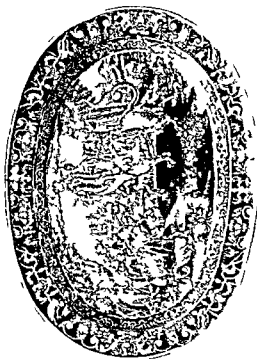
EWER OF HENRI II WARE.

(See also the 17th Century Collection.)



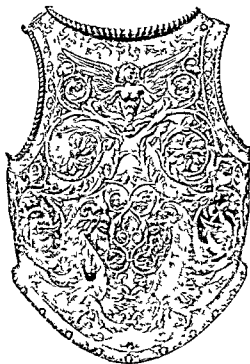
HEAD OF DOUBLE CROZIER (1760).

(See also the 17th Century Collection.)



LIMOGES ENAMEL (1760).

(See also the 17th Century Collection.)



EMBOSSED STEEL BREASTPLATE (1760).

(See also the 17th Century Collection.)

ART IN AUGUST

RECENT ACQUISITIONS AND RE ARRANGEMENTS IN THE SOUTH KENSINGTON MUSEUM

The picture galleries of the Museum have been enriched by a valuable gift from Mr JAMES OSORCO, of the Royal Institute of Painters in Water Colours. This is not the first instance of this gentleman's generosity to the Museum, as a few years ago he gave a large oil painting by GIORGIO BARRETT JUN. He has now presented a large and fine example of the work of PHILIPPE JACQUES DE LOOTHER BOERL, R.A.

On Whit Monday last, the Museum collection of iron work was reopened for the first time since the gallery, where objects in this section are exhibited, was closed for re-arrangement and fresh classification. The value of the collection has been greatly enhanced by this re-arrangement for two important reasons. In the first place, the specimens are now seen to their very best advantage, and secondly, the gallery, which was formerly closed on those evenings when the Museum was open to the public, is now thrown open. Thus, smiths and others, who are interested in this special handicraft and who cannot come in the daytime, are now able to make notes and sketches for good designs in the evening. This gallery is very well lighted at night, as it receives its illumination from the electric lamps on both sides of the Architectural Court. The examples of ironwork from Germany and Italy are most complete. The French and English sections, although represented to some extent, require considerable additions before they are in any way perfect. The smith's work is exhibited here in all its different phases, such as grilles, gates, lunettes, hinges, locks, keys &c. Down the centre of the gallery have been placed portions of the splendid wrought iron screen from Hampton Court, which was designed by JESSE TRIST in 1693, and probably wrought by Huntington Shaw, of Nottingham. Lady Dorothy Nevill has lent her most interesting and quaint collection of various specimens of English ironwork, as rush holders, candlesticks, tongs, fire dogs, and footmen, which were used in the days of our forefathers of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries.

THE NATIONAL PORTRAIT GALLERY

Mr SCHARR's annual statement as to the growth and administration of the collection under his care is, as usual, as satisfactory as it is punctual. The collection has been extended by twenty six numbers, but, as the gallery is still housed in its rather straitened temporary quarters in Bethnal Green, the public must not look to having the opportunity of examining the new treasures until the new building is completed in Charing Cross Road. The donations include portraits of HANCOCK (by HEAD), HANDEL (by BELLIN), and Lord John Russell (Mr G. F. WATTS, P.A.) and the purchases, NELSON (COLLIER), Wycheley (after LEVY), Thomas Girtin (ORR, L.A.), Sir Joseph Banks (T. PHILLIPS, R.A.), Thomas Killgrew (VAN DYCK), Elizabeth I (after LESLIE), Feuch (Sir JOHN WILLIAMS), Constable (by himself) and the Duke of Marlborough (by KNELLER). An average number of pictures have been

cleaned, lined, glazed, and copied, and the collection, "crescive in its faculty," is progressing favourably, even though it is in great measure away from the public eye.

RECENT ACQUISITIONS AT THE NATIONAL GALLERY

The director of the National Gallery has displayed of late even more than his usual activity, and not a few important additions have been made to the collection in Trafalgar Square. Some of the new pictures we owe to the generosity of private donors, but the most of them were purchased, and their selection proves that the ancient policy of buying old masters is still pursued. The policy has much to recommend it. If the habit were established of buying quite modern works the gallery would stand in need of perpetual weeding, for time plays havoc with reputations. But it is matter for regret that a wider catholicity is not displayed. Gaps are constantly being filled up in the Italian, Dutch, and Flemish schools, while the Spanish school, if we except the three Velasquez, has suffered no increase and the great French school of the present century goes all unrecognised. France and England are divided by so thin a strip of ocean that they are determined to mis-understand one another to the end of time, and the Louvre's neglect of the English school may only be matched by our own disregard of the great masters who were the real precursors of modern art. It is something of a disgrace that, although so many masterpieces by MILLER and COPOT have lately been brought under the hammer, the National Gallery possesses not a single example of either. It is a deeper disgrace still that DELACROIX who had so large a share in making the history of art, is unrepresented in a gallery which has two examples of ARY SCHIEFFER. By giving wall space to WEBSTER and HERBERT we are doing a very proper penance for the poverty of English talent, and, moreover, it is well that somewhere on earth a chamber of horrors should exist, but the hospitality which we extend to our own school should not make us forget the art of France. And though we congratulate Sir F. Burton on many of his recent purchases we wish he would crown his manifold success by the acquisition of one or two specimens of the romantic school. However, magnanimous requests have lately seconded his discretion, and the National Gallery grows apace. To the English school the most conspicuous addition is HOSKINS group of his own servants. This was purchased out of the Lewis fund, and is a strong study of six heads. The characteristic features of each are vividly portrayed, the drawing is marvellously vigorous, and though the work may hardly be criticised as a single, completed composition, it is an excellent specimen of Hogarth's forcible portraiture. The two fine studies of boys by Sir J. D. W. LANDSEER were bequeathed by the late Mr Hyde Hill. In no sense finished pictures they have a direct simplicity and a clean colour which are not always found in Landseer's works, and we would rather have them than a hundred of the sentimental ill coloured engravings which won him so instant a popularity. "The Door of a Village Inn," by GEORGE MORLAND, is an excellent painting and characteristic

of its author though it lacks the rich colouring which lends distinction to Morland's finest examples—it was bequeathed to the nation by Sir Oscar Clayton. To the Dutch school belong "The Nativity of St John" and "The Adoration of the Shepherds" by BERNHARD FABRICIUS. This painter, hitherto unrepresented in the National Gallery, was a pupil of REMBRANDT, and "The Adoration" has a touch of the rich colour and fine quality of the master. The Nativity, on the other hand, is by no means a great work, and it has reached us in a shocking condition. ADRIEN VAN DER VELDE'S "Land-cape with Goat and Kid" is a pleasant silvery picture, though the animals in the foreground have been too much worked upon, and though the touch is somewhat small. The new landscape by JAN WOUWERMAN is conventional in composition and paltry in effect, but it is a fine specimen of the art of a painter whose reputation has been overshadowed by that of his more talented brother. A curious canvas is the "Amsterdam Musketeers on Parade" the authorship of which is unknown. It is one of the pictures which was inspired by the example of Rembrandt, and though it is coarse in treatment it has a certain rude force and vigour. The anonymous painter also knew when to take his hand from the work and the style has not been killed away by over finish. A rare master is JAN DE WIT and his landscapes are something of a curiosity. The new picture from his hand in the National Gallery is rather spotty, but it is informal with style and is not devoid of dignity. Though De Wet was a pupil of Rembrandt he does not obviously suggest his master. He seems rather a follower of Hobbema. FREDERIC DE MOULHEUVE was an Italianised Dutchman, and though it is said that he never travelled farther than Paris, he painted classical landscapes with the best of them. One example of his art is in the Peel collection and another has lately been acquired. The latter is conventional both in motive and composition. The customary columns and the theatrical trees which were so fashionable towards the end of the seventeenth century are put in with unimpeachable precision, but the colour is not ineffective and the distance is admirable. A complete contrast to Moulheuve was HENDRICK VAN ALENCASTER, whose dainty canvases are not often seen in public galleries. The "Winter Scene" recently hung in the National Gallery, is meticulous in style and awkward in drawing. But quite apart from its curiosity, it is a quaint composition, and should be invaluable as a costume piece. The landscape by PORLAND ROEMAN is another rarity. Roeman was a travelled Dutchman, and he picked up his notions of formal landscape abroad. Both colour and design are rather Italian than Dutch, and though there is a nobility in his composition, his work suffers from that dryness of aspect which results from imitation. CORNELIS DEKKER was among the most successful pupils of Hobbema, and his "Land-cape with Figures," recently acquired for the National Gallery, has the touch and style of his master. It is not a great work, but it goes to prove that, if a painter will only follow a sound method a passable talent will carry him far on the road. ISAAC VAN OSTADE has from the first received full recognition in England, and another of his works, "A Farmyard Scene," has now been hung in the National Gallery. It is overcrowded with detail and somewhat too hard in style, but the colour is good and the sky excellent. The new landscape by SALOMON VAN RENSWALDE is interesting in arrangement as in subject, but it produces a pleasant, fresh air in effect and is, moreover, the first work by this master which the nation has acquired. Another gem in our collection is filled by the "Virgin and Child surrounded by Cherubim" by LEONARDO FERRARI.

The picture, which was presented by Mr William Connal, Junr, is a good example of the Siennese school. To the Siennese school also belonged GIOVANNANTONIO PAZZI known as Il Sodoma, and his "Face Homo" is a fine piece of colour. Lazzi was a pupil of Leonardo and Morelli goes so far as to ascribe to him most of the works described in public galleries as by Leonardo. His pictures are by no means commonly met with, and the National Gallery has but one other specimen—a "Madonna and Child" purchased some years since from Mr Fairfax Murray.

RECENT EXHIBITIONS.

The exhibition of the Early Art of the Low Countries which has filled the gallery of the Burlington Fine Arts Club during all the height of the season deserves, by right more than a passing notice in these pages. Nothing so really important to the historical student and connoisseur of painting has taken place since the winter exhibition of old masters and the learned and distinguished men who direct the affairs of the Burlington Fine Arts Club do not shrink from exercising such a measure of control over the objects they exhibit as would surprise the organisers of the show at the Royal Academy. Little is shown at the Burlington Fine Arts Club which is not of undoubted authenticity, and hardly anything that is not of serious value. The attribution to VAN EYCK of the Duke of Devonshire's interesting picture of the Consecration of Thomas à Becket has indeed been questioned, while a portrait of Lord Spencer, not now assigned to HOLBEIN, is, it is just possible, by that artist in his earlier time. A certain amount of difference of opinion as to the authorship of the panel, which date from the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries can by no means be avoided, but probably there has not been, neither at the Club nor amongst its visitors any doubt thrown upon the authenticity and value of the Duke of Devonshire's famous Memorial, a large work in singularly fine condition. The collection has contained fine examples of MABUSE, and certainly no nobler instance of masculine performance in painting than that picture by HEDD VAN DER GOES—'A Military Saint with a Donor'.

Lovers of the early English water colour drawings have had an opportunity of carefully studying this interesting and beautiful branch of art at the Fine Art Society's gallery in Bond Street. The first impression is the peculiar grace and simplicity of the compositions of the various subjects. Secondly, the pure and fresh state of nearly every drawing, although some of them are about a century old. Thirdly the marked English character which runs through the whole of the works, and which separates itself by its clearness of design and graceful "finish" from foreign work of any period, and lastly, the unerring technique which modern artists cannot, as a rule, approach, but which at every period of the history of Fine Art has always been associated with complete work. Next the least interesting drawing in the collection was the beautifully finished portrait by GAINSBOROUGH of the Reverend Sir Henry Bute Dudley, Bart, commonly called the "fighting parson." This beautiful work shows how consummate a master of drawing and modelling Gainsborough was, although he worked so loosely in numbers of his pictures. Nos. 43 and 201 and other drawings by DOWNMAN, A.R.A., show a tenderness and grace in colour and drawing which belong to the classic time of our English art. It is said that Downman coloured his portraits and accessories on the back of extremely thin tissue-like paper, which sheen through and produced a blush of colour which harmonised

approving of the extreme reduction to which American publishers are apt to submit pen drawings, while he appears to forget that to class and choice of paper very much indeed is due. Indeed, we do not hesitate to assert that with a different paper his own book—excellent as it is—would have shown off the majority of the flocks to still greater advantage. To proceed to other fault finding, we may object to the very slight justice rendered to Mr. Greiffenhagen, especially in the face of the inclusion of draughtsmen such as Mr. Gordon Fraser, Mr. A. J. Marks, and Mr. T. C. Gould among the artists, reminding the author of his own correct definition of the line that divides the grotesque draughtsman from the humorous and skilful at a likeness he may be from a true caricature artist. Nor do we consider that he has lavished half enough praise on the undoubted genius of Mr. Phil May. Indebted chiefly for his inspiration to the pen work of Van Peers and Curran de Vries, Mr. May's manner is yet all his own, being more realistic, fuller of character, and it must be admitted, of vulgarity, but infinitely more distinguished for the art he displays than most of his contemporaries. Speaking of Mr. Fred Barnard's work, Mr. Harper reproduces by photogravure a drawing originally made for *THE MAGAZINE OF ART*, and points out how much better it comes by this process. Of course photogravure always gives better results than relief process work, but Mr. Harper, in insisting on comparison, has forgotten to add that the drawing has been worked up in the interval. In treating of *Punch's* artists, the author observes that Mr. Tenniel succeeded Leech as cartoonist. As a matter of fact the artists were co-cartoonists for years, the greater number of such cartoons being executed by Mr. Tenniel. The dates, too, of the first appearances of other artists mentioned are inaccurate, the correct dates are as follows—Mr. Samboirne, 1817, Mr. Gordon Thomson, 1861, Mr. Fred Barnard, 1863, Mr. A. Chasmore, 1867, and Leopold Chalcott, 1871. Passing over some minor points besides the notable omissions of certain elements to notice—omissions which always must occur, we suppose, in every work which makes any pretence to be exhaustive—(though surely Mr. Paul Hardy's and Miss Goss's claims ought not to have been ignored) and returning once more to the general consideration of the work, we cordially welcome its appearance. Although confessedly the outcome of a deficient chapter of Mr. Russell's work, it is in all respects well done, save where we have pointed out, and is a monument in honour of black and white—the art of the printing press and the great living art of the present and of the immediate future. Regarding pen drawing not only as an art *de luxe*, but an everyday journalistic necessity, Mr. Harper has treated of it with knowledge, sympathy, and ability, and has done not a little to keep it in the right way, and, while speaking suggestively to the artist, has done good service by tending to popularise it and exalt it in the eyes of the public.

Mr. BARR TRENDE sends us from America an interesting little book entitled '*Christian Architecture*,' in which he endeavours with considerable success to show the intimate connection between religion and architecture, and to indicate the many points in which the ecclesiastical architecture of a people expresses the salient points of their common faith. We wish that Mr. Ferree could have extended his investigations so as to have embraced the Renaissance, but he is an ardent worshipper of Gothic architecture, and would have us believe that Christian architecture ceased at the commencement of the Renaissance. Such a doctrine

might have found some adherents in the palmy days of the Gothic revival, but in these times our sympathies are of a broader nature and we look for and find religious expression in unity of proportion, and artistic detail in the ecclesiastical architecture of every century and in every civilised country. Still, Mr. Ferree's essay shows a careful study of his subject and if its effect is to stimulate the Trans-Atlantic church goer to ask for more artistic and expressive church architecture than is his common lot to get in America at the present day, the labours of Mr. Ferree will indeed be happy in their result.

NOTABILIA

The public has learned with considerable interest that Mr. Lyndal, the friend and patron of Dante Gabriel Rossetti and Mr. Whistler, was the inventor of the title 'nocturne' as applied to a picture.

The new Grafton Gallery will probably open in the beginning of December with a representation of English and Foreign Art. The New Gallery will make a specialty of sketches and studies, plastic as well as pictorial.

The County Council, having no power to grant land for the erection of a National Gallery of British Art, have decided not to approach Mr. Tate on the subject, as was at one time proposed.

Our attention is drawn to the fact that although CHARLES KEENE was apprenticed to Mr. WILKINSON, the engraver, it was for the purpose of learning the art of drawing upon wood, and not the use of the graver, as stated in our recent article upon this subject.

Messrs. BERNIER, painter, and RODIN, sculptor, have been promoted to the Officership of the Legion of Honour, while Messrs. ROYET, ARIAN, BOUIN, MOREAU DE TOURS, CARILLIS and HENRY MOUTON the American painter long resident in Paris, have been created knights.

A considerable number of new pictures, to which we shall shortly refer in detail, have been hung in the modern sale of the National Gallery. The space is now becoming so cramped, and the use of screens so extensive, that the Government can hardly longer withstand the pressing demand of the Trustees for an extension of premises.

The negotiations which were instituted by the governing bodies of the Old and New Salons, with a view to a fusion of the two societies and a healing of their differences have fallen through. A meeting of the New, or Champ de Mars, Salon, have declined to authorise any such peace, encouraged thereto by the fact that while their own body is strengthening each year, the other is said to be declining in its popularity and receipts.

OBITUARY

We regret to have to record the death of Mr. ALFRED H. TOLLIER, well known as a contributor of pictures of historic *genre* to the Royal Academy and the French Gallery. Many of his pictures have been engraved chiefly for Nimmo's edition of Serret and for Peckford's 'Yalethek.' Mr. TOLLIER was fifty-six years of age. M. QUINOT, sculptor, a constant contributor to the Salon, whose 'Shepherd's Star' was bought by the State in 1884, has died at a promising time in his career, after gaining a second class medal in 1888. The landscape and animal painter, M. BRISOT DE WARVILLE is also dead at the age of seventy-four, and M. LAURE MARCHET, portraitist and history painter the pupil of Pils and Ingres, aged only thirty-eight. They had both gained distinctions in the Salon.

approving of the extreme reduction to which American publishers are apt to submit pen drawings, while he appears to forget that to elude and elude of paper very much indeed is it. Indeed, we do not hesitate to assert that with a different paper his own book—excellent as it is—would have shown off the majority of the plates to still greater advantage. To proceed to other fault-finding, we may object to the very slight justice rendered to Mr. Grafton, especially in the face of the numerous draughtsmen such as Mr. Gideon Fraser, Mr. A. J. Marks, and Mr. F. C. Gould among the artists, reminding the author of his own correct definition of the line that divides the gentle que draught man (however humorous and skillful at a likeness he may be) from a true architecture artist. Nor do we consider that he has lived a half-century prize on the undulating genius of Mr. Paul May, limited chiefly to his inspiration in the pen work of Van Peers and Curcio d'Arb. Mr. May's manner is yet all his own, being in it resolute, fuller of character and it must be admitted, of variety, but infinitely more distinguished for the art he displays than most of his contemporaries. Speaking of Mr. Fred Pinnella's work, Mr. Harper requires to be forgiven a drawing originally made for *The Magazine of Art*, and points out how much better it comes by that process. Of course glass gravure always gives better results than rich process work, but Mr. Harper in inviting comparison has forgotten to add that the drawing has been worked up in the interval in treating of *Pinnella's* artists, the author observes that Mr. Tennel succeeded Leech as caricaturist. As a matter of fact the artists were co-existent for years, the greater number of such cartoons being executed by Mr. Tennel. The dates, too, of the first appearances of other artists mentioned are inaccurate, the correct dates are as follows—Mr. Sam Bourne, 1847, Mr. G. L. Thomson, 1841, Mr. Fred Larnard, 1849, Mr. A. Chavasse, 1847, and Randolph Caldecott, 1871. Passing over some minor points, besides the notable omissions of certain claimants to notice—omissions which always must occur, we suppose, in every work which makes any pretence to be exhaustive—(though surely Mr. Paul Hardy's and Mr. A. Goss's claims ought not to have been ignored) and returning once more to the general consideration of the work, we cordially welcome its appearance. Although confessedly the outcome of a deficient chapter of Mr. Pinnella's book, it is in all respects well done, save where we have pointed out, and is a monument in honour of black and white—the art of the printing press and the great live art of the present and of the immediate future. Pervading pen drawing not only as an art *de luce* but an everyday journalistic necessity, Mr. Harper has treated it with knowledge, sympathy, and ability, and has done a little to keep it in the right way, and, while speaking suggestively to the artist, has done good service by tending to popularise it and exalt it in the eyes of the public.

Mr. BART FREER sends us from America an interesting little book entitled *“Christian Architecture,”* in which he endeavours with considerable success to show the intimate connection between religion and architecture, and to indicate the many points in which the ecclesiastical architecture of a people expresses the salient points of their common faith. We wish that Mr. Freer could have extended his investigations so as to have embraced the Renaissance, but he is an ardent worshipper of Gothic architecture, and would have no other than Christian architecture ceased at the commencement of the Renaissance. Such a doctrine

might have found some adherents in the policy of the Gothic revival, but in these times our sympathies for the nature of the work for an ideal religion in beauty of proportion and artistic detail in the actual architecture of every century and in every country. Still, Mr. Freer's essay shows a careful study of his subject, and if its effect is to stimulate the attention of such people to ask for more artistic and church architecture than is at present the case, it is an effort to be happy in their result.

NOTA BENE

The public has learned with considerable interest Mr. Leighton the friend and patron of Dante Rossetti and Mr. Whistler, was the inventor of the 'mixture' as applied to a picture.

The new Grafton Gallery will be formally opened in the month of December with a representation of English Foreign Art. The new Gallery will make a special sketch and studies, plastic as well as pictorial.

The County Council, having no power to grant the erection of a National Gallery of English Art decided not to approach Mr. Tate upon the subject at the time in question.

Our attention is drawn to the fact that although CHARLES KERSA was apprenticed to Mr. WYNNET engraver, it was for the purpose of learning the art of drawing upon wood and not the use of the graver, as in our recent article upon this subject.

ME. SRS. PRINCE, painter, and POTIN, sculptor, being promoted to the Membership of the Legion of Honour, Messrs. F. WYNNET, A. PRINCE, J. POTIN, M. TOUTER, C. PRINCE, and HENRY MOULIN, the three painters being so listed in Paris have been created knights.

A considerable number of new pictures, to which shall shortly refer in detail, have been hung in the west side of the National Gallery. The space is now becoming cramped and the use of screens so extensive, that the Government can hardly longer wait the pressing demand of the Trustees for an extension of premises.

The negotiations which were instituted by the government body of the Old and New Salons, with a view to a fusion of the two series and a joining of their different lists, is still in progress. A meeting of the New, or Champs Elysées, Salon have declined to authorise any such proposal, encouraging them to do so by the fact that while their own body is strengthening each year, the other is said to be declining in its popularity and frequency.

OBITUARY

We regret to have to record the death of Mr. ALBERT H. TOUTER, well known as a contributor of pictures of historic genre to the Royal Academy and the French Gallery. Many of his pictures have been engraved chiefly for Nimmer's edition of *Scenes and Beckett's "Vathek."* Mr. Touter was fifty-six years of age. M. QUINCY, sent for a constant contributor at the Salon, whose "Shepherd's Star" was bought by the State in 1881 has died at a promising time in his career after gaining a second-class medal in 1888. The land scape and animal painter, M. J. BASSOT DE WATTE, is also dead at the age of seventy-four, and M. J. BASSOT DE WATTE, portraitist and history painter, the pupil of Dela and Ingres, aged only thirty-eight. They had both gained distinctions in the Salon.



JAN VAN BEERS.

L. M. H. SIELMANN.

OF all the artists of the day, Jan Van Beers is not only one of the most original but—what we shall be most grateful for—one of the most entertaining. Whatever he does has its *particulière* sale, how ever industrious and quiet he may be for the moment.

He is thoroughly *à la mode*.

He reveals in equal parts the main characteristics of Omer Tiebout and Alfred de Musset. But it would seem that within the past year or two having sown his artistic wild oats (though he has not yet wholly forsworn the harvest) he is returning to the seriousness of his youth—thinking once more of the reputation and esteem of posterity which possessed him as a lad but which he cast aside for a time in the pursuit of that beauty and grace to be found in the *mode* and *décor* of Paris. Women wrote Charles Baudelaire in one of his commonplace books in my possession in pretty sensu-
alists—flowers, scents, pictures, turks, red dress—and I prefer opium to play as being more sensuous and less intellectual. Add woman's beauty to Tiebout's category and I venture to submit that the definition applies with equal fitness to Van Beers the æsthetic sensualist of the Parisian *monde*. But if he be a "petty sensualist" it is always the artistic, graceful and dainty side of sensualism which he cultivates. As I have said on another occasion it is for beauty, visual or spiritual that he toils in whatever he touches or whatever he does—and as the lily adorns the flower, the honey lingers on—so our artist seeks forth beauties, the moment he has exploited the old. And herein lies

his artistic salvation. He may display a little more feminine ankle than Mrs. Grundy may consider well that the Misses Grundy should take cognisance of in a picture. He may paint as the horrible the pathetic, the suggestive, the vulgar—yet in all you

will find a dominating sense of beauty in form in line in colour or in touch. We English do not appreciate his "artistic jokes" perhaps and are apt to frown upon his escapades as heresies which in his eyes are only the natural effluence of his Flemish temperament—epigrammatic in its out-
ward calm yet so bright and so keenly alive to fun. For him life is delight—delight in the beautiful on the one hand and on the other in amusement and in laughter.

The grand-son of the eminent historian Henri Mertens and son of the poet laureate of Belgium Jan Van Beers has displayed in the various portions of his career the chief characteristics of his artistic



JAN VAN BEERS.

(From the Etching by G. Van der Straeten.)

rice. Fierce patriotism was the note of his early works—those great canvases which seemed ill too small for his youthful ambition and energy—alternating with a very Gothic love of accurate draughtsmanship and an entirely Pre-Raphaelite love for detail and for æsthetic richness and dryness of manner. His portraiture denoted that search after character and truth which distinguished the great Masters of his school until the transition proceeding apace brought about a technique of painting on his small panels of which Tiebout or Metzinger would hardly have been ashamed. What his power of rendering texture has certainly equalled

there is his sense of clarity has emphatically surpassed that possessed by them.

He was born in Iern near Antwerp in 1832. When he was still of tender years—long before he could write—his clever caricatures of persons

circulated by this success he sent to the Exhibition of Antwerp a large picture entitled *That Lux* representing Christ in the desert. His inability (for it was nothing of it) in painting such a work and such a subject was rewarded beyond his



THE FUNERAL OF CHARLES THE GOOD.

(From the *Prophet* by J. J. Van Eyck. In the National Museum at Amsterdam.)

constantly showed an emblematic shrewdness of observation and sense of humour. Discouraged by his father—after the orthodox habit of artists' parents—to overdo in his artistic aims all opposition when he had completed his school education and at the age of seventeen he entered the Antwerp *École des Beaux-Arts*. He studied under Van Linsy but his spirit of independence rebelled against the peddling regulations of a school teaching and three years later he set up his own studio. Here he painted his first picture. It was the bust of a young Oriental woman and was called *Sold for the Harem*. It was a work of much delicacy and attracted immediate attention. En

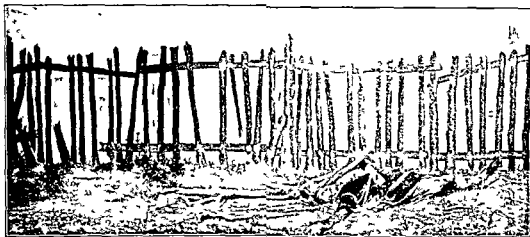
expectation. Not only did it make a sensation—it was recognized in a foreign heart—but it even minded the admiration of the museum, among the connoisseurs for its striking originality of conception no less than for its excellence of execution although it was evidently the work of an immature genius. After a few minor efforts Van Eyck produced his first great picture. This was *The Funeral of Charles the Good* (reproduced in this page) a work which won for the artist the gold medal at Amsterdam where it was bought for the National Museum of that city. This remarkable work of such curious length representing all the pomp of that quaintly splendid ceremony, contains some five

hundred figures (including the artist's own portrait) and is painted with all the simple earnestness and directness of a fifteenth or sixteenth century Flemish. At this time it should be remembered the painter was only twenty years of age. Then followed a series of extremely original canvases, the first—and the chief—of which is "The Death of Jacques Van Artevelde."

Here we have the tragic side of Van Beers' character—the deep feeling and noble and rugged vigour which underlie the polish of the pet of Paris of the day. Declining to represent the great historical assassination with all the circumstance and dramatic *raisonnée* with which others would doubtless have treated it, he chose to make it the more terrible by its simple intensity. We are here shown the great leader—the man who treated with Edward III

sake, that it should find a resting place in one of our national museums. To my great regret this has not been effected and it is to be equally regretted that the patriotic good sense to do so has been lacking. For it is a triumph for our school to have an artist of M. Van Beers' merit represented by such a work. But I cannot be blamed that this has not been done. A proposal reached me from England for the exhibition of the picture in the chief cities. I refused then. But now that I am free in respect to my own country and as it could but enhance the reputation of the artist and as the years are multiplying on my head I should like before leaving for the ether would to learn from you if the suggestion could be satisfactorily carried out.

Immediately after this picture came the large



THE DEATH OF JACQUES VAN ARTEVELDE.

(From the Painting by Jan Van Eyck. In the Collections of Monsieur. Paris 16)

of England as an equal and who confronted on similar terms the mighty King of France—as a bruised corpse seen in the morning light amongst the dunes of a riverside left hard by the city of Ghent. He lies where he was thrown like a dog and the startling horror of the face seems to rise up in denunciation of the ungrateful wretches who had dragged their liberator to death and left his littered corpse to rot by the way.

Monsieur Pottiaux the official and eminent head of art in Belgium writes to me thus concerning this large work which is one of his most cherished possessions—I hold it in great esteem. This work of M. Van Beers is a great and beautiful one as well as the most important he has produced indeed the artist knows with what it lifts us and I have conserved it in the Academy of Brussels. I should have wished for its painter's

historical triptych of an event of the thirteenth century. The Flemish poet Jacob Van Maerlant foretelling to his friends Jean Prejdel and Pierre de Conneke the Deliverance of his Fatherland. This remarkable work almost unpleasant in its extremely archaic treatment was no less original than his other works and was in fact inspired by the powerful poem of his father's.

Although the connoisseurs admired there were not wanting writers who thought it high time that a young painter who aspired to so much and who cutely broke away from convention should be taught his place. Those who knew—and who does not?—the treatment meted out to our Philip the Good will realise the style of persecution to which Van Beers was subjected. While his friends advocated adherence to history in its higher aspects and the further cultivation

of his love of archaeology, a portion of the Press denounced his tenacity. Laughed at the size of his canvases, condemned his lack of finish and delicacy of touch sneered at his aims and as so often happens the more resolute counsellors were shouted down by the hitherto languid. He stuck at ignoring his persecutors. M. Van Leuws perhaps a little too ready to listen to what the

were so thoroughly in consonance with the taste of the people there is little surprise that in these popular works Van Biers found his financial salvation. It is all very well to paint high art but high art as Haydon, Barry and many another have found will not pay your way. And in fact the artists rapid transition from the severity of the historical to the lightness of the



M. VAN LEUWS

(From the *Journal des Beaux-Arts*)

world is saying was stung to the quick and adopting the method of Alfred Stevens and Wauters and other great painters who could not support the pettiness of a jealous coterie he left Belgium for Paris where he hoped to find a wider and more liberal field than that which he had sought in vain in his own country.

By this time Van Leuws had wandered upon the borders of another artistic realm. His severe historical studies had had their effect and he had already produced one or two very antitheses of the latter ones.

He was stung to the quick and adopting the method of Alfred Stevens and Wauters and other great painters who could not support the pettiness of a jealous coterie he left Belgium for Paris where he hoped to find a wider and more liberal field than that which he had sought in vain in his own country.

In Paris he was received with great cordiality and he set to work with a will. He painted the well known picture of *La Sœur*—which has recently been sold into America for a large sum—and sent it to the Brussels Salon when the cry was raised and repeated by painters as well as by writers that such excessive fineness of execution had been produced by his unskillful

special reference had been made) or other part of the picture down to the white panning so as to show the red ink drawing with which he had at first drawn it in and he would then paint in the head again. If the drawing beneath was not visible the painting should belong to his adver-

to the advantage of the painter for as need hardly be said no trace of photograph or photographic materials could be found. The enemy thereupon brought forward another accusation that as Van Beers painted in such distinct styles he must perforce employ two different artists to execute his



PETER BENOIT

(Portrait painted by J. van Beers)

series and he would have to suffer the shame of exposure but if the evidence was in his favor his producers should pay him £1,000 damages in respect to their false and explicit charge. The offer was not accepted and less was heard of the charge of painting on a large scale of photographs when one morning the head of the principal figure was found to be scratched out. The perpetrator of the outrage was never discovered but since that time Van Beers always covers with glass the pictures he intends for foreign exhibition. The incident turned

work. I am not aware that the matter was pressed nor that any explanation was offered as to why two such remarkably skilful painters (presuming them to exist) should be content to hide their lights under the studio bushel of a young artist a foreigner who had still to win his quins and create a clientele.

Van Beers now proceeded with his painting with all the vigour of which he was capable producing his quart—almost grotesque—Sorcerer.

On Pearl On the Sands at Ostend Charles V as a Child and "Peace with Honour—to my

mind one of the least satisfactory of all the artist's works. More important than any of these are the brilliant little portraits executed about this time—those of Henri Pochefort and the composer Peter Lemaitre—portraits which will always take rank as works of fine art and among the most remarkable specimens of contemporary portraiture.



THE COUNTESS DOLTREMONT

(From the Portfolio by Jan Van Peers. Reproduced by permission of the Co. of Directors.)

Scenes of Parisian life now engaged Van Beers' attention. They were presented with a verve and snap almost meretricious in one raised in the heavier traditions of the Flemish school and were to all intents and purposes Parisian down to the very rouge on his women's lips—the grace the daintiness the levity of the Frenchwoman at her best were only equalled by the subtlety which realised that

je ne sais quoi that proclaims the *demi-mondaine* in the most distinguished and respectable salons. At about the same time too he was painting ideal female heads which I cannot help thinking are the least worthy of all his artistic work—heads like the apothecaries perhaps of the decorations of *l'Alibi* hawker's boxes but still strongly reminiscent of the sickly prettiness of those meretricious allurements. Such was my opinion at the time when the artist, against a dollar for exhibiting such a work with Van Peers' signature on it in a shop-window was brought by the artist. The defence was a revival of the charge that the pictures were painted by the artist's ghosts—but the evidence of the self-incriminated persons was accepted by no one but the judge. Van Peers appealed and demanded that the picture in question should be brought into court. The appeal was allowed but the pictures had been hurriedly spirited away to England and the result of the trial was a forcible indication of the painter's artistic character.

Such are the main incidents of Van Beers' life for the record of which facts I am mainly indebted to the kindness of Monsieur Paul Buschmann. Since the time with which I have been dealing the painter has been developing as I have said into a more serious worker. Together with his friend M. Georges Van der Straeten the sculptor he was smitten with the quaintness of Irish life with the selective allurements of its joyous side but he is already more than half disillusioned. M. Van der Straeten has left it for the more ideal grace and refinement of the Watten period. Van Peers inclines to the more solid virtues of portraiture, broadly considered and exquisitely finished now concerned in the spirit of Franz Hals now of Metz of Menin or Sir Peter Lely. He still retains his love of fun and his fondness for beauty but the defect which marred some of his former pictures are no longer seen and his paintings are well nigh as admirable as perfection of technique and the most astounding facility can make them. Whether he will shake himself free from the influence of bewitching woman, whether he will close his nostrils to the scent-laden atmosphere of the modern Paris drawing-room and whether he will defy the wiles and temptations of the dealer and the collector is still to be seen. Monsieur Van Peers is still a young man. If he does there is no knowing how high up he may write his name on the scroll of fame—if he fails even then will he know that he has

earned an impensable reputation though What Is is perhaps but the shadow of What Might have Been.

His art has become more serious. Love of notoriety has given place to a worthier ambition—the approval of posterity. Fivoliety has lost its charm and it is no longer his delight to show how far he can out Whistler Whistler in his craving

for originality, or how much the *Sacré des Incérants* has still to learn. He can still paint a highly finished little picture in a day, but that is but a relaxation. His love of art is at length out run his love of fun and where once was the light heart of the mere "punter" we now recognise the enthusiasm of the artist.

COPYRIGHT IN WORKS OF FINE ART. IN TWO PARTS—PART II

CONSIDERATIONS AND SUGGESTIONS FOR A NEW BILL.

By GILBERT E. SAMUEL, SOLICITOR.



PERHAPS the most important and at the same time the most difficult task which arises in the consideration of the present law of artistic copyright is to solve the much discussed problem as to whom the copyright of a picture should belong on a sale of the work from which it is

derived. Under the Act of 1862 it belongs originally to the author being a British subject or resident within the Dominions of the Crown of every original painting, drawing or photograph made either in the British Dominions or elsewhere. Paintings, drawings and photographs are here classed together but for the present I propose to refer only to paintings, engravings, etchings, prints &c. and sculpture being as has been before mentioned governed by different statutes.

That this Act is replete with glaring inconsistencies has been long acknowledged, but it may be doubted whether it contains any provisions so illogical as the clauses by virtue of which the property of an artist in the copyright of his picture is disposed of when a sale of the latter is effected. I will therefore quote them *in extenso* as offering a fair example of the ill-considered legislation constituting the law of copyright in the fine arts and for so long submitted to with unaccountable apathy and indifference by the artistic world, which by energetic combination and well directed agitation should have long since procured the removal from the Statute Book of the present ridiculous enactments and the substitution of one rational measure in their stead.

The clauses in question run as follows. When any painting or drawing or the negative of any

photograph shall for the first time after the passing of this Act be sold or disposed of or shall be made or executed for or on behalf of any other person for a good or a valuable consideration the person so selling or disposing of or making or executing the same shall not retain the copyright thereof unless it be expressly reserved to him by agreement in writing signed at or before the time of such sale or disposition by the vendor or assignee of such painting or drawing or of such negative of a photograph or by the person for or on whose behalf the same shall be so made or executed but the copyright shall belong to the vendor or assignee of such painting or engraving or of such negative of a photograph or to the person for or on whose behalf the same shall have been made or executed *and shall the vendor or assignee thereof be entitled to any such copyright unless at or before the time of such sale or disposition an agreement in writing signed by the person so selling or disposing of the same or by his agent duly authorised shall have been made to that effect.* This is manifestly absurd & a veritable farge of complicated nonsense doing duty for law in many the most material point affecting an artist's interests. Note how in the first part of the section the copyright is dangled before the eyes of the vendor or assignee or the person for or on whose behalf the work is executed as his prospective property in the event of the artist being unwary enough to omit to reserve it expressly in writing and then observe how it is withdrawn from the vendor or assignee only if he should neglect to have it assigned to him by written agreement. The question at once arises to whom does the copyright belong if there should be no agreement at all? The answer is that if the work has been executed on commission the copyright belongs to the person for or on whose behalf the same shall have been made or executed but if not executed on commission it belongs to nobody—the right is lost, the result being that if a

picture is sold without having been commissioned and the copyright is not reserved or assigned in writing it is open to all the world who can obtain access thereto to make or sell copies of it in any medium and however inferior in artistic quality, without the artist or the owner having any remedy whatever. A painter might, under such circumstances—and indeed, sometimes does—see his best work reproduced “all highly coloured” with impunity. As a matter of fact, most pictures are sold without any such agreement as the Act contemplates being entered into and the copyright therein is consequently lost. This is a state of affairs which should assuredly not be allowed to continue. The very essence of the principle of copyright is that it is a form of property entirely apart from the possession of the work from which it originates and the law should therefore distinctly define without vague and verbose phraseology to whom in the absence of agreement it is to belong—the artist or the purchaser.

It appears that while the Act of 1862 was being considered in Parliament it was thought that if an artist wanted the copyright he could retain it in the manner stated in the Act, but the evidence of artists and others given before the Royal Commission proves that in many cases he does not raise the question. The purchaser is usually under the impression that the ownership of the copyright follows the possession of the picture, and if a formal agreement is produced for his signature he distrusts the motives of the artist, and the sale is often risked through this error, although the former does not want and cares nothing for the copyright. The evidence also showed that the Society of Painters in Water Colours was desirous of inserting a notification at the end of its catalogues that a purchaser of any of the pictures exhibited in its galleries would be required to enter into the agreement rendered necessary by the Act, in order to reserve the copyright to the artist and that communications on the subject passed between that Society and the Royal Academy. The council of the latter institution expressed an opinion, however, that it was difficult for artists to approach the subject of any reservation of copyright, as it would interfere with sales if the proposed course was adopted. The matter therefore dropped.

It is impossible within the limits at my disposal to deal in an exhaustive manner with a subject so fraught with difficulties as the one under discussion, but it certainly appears that the claim of the artist to the retention of the copyright in his work when it has not been specially assigned in writing is a fair and reasonable one, and should be established by law. The purchaser would then

have the picture for which he bargains, but not something in addition for which he does not. The position is analogous to that of a sale of a good will, which copyright somewhat resembles. A City man, when he buys business premises obtains no assignment of the goodwill of the business carried on there unless he stipulates and pays for it. Why, then, should the buyer of a picture become gratuitously entitled to the right—quite a distinct form of property it will be remembered—of copying and reproducing it with its attendant profits and advantages? Again as the picture and the copyright both belong *ab initio* to the artist if he part with one *ie*, the picture, it surely follows that the copyright remains. The Act however says that it disappears. Where is the logic of this?

Artists further urge in support of their claim that in addition to the pecuniary advantage they would derive they desire to keep control over the engraver and photographer and thereby prevent the production of bad or inferior copies and the consequent prejudice to their reputations. For if they retained the copyright as proposed they would be in a position to give a title to a publisher who, in view of the enhanced value which attaches to a painting when engraved would probably be able to obtain the loan of it for that purpose from the owner (the latter not being obliged, as is commonly supposed to allow access to or give up his picture to the proprietor of the copyright for the purpose of engraving) and the artist would supervise the engraving, and, maybe, touch the proofs, thus ensuring an artistic instead of an inferior production to the great advantage of the artist, the owner, the publisher, and the public. Of course, in the consideration of this subject the case is not included of sales to publishers, who generally purchase for the purpose of reproduction and therefore buy the copyright.

The Act, it will be observed, makes a distinction in the case of a picture painted on commission, as regards the ownership of the copyright, which passes, in the absence of an agreement to the person for whom the work has been executed, and does not arise as in the case of a non-commissioned work. This exception again, has given rise to considerable confusion, as it has been found very difficult to define what a “commission” is. Suppose, for instance, a person desires to possess a picture by the President of the Royal Academy and requests him to paint, for a certain price, a characteristic work say of some classical subject and a picture is accordingly painted and submitted to the proposed purchaser for approval. This presumably, but not inevitably, constitutes a commission under the statute. If so what difference is there between this transaction

and in ordinary sale to warrant the copyright passing to the purchaser in the one case and being lost in the other? Suppose further in the example taken the picture when completed should not meet with approval and another is painted and accepted the former has nevertheless been painted for or on behalf of some other person and the person giving the commission would according to the natural construction of the clause be entitled to the copyright in both pictures although he only buys one. Of course no court would uphold such a contention but it would be difficult to say what would be the position if he subsequently also purchased the painting which he had previously rejected. There is no reason whatever why any distinction as regards the ownership of the copyright should be made between a commissioned and a non-commissioned work. The explanation of the separate treatment adopted by the Act in relation to the two classes apparently lies in the desire which prevailed in the minds of many when the matter was under discussion to prevent portraits more especially family portraits being indiscriminately reproduced in the absence of an agreement reserving the copyright which would have been necessary to return it in the case of paintings not painted on commission. There is much force in this objection and it would therefore be well that if the copyright rested with the artist on a sale he should be restrained from reproducing portraits of individuals executed on the order of any person without the sanction of the owner for the time being. He should also under like conditions not be permitted to repeat the picture sold without the consent of the owner of the original work. Any changes in the law providing for the reservation of copyright to the artist should also apply to drawings and photographs with the modified condition in the case of the latter being portraits executed on order that it should be made unlawful for any person to sell or exhibit in public copies thereof without the express permission of the person giving the order or his representatives.

Another point in which the author of a painting or drawing is placed at a considerable disadvantage refers to his right to use or dispose of sketches or studies made for a work where the latter with its copyright has passed to a purchaser a right which has been disputed and which is open to grave doubt. These sketches and studies are often very numerous—in some cases maybe fifty or a hundred in number. They are moreover frequently highly finished productions the result of much labor and skill and in many instances form a considerable item in an artist's stock in trade. Sketches of backgrounds studies of foliage of drapery and accessory objects are examples of this class and it is

highly probable that a court of law would hold that the same cannot lawfully be used again in other works or sold if the copyright in the picture in which they have been introduced is in the possession of another person the artist's power of production is greatly hampered and he himself is the victim of a great hardship. If he had a free hand to deal as he liked with his sketches and studies the copyright in the original work would not be in any wise seriously prejudiced and as the looseness of the language employed in the Act is alone to blame for the present unnecessary uncertainty so detrimental to the artist's interests the alteration or rather the exposition of the law in the required direction must command itself to all who have in any degree considered the question.

Power should also be expressly given to an artist to retain if he so desire a picture while selling the copyright a power which owing no doubt to an other oversight on the part of the framers of the Act does not at present exist so far as the law is concerned.

The law also presents many defects in relation to the remedies provided for infringement of copyright which afford protection of a totally inadequate character. In the case of engravings lithographs prints and similar works the remedy is by proceedings to recover the penalties prescribed by the statutes (1) by action for damages, in that of sculpture by action for damages only while the owners of copyrights in paintings drawings and photographs which have been infringed may sue for damages and penalties and in addition obtain an injunction. The forfeiture of pirated copies of every group of works of fine art except sculpture is also provided for but this important remedy has been found to be quite ineffectual inasmuch as no power is given to enter a house and search for copies. The result is that a conviction for selling piratical copies may be obtained together with a magisterial order that the same should be delivered up but this order cannot be enforced in consequence of the absence of a power of search. This omission should therefore be supplied in order that the purpose of this very valuable provision may be attained. Serious injury to copyright proprietors again is caused by the hawking from place to place of piratical copies particularly photographs of copyright paintings and engravings a practice which has reached very considerable dimensions and which is fostered by the known powerlessness of the law to prevent it. Pecuniary penalties and pirated copies are recoverable only by action or by summary proceedings before two justices having jurisdiction where the offending person resides but as in order to obtain a conviction the latter must be personally



DEG SIR!"

(from the Picture by A. Frodin)

THE DIXON BEQUEST AT BETHNAL GREEN

III—THE ENGLISH OIL PAINTINGS

By WALTER SHAW SPARROW

HIGH in England where we are all too busy to think much about the imperative claims of the generations that are to be and where even among art philanthropists, so much native power evaporates in talk—like steam through the spout of a kettle—we must be honestly grateful for any step, even though it be somewhat feebly taken, in the direction that the nation is entitled and bound to take in the artistic needs of its people. These needs are many and manifold and I am sure that as time goes on the gross mass of our countrymen will not be bankrupt of a single one. They need first of all a museum deserving the serious attention of the most serious critic and attached to it—to this national teacher in stone and in colours—a competent person whose task it will be to explain to the uninitiated the merits of each work of the painter and the statuary and to point out the

reason why one style is more masterly than another. Thus—and this is only—on our working day the meekness of trustworthiness was Molière's cool. What this serving maid was to the greatest modern after Shakespeare we all know for Molière himself tells us with pride and fulness. She came with her as it were the vast always ready lent of the people and when the playwright touched it even whilst writing *son genre* he knew that he had not devalued his talents and thereby dishonoured himself and his country. In a word Molière found that he could even the interest of his cool with it before that destroyer of modern literature and modern art the public taste. The uneducated or the misinstructed public has no taste worth examining but it has a great heart which our painters and literary men might and ought to touch just as Shakespeare touched it and as Molière touched it and as Goethe touched it.

England there are no great influences at I send a grateful appreciation on the con-
to protect sculpture and painting if wisely trary apart from certain weeklies devoted to



ORIENTAL INTERIOR.

(From the *Panorama* by J. F. Lewis, R.C.)

exhibited in comfortable manner from fueling public news the worst illustrated journals in
the heart of the nation. Art has at present no this country are probably better than the best in
multitudinous inferior newspapers and magazines to Belgium, and the popularity of these, and all our

illustrated publications ought surely to encourage criticism to do its very best—to be continually in further search and progress. Again even a few of the posters which during the last five or six years have repeated their colours in our dirty wet pavements are not to be thought unimportant

are charitable and again that it will have an eye to posthumous repute. Why then let me say should not the rational and intelligent to that virtue and that honourable ambition? If every painter and sculptor in this island were to give only one work of which he himself was not ashamed quite a



AN ARAB IMPROVISATORE

(From the Portfolio by F. Goodall R.A.)

in power. I instance the really fine pictorial advertisement of the German Exhibition—a design showing a strange yet happy intermingling of Danesque, Grecian and Japanese colouring.

Well now with such advantages is there to assist us in re-establishing Art as a national teacher have we really much need for fear? The problem how we are to get sufficient paintings and statues to found—shall we say?—a hundred museums is one certainly that demands consideration. But perhaps after all it is not difficult of solution. It is well known that artists

are charitable and again that it will have an eye to posthumous repute. Why then let me say should not the rational and intelligent to that virtue and that honourable ambition? If every painter and sculptor in this island were to give only one work of which he himself was not ashamed quite a hundred towns would have a gallery deserving of an illumination and moreover if each gallery had a competent lecturer to explain the merits of every painting and statue the artists themselves could not but receive some material benefit from their self-advancing charity. It is not at all necessary that any one gallery should possess its several hundred pictures; quality in short is wanted not quantity. In fact the Dixon Lecture it seems to me would benefit to no inconsiderable extent by a little public evening wedding. And to this I must furnish better housing and a better catalogue. Is there I wonder any special reason why No. 1 in the English section should not hang by No. 2 instead of next to No. 49? or why a powerful drily coloured constable by W. J. Muller (the Bristol landscape who was I surely think by the painted and the painted smiles of Official Art) should be hanging high in the foreign section? or why the catalogue (for which we pay a penny) should not be printed in clear type on a good paper and have half a dozen typical sketches of the artists added to it?

But I will not dwell on these easily remedied mistakes. I merely point them out because as a critic no man ought to suppress facts and because it would be pleasant to see Mr. Dixon's legacy acknowledged with wise liberality so that it may encourage many another having a national heart to leave his pictures to some out of the way and overcrowded district where coal to burn is an expensive luxury and where intemperate amusement can only be found in a few stables.

The English oil paintings do not give us an extensive survey of the history of the Dutch school. Indeed Richard Wilson R.A. one of the chosen founders of the Royal Academy and J. de Lotharing a native of Strasburg who came over to England in or about the year 1760 are the two earliest lights. Louthieroux, was the founder of dramas and panoramas the improver of our stage scenery at Drury Lane and the staunch assistant



LANDSCAPE

(From the Painting by Peter Vassilov)

of Richard Wilson P.A. whose whole life was devoted to the opening of the many eyes then dimmed in the uncertainties of the decadence of the romantic school of landscape painting. Wilson

nowadays perhaps would not be accounted a great artist. Yet it was his broad and simple truth that cleared the way for Morland and Old Constable the strong forerunners of Turner and of Constable and



SNOWBALLS

(From the Painting by J. Morris)

surely a work so useful as it ought to be remembered. Wilson hit almost all the Don Quixotes in art who attacked that huge, ever-bickering windmill public appreciation (in awkward enemy to fight though ready enough to grind corn for those who bow before it) was not sufficiently valued during his life. At least not at home. Horace Vernet though and Zuccarelli, thought much of him. His picture in this collection represents a flat, greyish reach of country with a cottage and a water-wheel to give it a homely charm. The catalogue is of opinion that Alexander Nasmith finished it. He did—almost.

As for Dr. Fotherlough his painting the Falls of the Rhine at Schaffhausen is somewhat too scenic perhaps yet it is much nearer the wide domain of truth than that rule and compass view of the Pinnacles of Ligon Cathedral signed by David Roberts R.A. in 1853, or than that Landscape with Classic Ruins by Thomas Creswell R.A., painted in 1850. Passing on we come to a delightful little

piece by Patrick Nasmith an artist whom we all love to a broad exposure of heathered moonlight. A. W. Williams whose affection for Wales is eminently artistic, to one of Mr. Lander's mystery (if too familiar) foaming Welsh rivers, to Mr. G. V. Smith's glimpse of Penryn on the Severn which is exquisitely English in tone and in sentiment, to an innocently pleasant little genre piece of Children playing at Doctors that bears the name I. D. Hardy, and to a panoramic view—seric what hard and photographic in outline—of the Valley of Thirlmere, Cumberland by J. B. Pyne, the master of W. J. Muller, and the connecting link between Patrick Nasmith and the great grey Realists. Of many another work I would rather not write. I shall allow the illustrations to speak the praises of several more. But there is a study of the nude by William Etty that fine bold colourist who so invigorated the English school which may even among the ablest of our younger painters might imitate to some advantage.

"HER FRIENDS"

PAINTED BY R. PRINET



It is not often in walking round the exhibitions of Paris that one chimes across a canvas that so happily attains the object of its painter as "Her Friends" of M. Prinnet. With all the cleverness all the technical ability dramatic power and liter-

ary leanings of the artists of France (from the merest student of the Faubourg Montmartre or the Quinier Latin up to the first master in the Avenue de Clichy) the Salons present too often to the vision of the visitor a veritable wilderness of achievement—acres of technique hundreds of original and powerful ideas and a wealth of colour, well imagined and harmonious but with all that excellent material huddled in single canvas will meet his eye that responds to his æsthetic sense in all respects—few indeed that realise the aims of the artist.

"Her Friends" which was one of the most remarkable pictures of the Champ de Mars Salon of 1891, was a happy exception to the vast majority. Its subject was not sensational romantic or amusing—according to the latest painters slang of the day. The public was as much ignored by the lack of story as was the student—he who hungers for novelty in colour schemes and constant originality in arrangement—by lack of morbid effort after the peculiar and the odd. What M. Prinnet set himself to reproduce in this picture of a common incident in a French maiden's life was movement—the whirl of pretty girl figures and the swirl of light ball dresses the very movement of atmosphere and the sense of soft flashing light. How well he has succeeded M. Tonnard's engraving will satisfy the beholder. Few pictures of recent years have so faithfully and fully caught the true sense of motion and so cleverly insisted upon it by contrast as may be seen in the figure at the piano who so deliberately poses her hand and *hairs* as she turns to watch the fitting passage of her girl friends. But what the engraving cannot do is to show how admirably reticent was M. Prinnet's scheme of subdued colour how masterly the touch and how entirely admirable the treatment.





HER IRISH
F P DR A J



BORDERS DESIGNED AND DRAWN BY A GILT LACQUER MAKER

BURMESE ART AND BURMESE ARTISTS.

IN TWO PARTS—PART II

By HARRY L. TILLY



A KALON

IN the last article we examined designs by decorators and wood-carvers and drawings of court life in ancient and modern times. In this it is proposed to look at the Burmese method of rendering the grotesque at some attempts to depict violent action and also at a few studies of heads.

It is always somewhat difficult to approach the treat-

ment of the grotesque in a spirit of rational criticism. The difficulty is increased when dealing with the works of another people and still more so if that people be of such a different race that the groundwork of their religion and folk lore is entirely different from that of our own. If it be allowable to go over ground that has been traversed by the ablest critics it may be said that the grotesque is the presentation of a superstition in a half-ludicrous light, that it is often a playing with the terrors of religion and is sometimes a conversion of the innocent forms of nature into symbols of those terrors. Thus in the Middle Ages when people believed in the actual bodily presence of Satan and his angels and when witchcraft was

punishable by the criminal law of the land we find uncouth forms pregnant with malice and hate, disporting themselves amongst the carvings of our cathedrals. But in the days of the best grotesques there was always a playfulness about these monsters—a sense of humour in attitude or expression which prevented them becoming so entirely repulsive as to be unartistic. The workman was allowed considerable freedom in working out details and he could not but express the thoughts that were within him. He believed in punishment for sin and he taught what he believed lightly and playfully but with power and so as to be easily understood by the people.

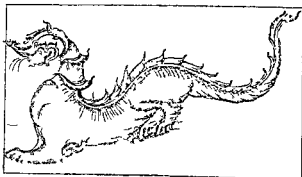
After a while the world man lost his belief in personified evil, but had not yet arrived at those abstract ideas of spiritual punishment which are not suited for material representation. During the transition period he still retained the grotesque but had no longer any reason to give forth. His work had to be contented with the outward form and the outward expression of the inner life. In other words, the grotesque was no longer a



HEAD OF A DEITY

ment of the grotesque in a spirit of rational criticism. The difficulty is increased when dealing with the works of another people and still more so if that people be of such a different race that the groundwork of their religion and folk lore is entirely different from that of our own. If it be allowable to go over ground that has been traversed by the ablest critics it may be said that the grotesque is the presentation of a superstition in a half-ludicrous light, that it is often a playing with the terrors of religion and is sometimes a conversion of the innocent forms of nature into symbols of those terrors. Thus in the Middle Ages when people believed in the actual bodily presence of Satan and his angels and when witchcraft was

that when the grotesque ceases to be playful and supernatural being. During the last war however, didactic it becomes delirious and bad in art. To many officers, who had been a long time intimate



FLYING DRAGON



A UNICORN

(Drawn by a Burmese Sketcher)

apply this canon to Burmese grotesque we must first inquire if the workmen still accept the superstitions of their folk lore and next if they are able to present them in a humorous form. There is little doubt that the great mass of the people firmly believe in the supernatural powers of the Buddhist religion and still more so in the power of local *nats* or 'princes of the power of the air'. The education given by the English is no doubt producing a number of agnostics in the larger towns, but the numbers so influenced are small when compared with the bulk of the people who live in the villages. The Burmese are however rather shy of talking about the *nats* and it is only during

with the Burmese began to understand what a deep hold these myths had upon the minds of the people. It was found that many men in Lower Burma

who had every fibre of the power of the British and who also knew well that Upper Burma was made up of anarchy and that the Burmese troops existed only in name and were without discipline and weapons—it was found that these men generally acute in business matters and accustomed to speak their mind, were doubtful if the English would be victorious and were utterly incredulous when told that Thibaw



A MINISTER'S ATTENDANT

had been captured after a short fortnight's hostilities. The reason was simple enough. Nearly all the



A SPHINX



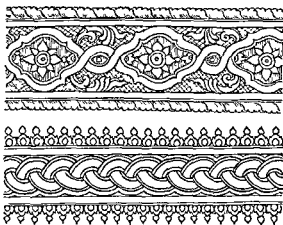
BURMESE LION

(Drawn by a Burmese Sketcher)

the intricacies of travelling and in asking for the reason for avoiding such and such a tree or side of the stream that they acknowledge their fear of

villagers believed that their king the defender of the Buddhist faith, had a sceptre, with which by striking the earth he could summon vast armies

of celestrial beings to his aid. Some months after the fall of Mandalay, a Roman Catholic missionary was showing a photograph of Thibaw to the villagers.



BORDERS DESIGNED AND DRAWN BY WOOD-CARVERS

and as it was known that the king considered it beneath his dignity to be photographed when in power, the photograph was taken as far evidence of his fall. As they were leaving the house an old man said: 'No that cannot be a picture of the king, can you catch an illigator in a tea cup?' This comparison of the force employed by the English to the power to be overcome thus pathetically expressed was a just one to the Burmese audience and to this day the inhabitants of that village pathetically say:

'As you tell me so I must believe it but I remain of the same opinion.'

But besides those *nats*, who are the guardians of the holy mountain and who are ready to protect the Buddhist religion

and its defenders there are many others who are tutelary spirits of certain mountain streams or trees. The respect paid to these beings is never very openly acknowledged, for they are not recognised by the

Buddhist monks and are in fact the spirits worshipped by the more ignorant Karens. There are, nevertheless, miniature temples erected to their honour on the outskirts of most villages and the villagers surreptitiously place in them offerings of fruit and rice.

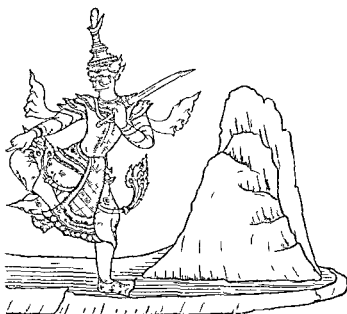
It follows naturally that the Lulus make drawings and representations in carving and on silver work of the greater *nats*, but that being ashamed of their fears of the lesser *nats* they eschew all artistic reference to them.

There is another class of beings which is a great favourite with the workmen of every craft in Pinya viz. that of the various fabulous monsters who are friendly to mankind and who act as the subordinate guardians of holy places. The most commonly met with is the so-called lion—a huge monster with gaping jaws and sharp teeth



AN OLD MAN

and on whose neck are a series of beaded mantlets from beneath which falls a mane. This man is partly responsible for the translation of its Burmese name into lion and the translators are further supported in their contention by this annual appearance in the Zodi under the sign of Leo. Every year, of any importance, his car of these lions is some twenty or thirty feet high placed on either side of its main entrance. They are made of lathwork covered with plaster



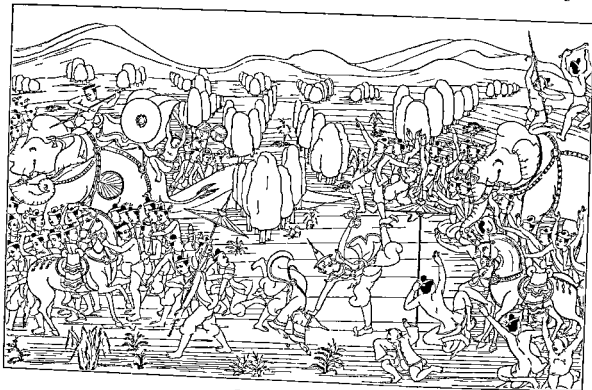
A BELL

(Donor is a Full-Langur Monkey)

and are ornamented with colour chiefly so as to bring their white teeth into contrast with their crimson tongue and throat. The same kind of beast but with rudimentary wings is known to the English as

the flying dragon. It is generally put on each side of staircases leading up to monasteries or libraries. These beasts are long in the body and have spiked backbones. They are also used in the orna-

bodies of men and women but some are represented in the form of birds or fishes but always with a semi human head. Their limbs are distinguished by attitudes of different shapes. In drawings and



THE PRINCES TRIUMPH.

(Done by a Gilt Leaf of Vaher)

mentation of silver bowls illustrating the sign of Saturn as the planet ruling over Sundry. The wood carvers too are particularly happy in their rendering of the flying dragon for they develop the wings springing from the elbows of the fore feet so as to rise well up over the body. Another monster of this class is the double bodied sphinx which is peculiarly a guardian of the great Shun Dagon pagoda at Languan and is placed at the corners thereof. The unicorn is not so well known to travellers in Burma but may be met with in some old silver work. It is a very comical animal and trundles along with evident self satisfaction.

The artists however reserve their full powers for the malignant *lethi* a creature with the body of a man and a semi bestial head. These monsters are at enmity with mankind, they are extremely partial to human flesh they abduct women and are possessed of enormous strength and many supernatural qualities. They are typical of the grosser forms of vice and are of various kinds but are all represented with a trunk like a wild boar. They are male and female and the great majority have the

carvings they are always shown in violent attitudes and the treatment of the head is particularly fine the hair and the whiskers and eyebrows being rendered by flowing yet pointed curves very expressive of wild ferocity. The artist generally begins by drawing the ear and seems to fit the rest of the head on to it. The tailpiece to this article was drawn by a wood carver and was the design for the support of a bracelet.

There is yet another class of subjects which the Burman treats in a grotesque manner and that is the signs of the Zodiac and the signs of the planets which are so commonly put on silver bowls. I give lists here for reference and comparison with the signs used by us. The signs of the Zodiac are appropriate to the twelve lunar months of the Burmese year and seven of the planets rule over the days of the week —

April	Arises and in Burma The Goat
May	Taurus
June	Gemini
July	Cancer
August	Leo
	Full
	* Kanva, male and female
	Crab
	Lion

* See next to first article

September	Virgo and in B. twin The	Vat Pr. nees
October	Libra	Vat Pr. nees
November	Scorpi o	Scorpi on
December	Sagittarius	H. ater w. th Bow
January	Capricornus "	P. l Elephant
February	Aquarius	Water Pitcher
March	Pisces	P. h.

The signs of the planets are as follows—

Sunday	ruled by the S. n has the sign of K. d. n *	
Monday	Moon	l. er
Tuesday	Mars	L. on (see illustration p. 416)
Wednesday	Mercury	" Elephant with t. ks
Thursday	Jupiter	Rat
Friday	Venus	Pu
Saturday	" Saturn	Fl. ng. brags (see illustration p. 41)

There is another planet which is supposed to be a dual planet. It causes eclipses by coming between the sun or moon and the earth. Its sign is that of an elephant without tusks.

To judge of the Burmans' attempts to depict violent action it is necessary again to see how they

rapid motion. They are so very excitable and demonstrative that their artists have as it were their models continually before them. Now the Burmans are as much more excitable than the French as the latter are compared with the English. Let anyone who doubts this go to a Chinese boat race. The course is about half a mile down a swift muddy river and is marked out at every two hundred yards by boats anchored in mid stream. The banks are crowded with men especially near the winning post, where the stewards sit in an open hut. Just below drawn up to the shore are the racing boats of neighbouring villages—long narrow dug out canoes covered with a kind of black enamel enlivened by a streak of gold. The stern rises gradually out of the water into a broad flat seat for the steersman on whose strength and skill the result of the race often depends. All around are fishermen with perhaps the savings of half a year in their waist-clothes waiting for a boat from a neighbouring district which has earned a great reputation in its own



THE RETURN OF PRINCE WETHASINDA

(Drawn by a G. N. Lanier Maker)

themselves behave when excited. This is the more necessary because the English as a race are unusually stolid and undemonstrative. The French apart from their skill as draughtsmen are a hundred times better able than we are to convey an impression of

* See in trial of this article

water, but the local men think just as highly of their boat and are earnestly discussing the terms of the match in little groups. Presently a murmur runs across that the rival boat is in sight and the crowd becomes hushed into a critical silence. Far away on the yellow waters is seen the low black bow

of the new comer and the paddles flash out on each side in exact time to a chant of defiance which is faintly carried on the breeze. The boat is sliding easily along and the men are evidently not exerting themselves much but as it approaches the landing stage, low legs a quick short chant only using breath enough to mark the time. Pull I say!



A BELL'S HEAD

alive. The steer-man then turns his wrist and the stern is quickly caught by the swift current and swings round until the bow points to the bank. The boat comes on at full speed until within half a dozen yards of the stage, then the paddles are all held flat the water flies up like a fountain and the boat comes to a dead stop. The crew get out, and after a little the business of arranging the match begins. The opponents have each a spokesman who duly tries to gain all the advantage for his own side. Presently the dispute gets warmer and gradually the bystanders join in one by one until there is a seething crowd of violently postulating men most of them half naked and it looks as if a bloody fight was imminent when suddenly one of the leaders accepts the terms offered by the other and after a will shout everyone quietly settles down to prepare for the race. The principal feature of this scene is the instantaneous effect the acceptance of the terms has upon the crowd. It is as if in electric shock

had been administered to each one present. This is noticeable in every Bazaar audience. The first note of a favourite singer will instantly hush a couple of thousand people so that the silence becomes almost painful. The joke of a comedian produces as it were a clap of lightning. A decisive but at a prize fight causes the audience to jump in a shout as one man.

It is such an effect that is illustrated in the drawing on p. 418. A hero prince was once besieged by the crafty but warlike Minister of a neighbouring King and being unable to defeat his enemy by force of arms asked that the issue might be decided in the open plain outside the city by a trial of wit. The terms were that the opponents should argue with each other until one acknowledged himself worsted by bowing down to the other. The prince proceeded to develop his argument and illustrated it by comparison with the beauty of a priceless emerald which he held in his open palm. He allowed it to slip between his fingers with an exclamation of regret at losing it, the temptation was too much for the greedy Minister who stooped down to pick it up. The prince promptly thrust his opponent's head into the dust and thus obtained the victory. The opponent groined at once, prostrated what had happened and threw himself on his knees, and they were then simultaneously exultant and depressed.



A HERMIT

The next drawing is one of the triumphant return of Prince Wethindya after his exile. It is put in as an example of the drawing of animals in motion and especially of the swinging walk of elephants.



BELUS'S HEAD

(Drawn by a flood-carver)



A BALLAD OF A SHIELD

(Drawn by C. F. 1. & For Form by C. two Handhouse, see next page.)

A Ballad of a Shield.

*It was all of a shield on a tree,
Hung high so that passers might see,
From the south it shone forth
Like gold, from the north
It was sil'er as silver could be*

*And this is the tale that is told
Of a fight that was foughten of old
By Sir Hugh, who had seen
But its silvery sheen,
And Sir Arthur, who swore it was gold*

*They met with their lances in rest,
And a shock that had shaken the best—
Sir Arthur was sound
As he leapt from the ground,
But Sir Hugh had a dint in the breast*

*Then nether spake ever a word,
But out from the scabbard the sword,*

*And the blade of Sir Hugh
Found a little way through,
And Sir Arthur was down on the sward*

*Sir Arthur declared it was well,
But a pang like a torture of hell
Smit Sir Hugh at the sight
Of the blood-dappled knight,
And then he too staggered and fell*

*But now, in the fight they had crost
And they looked through the boughs as they tost,
When gold on the blue
Was the shield to Sir Hugh,
To Sir Arthur as silver as frost*

*Then neither could speak if he tried,
But each stretched an arm from his side
With a smile on the lip,
And the ghost of a grip,
They loved one another and died*

COSMO MONKNO SR.

FRENCH FEELING IN PARISIAN PICTURES IMPRESSIONS OF THE SALONS

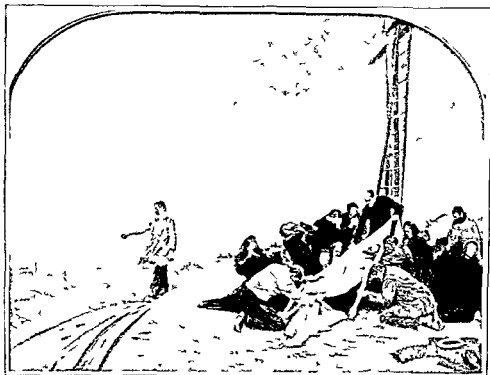
BY BERNARD HAMILTON, M.A.

THE Arts as accessories to advertisement or agitation present a mournful spectacle at all times but in this era of *réclame* when they are often debased to gain some private end any subject which is at all popular would seem a prey irresistible to the enterprising. To-day a new phase of pictorial excitation is to the fore. Not caricature for caricature is a force less almost gone by. It is not possible now to accomplish feats like that of Gulliver who almost persuaded his public that Loney was a quite insignificant Gulliver in the limbs of a Brobdignagian. "Turner George" The province of caricature now lies rather in the reiteration of claims and the exaggeration of short-collars. The new method is that of the allegorical symbolism of political religious military and every-day occurrences upon the canvas of the painter.

Last year from the walls of the Salon du Palais des Arts Libéraux—sometimes known as that of the Rejected—the rude myrmidons of the Parisian Police Bureau ravished two paintings of presumed political pretensions. The one represented the Kaiser Wilhelm I leaving away the two fan mailens Alsace and Lorraine while he trampled their mother France under his horse's hoofs the other directed against the unfortunate Ferry and entitled *Finn's coronat opus* depicted a Tonkinese desert strewn with skulls one of which was that of the statesman himself. Like-wise in the exhibition at the Champ de Mars a most unaccountable communion was presented for solution to a thoughtful public. The painting showed a lady in evening toilette at the feet of Jesus of Nazareth! This was *fin de siècle* style with a vengeance. If Scripture scenes were to be brought

up to date in that fashion where were we to stop? Inconsistencies and anachronisms are in such cases unconsidered trifles, while if a libel can be worked in success is assured. The artist M. Jean Béraud had thoughtfully exhibited all these points and altering the hair on the faces to protect himself from prosecution showed Jean as Simon and Due Quercy as Christ while the sur-

millions of francs the Church of the Sacred Heart is rising a votive offering for the suffering of the city. The hill looks over Paris as did Calvary over Jerusalem. In the picture it is dark with mud the sky wild and gloomy. On the left in the distance, spruce factory chimneys smoking over a misty wilderness of houses. On the right, upon the mount is the Cross. Around it are the weeping women and



THE DESCENT FROM THE CROSS

(From the *Paris* by Jean Béraud)

rounding Phrygians were easily to be identified with prominent people.

This year however M. Béraud though continuing in the line he and M. Uhde have struck out for themselves has produced a most remarkable picture. There is no need now for Mrs Grundy to veil her face for the effect is as extraordinarily impressive as the drawing is realistic. The scene is laid on the hill of Montmartre—a veritable Golgotha—where St. Denis suffered in the third century where in 1814 the first runoff of French troops fell struggling for their country where after the success the insurgent Commune began their revolt by seizing artillery from the National Guard whence they were themselves dislodged after the loss of over 20,000 lives and the batteries turned upon their companions in Paris by Chasse, where too at the sacrifice of twenty five

faithful disciples workmen all except a *courte* who acting as Joseph of Arimathea holds the head of the sheet into which the body is received the beloved disciple in the striped jersey of a dock labourer kneels at the feet. The whole group exhibits a terrible tension of feeling portrayed with sensitivity and power. The grief is the blind agony of the strong and ignorant poor staggering under the horror of their calamity yet hardly believing in the possibility of the death of their Leader. They are of the class of Jean Valjean and as with him the iron has entered into their soul. On the brow of the hill his blouse streaming in the wind Peter shakes his fist in desperate fury at the city below. The Magdalen slightly apart a pale wasted creature in deep mourning and in a paroxysm of intense contrition gazes fixedly at the corpse the Virgin crushed and tearful is

supported by the disciples. It is as if the painter in his former work had perpetuated a skit after the manner of a rebus and relishing the possibility of binging home the reality of the sacred scene. Modernity of treatment had not hesitated to avail himself of that method to accomplish his purpose. Indeed there seems no sufficient reason why he should. But the success of the skit last year has necessarily produced a host of imitators in this and all with the exception of Lhermitte palpable failures. This painter presumably not without some recollection of Pissarro's *Supper at Emmaus* in the Louvre has brought this subject up to date in the same manner as Bérard has done the like by Rubens. Descending from the Cross in Antwerp Cathedral. In his *L'Année des Humbles* Lhermitte like Von Uhde shows Christ in the cottage receiving the hospitality of the poor. How it was known to them in the breaking of bread is the moment chosen. Christ is seated at table the goodwill is bringing a dish the disciples work men both as they listen are seized with a sudden understanding of the identity of their Teacher. Then dawning intelligence is displayed with stultifying power. Very different is the milk and water representation of a similar idea called *L'Hôte* by Émile Planché who places Christ at *déjeuner* in a *bourgeois* self a *manger*, amongst a painfully *bourgeois* family. The central figure sitting in front of an ordinary mirrored side board clad in a blue and white figured dressing gown, with the double peaked head and stuffy head of hair so common in France, is a lessening buff, a proceeding which those present seem to take much as a matter of course. The execution is good but the utter incongruity displays nothing more than a craving for notoriety on the part of the painter. In all these pictures it would appear that the reproduction of Scriptural episodes in modern dress is considered by some French artists to be an excellent method of attracting the attention of the Parisian public.

As a rule however with several notable exceptions the pictures on exhibition even where they did not bear traces of an academic school resolved themselves into types. Of these the first and most ancient is the devotional. Generally it is the usual Madonna adoring her Son. The treatment may be as commonplace as possible but the subject always commands a certain popularity—with women at least. And after all though the theme be overdone yet Bouguereau is its prophet. But artists are no longer content to reiterate semi-medieval mannerisms. Softened and idealised as in the *Vierge Consolatrice* of Longuerre they are occasionally capable of being

used with effect, but in the case of *L'Ange au tombeau* in the late Salon the accessories of ornate vestments stifle any higher thought. The picture suffers from the tyranny of the *maillots* which looks more like a jewelled soup-plate than an *exotique* archaism reaches its limit in the well painted but quite ludicrous *St François prêchant aux oiseaux*. This artist is evidently a humorist for disregarding the many noble attributes of the saint he presents him as a semi-nude black-haired man almost a *cretin* with a landscape background painted in after the manner of Memling. This comic old man—for he is nothing else—wears a wack old beard and a good humoured leer as he stands in a quizzical attitude a moon-her with his forefinger a goldfinch perched on his left hand. The solidity of the gold maillots and stigmata contribute to the oddness of the conception.

Fortunately the French school is not hampered like ours by pseudo-moral restrictions and a free range is given to an earnest student of flesh painting. Over here there is a tendency to what Miss Olliff with some justice has termed *ritual* hypocrisy a prejudice that not only cannot recognize the function the nude plays in art but even blinds many to the intentions of those who have the moral courage to openly oppose the futilities that deny the model as necessarily modest. True that occasionally the followers of this school use the nude as an *ad eundem* accessory to a more ambitious scheme. But who will complain of those wonderful specimens of flesh painting placed side by side in the Luxembourg—the rugged brown skin of the wretched Job so minutely rendered by Bonnat and the soft delicate flesh of Chenevix Tene's rising from the foam? Who will cavil at Le Lorrain's *La Verité* in the same exhibition, or Bouguereau's *Wasps Nest* in the recent Salon than which nothing purer could be painted? What refinement of colour and grace there is in Collin's nude girls dancing on the sand! How well Vidier has rendered *Echo* as nymphs who while answering cries that reverberate through the glen fade into thin air as they fly from the pursuer!

Of the prehistoric age there are several samples of which Cormon's white bearded wanderer, *Cain*, in the Luxembourg is the prototype. The wonder of two savages gazing at some rude signs upon a rock the daring fortitude of a cave dweller defending his family against a bear by the discharge of a flint-headed arrow the wild yells of a Celtic tribe crowding round the corpse of their chief who lies in hind erect upon his horse is mounted on a funeral pyre of blazing brushwood built up in the bodies of shrieking prisoners, all these serve to

bring to the mind the foundations on which our civilisation has been reared.

We saw in the Salon of 1891 a cuirassier at Ichshafen who had sounded the charge he lands leaping convulsively from the saddle as he receives his death wound. In the single spasm of agony the heaven is opened to him and he sees in a moment his mourning family at home. This is the patriotic picture the most painful of all. It is, of course, begotten of the war of 1870 *revue* and

descending a slope supporting a brother in arms upon his saddle who in the pangs of death clings to his lance the eagle he has rammed with his hands blood. The latter by De Neuville shows a snow scene during the siege of Metz. An officer of the Prussian Guard an Ulm orderly with a white pennon fluttering from his lance and a bugler have been admitted blindfold within the gates close to the *actes*. They are being escorted to head quarters by a handful of infantry. Suddenly out



VIVE LA FRANCE!"

(From the Painting by Forain de Turenne)

the works of men like Yvon Meissonier, Detaille and De Neuville. From the microscopic detail of Meissonier's pictures in the Luxembourg Yvon's paintings of the Malakoff at Versailles, Detaille's *Le Jura*, Monet's *Pezomville*, De Neuville's

Bourget in the former gallery to Germain's terrible statue of Hellou screaming for blood exhibited in the 31st Salon all fully show the horror of the war for which France is waiting. No country of the modern world has experienced so much of its good and evil fortune and it is only natural that all French galleries should teem with reminiscences. There are no more touching examples of French heroism and its consequences than in the two pictures *Liberty* and *La Bataille de Sedan* in the Luxembourg. The former by Perdreau gives life size a troop of cuirassiers

of the crowd of forlorn spectators a young woman with a baby in her arms rushes up to the helpless officer shrieking impotent curses upon him. Other scenes in the tragedy of war were to be found in the Champs Elysees Salon—indeed the supply is inexhaustible. That the subject is one of bitterness of spirit is shown by nearly all notably the *Mad to Glory*. This picture shows a trooper and his horse lying cold and stark in the foreground while his comrades pass slowly by over the hill into the evening mist. Then came a series celebrating heroes beginning with Detaille's *Surrender of Hamm* in 1815 a work which has been anonymously presented to the State. It represents fifty French soldiers marching out with all the honours of war from the fortress which they originally 200 in number had defended against

30 000 Austrians. The next in importance is *Vive la France!* A sergeant of tirailleurs at Ingolstadt taken prisoner by the Euphrates was condemned to be shot for insulting a corporal. His death was witnessed by 6000 French prisoners who shouted with him as he fell *Vive la France!* The end of matters military has however been summarised by M. Lucie Brühl in his life size picture of the Conquerors. The scene is the Valley of the Shadow of Death or its equivalent in the North

the modern equivalent of the ancient adage — *Dulce et decorum est pro patria mori* which as a national sentiment is of course fostered by the paternal Government that by no means neglects the culture of more peaceful currents of French feeling. No country perhaps has a population more ridden by chimeras—political religious or scientific—than that of France and these side lights on life are always to be seen at the Salon. But *genre* pictures can be so idealised as to render



AT TWENTY

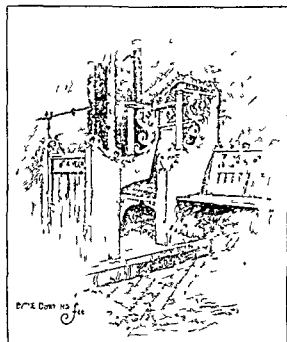
(From the *Paris Exhibition of 1855*)

World. The conception extends to all great victors the idea that Witz confined to Napoleon. From the blue depths of the valley through an avenue of dead trunks now upon now into the distance there slowly advances a glittering process on somber and magnificent. Alas! amidst they ride. In the center Cesar on either hand James and Alexander follow closely by Napoleon and Attila. Alas! Samachens and others can be distinguished through the forest of standards and spears that are borne before them. On each when fate is written the name of the lost. Unforgettable in the funeral set lips and hollow eyes at all other thought as the dome's ghosts direct the dreadful ward that an inexorable fate has set upon them. This picture unlike the others will hardly inspire the feeling of the concept with

sublime the actions of the most humble. Of such is Cupid's where the hero's torn of the dying artists' genius float down to give him a kiss of farewell. Such is Adieu where a pilot clings to a capsize boat lids goodbye to the body of his child before he resigns it to the deep. Such too is *À vingt Ans* — At Twenty — the first embrace of a first love. The scene is but a moment in the couple sitting in the mellow glow of the lamplight quite of the people yet the feeling is as true as it is ever new. The keynote of all such work has been struck by Millet in just pictures of perfect beauty. He knows of the people perceived that the spirit of French national life dwelt not in cities as others frequently surmise but in the country where both in men and money the salvation of France has come ere now. It is in the

OUR ILLUSTRATED NOTE-BOOK

COLLORATIONS in these present times pay less attention to themselves as a body than in old time they were able to do. At least it is not often



MAYORAL CHAIR, ST. GEORGE'S CHURCH, DEAL.
(Designed by D. P. F. in Down of ARTIA)

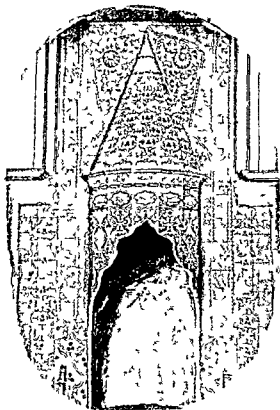
that we see them providing for themselves the accommodation that the Corporation of Deal have determined upon and which is illustrated in the accompanying sketch. This is a Mayor's chair and is for the Corporation in the church of St. George's in the parish of Mr. Luke Downing, ARTIA, of London. It has just been completed and is an ornament of considerable beauty to the church.

A unique specimen of enameled tile work in the form of a chimney piece has been recently erected in the Persian Court at South Kensington Museum. The tiles which are decorated with beautiful floral designs in colour are arranged so as to form an upright panel with two small wings on either side. The seven side tiles recede upwards to a point and rest in a very elegant scroll ped arch. But above the arch is a many cut niches as there are sides in the head which contain the names of the Seven Sleepers and the date A.H. 114 (A.D. 1731). This splendid piece of art was formerly in the palace of Foyal Palace at Constantinople which was burnt in

the great fire of 1877. These chimney pieces are exceedingly rare. But a representation of one may be seen in a very interesting series of pictures in the *Antiquarium Mammæ* which represent the interior of the Sultan's palace at Constantinople with an embassy from Holland before the march.

To the whimsical portraits of Hegarthis servants and to the Turkish Hunting ban of which illustrations are given on the next page we refer in the 1st number of *THE MAGAZINE OF ART*. We draw attention to the directness and fineness of the painting in Hegarthis canvas which is an important addition to the national collection. The extreme beauty of the Hunting ban is the cause of lively competition at the Magazine sale.

The remarkable example of work in wall tiles



ISLAMIAN TILE WORK CHIMNEY PIECE
(Recollected and by the Sultan's Palace Museum)

erected on July 470 is formed by the combination of 4000 pieces from ninety different varieties of

the most durable specimens of the native woods of New Zealand all unstained and was commenced in May 1866 and completed in May 1870. The

wood is not a thin veneer liable to early destruction but in many of 3/4 of an inch thick and

built up on a block of Australian cedar. So great is the manipulative skill shown that not a single harsh joint can be detected even with the most magnifying glass. In illustration of the care bestowed upon the work it may be mentioned that the albatross in the foreground of the artist

two months to build up as it contains nearly 100 pieces every black and white feather being a separate piece of wood. Everything throughout the picture is of wood except the reef joints and the only particle of artificial colour is in the blue of the

a spear from his side for which he was Tapa—made a sacred man but not allowed to have the title. During his journeys through the bush

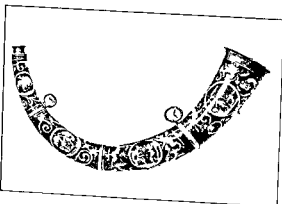
he studied the many varieties of the beautiful woods of New Zealand. In 1866 he turned this knowledge to account in constructing the picture. The *Enfance*, which was christened by Captain Dikun in 1870 in honour of the king of New Zealand especially that of the white man, the work with the delightful slings which we have seen such realistic effect to the sails

of the ship. The artist was engaged from time upon the construction of the picture but it took him another four to collect the materials required and to design his work. He was forty years of age before he knew any cabinet work and he



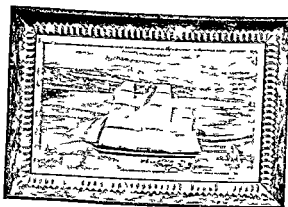
HOGAITH'S SERVANTS

(By W. H. Smith. Presented by the National Gallery)



HORN IN LIVOES EXAMPL.

(Presented by the Maori Collection)



THE ENFANCE

(Designed and Executed by the late J. R. Dry)

English. The artist Mr J. P. Dry who has just died was born in London in 1819 and trained for the profession of a doctor but went to the colonies in 1861. In 1860 Mr Dry rendered a service to one of the Maori chiefs by extracting

was imbued with the idea of forming a picture by using a cabinet containing some of the attempts to copy nature in natural trees. It is proposed to present the work to one of the national collections.

ART IN SEPTEMBER.

THE PROGRESS OF THE BRITISH MUSEUM

The annual returns of the general progress of the British Museum are always pleasant reading and this issued for the last financial year is in no respect less satisfactory than heretofore. As usual the growth of the Museum has been rapid, the acquisitions whether by gift or purchase, as great in value as in extent and the management in all its sections admirably energetic. The arrangements are constantly proceeding to the advantage of the existing collections, as well as for the better reception of fresh acquisitions, alike in the departments of sculpture medals, and printed books. Among the chief artistic donations during the year are the late Mrs. CRICKHALL'S bequest of a large collection of her husband's works, sketches and reproductions. Lady CHARLOTTE SERRILLER'S collection of historical fans and painted blocks from Babushie from the Egypt Exploration Fund. As heretofore, Mr. A. W. FRANKS is, perhaps, the most generous donor, his presentations covering a wide artistic and antiquarian field. The most interesting item from the artistic point of view, of the acquisitions of printed books, is 'L'Art de bien Mourir et de bien Vivre' (1492) the wood cut illustrations being of exceptional value and beauty. The amount of work done, and the progress achieved, by the Department of Prints and Drawings has been enormous. Mr. Sidney Colvin has succeeded in enriching the collection to the extent of nearly 17,000 items these including drawings, engravings, etchings and wood cuts in all schools of art while Mr. Louis Fagan, Mr. Lionel Cust, and Mr. O'Donoghue have drawn up catalogues, indices, and lists in addition to mere routine work, which cannot fail to prove of great utility to the student in this admirable department. A few prints, issued from the press within the year have as usual been presented by their publisher, Mr. LEVERIE, none other following suit. It is true that some effort were made to obtain similar courtesies from all publishers, the attempt being made to their worth the merit, while the value to the public hardly needs demonstration.

THE COMPILOT OF EXHIBITION CATALOGUES

An important legal decision has been pronounced in Paris. As a certain journal republished in its own columns the catalogue of the Old Salon, and at other with greater effrontery still, issued a catalogue pamphlet, the authorities have sought and obtained an injunction in respect to their catalogue the copyright of which is fully maintained and protected. Similar action could be taken by the Royal Academy, presumably, if it chose to stand upon its rights, against at least one publication in England, but our English Salon is too successful in disposing of its own catalogue to busy itself with interfering with outsiders.

ART AND THE POLITICAL PARTIES

The generally credited rumour that Lord Salisbury intended to confer a peerage upon Sir FREDERIC LEVERIE turns out to be unfounded. Honours and acknowledgments of public service have been freely bestowed upon newspaper proprietors (to the exclusion of journalists and men of letters), and upon men of science, to say nothing of

huntsmen and time servers. But art, according to custom, has been ignored. Seeing that the claim of all good Conservatives is that their party belongs to the preponderance of the intelligence and refinement of the empire, the neglect of art is all the more marked. Yet it is notorious that it is treated worse by the Conservatives than by the Liberals—by the party that scouted Mr. Tate that overruled the emphatic representations of the National Gallery trustees, that postponed indefinitely the completion of the South Kensington Museum and is contented with other Taitian feats beside. The Liberal party now has its chance, will it take advantage of it?

THE REVIVAL OF LACE MAKING IN IRELAND

It is reported in the *Daily Graphic* that the scheme of the Science and Art Department for improving the designs in vogue among the makers of Irish lace is meeting with encouraging success. Not only has the manufacture improved, but the relations of the lace making centres with the lace markets are becoming firmer and more in accordance with the relations of true business. If these results have indeed been achieved, it is assuredly due to the exertions of Mrs. Power Lalor in Ireland, of Mr. Alvin Cole at home not a little, in the poorer parts of Ireland, to those of Mrs. Ernest Hart. On the other hand from certain districts many of the lace makers are said to be emigrating to America. The news is startling, and it is to be hoped for the sake of the very existence of the art that measures will be taken to stem the exodus. It is sad enough in Loughlinshire to see the slow but certain decay of fine pillow lace making, which is dying out along with the sea-tungstenians who still practise it. But emigration means, not decay, but sudden death.

THE NATIONAL COMPETITION AT SOUTH KENSINGTON

Every year all that is best in the work of the Schools of Art throughout the country is exhibited at the South Kensington Museum. Thus, we gather this year, that from the various schools and classes of Art and Science 108,402 works were sent up—a total that must represent a considerable amount of industry on the part of pupils, teachers and examiners. Of these 3,217 were selected for the National Competition, and the best of such works as secured either gold silver or bronze medals or book prizes, were chosen for exhibition in the limited space of the galleries of the Prince Consort's gallery. The examiners' report is one of qualified approval—quite as much qualification as approval—and the highest awards have in many cases been withheld. One or two features merit special attention. The first is the excellence of the Modelling from Life in the Round. Two gold medals are awarded, to FRANCES WOOD and ALFRED WAKEFORD, of the central school. The Renaissance, or, as we should prefer it put nissance of English sculpture, owes a great deal to South Kensington and one or two of the most promising sculptors of the day are its cleverest pupils. In these departments alone do we find originality and strong individuality. In drawing and painting from the life, absolutely the reverse is noticeable. The pupils have been directed to strive

for certain academic qualities, and the acquisition of a smoothness and swing dexterity of handling. It is in studies of this class that the superiority of the teaching obtainable in the French ateliers is so marked. In the latter, observation is strenuously developed, and those qualities so peculiar to the model closely insisted upon. At South Kensington certain ideal qualities are sought through the model and the identity of the model sedulously suppressed. We feel sure that in stating this we are placing our finger on one of the great defects of the Government system. Miss LATERA M. FISHER, who shows energy in many departments, takes one of the two gold medals.

An especially bad class, without a scintilla of promise, is the Head from Life in oils—"more sooty than wash," cry the examiners. A curious illustration of what has been called South Kensington influence is shown in the china art drawings from antique casts. A silver medal is awarded to Miss SEZETTE PERROT, for her drawing of Michelangelo's Slave, because there is a passage in the torso where the minute play of chiaroscuro on the muscles is shown with great skill and delicacy, though the extremities are clumsily drawn and the sentiment and meaning of the figure as a whole live apparently never entered the student's head. Miss KATHLEEN E. WEBBER, of Nottingham on the other hand shows no such partial and technical dexterity. But though she breaks rules in stamping a background, her work is harmonious throughout and conveys a sense of unity and completeness, whilst the poetry and significance of the figure have not escaped her. She is merely honourably mentioned. Very interesting are certain exercises in bas-relief and in line of leaves and fruit studied from nature, and then slightly conventionalised and applied to design. We regret that the Council discontinue the practice of time studies in pencil from growing plants. The difficulty was that different masters chose plants differently applicable to the purpose and thus made judging difficult, and what is useless for competition is useless altogether in the South Kensington system. Some time studies for pottery, ornamentation, fretwork, and cloisonné are astonishingly good and elaborate. Colour sense and taste are generally and painfully absent. W. T. HALEY'S poppies are touched in with rare directness, breadth and distinction, and the stone shell in relief in the background handled with crisp dexterity. But the flowers stand in a vase of lead Wedgwood blue and a fan and bit of plaid ribbon in the foreground are of barbarous vulgarity. In the textile designs we much prefer the simplicity and spontaneity of a design for an Irish lace by Miss GEORGINA MACKINLAY, to the elaborations of the silver medalists.

THE LIVERPOOL AUTUMN EXHIBITION.

The twenty-second annual autumn exhibition of modern works of art at the Walker Art Gallery, Liverpool opened on Monday, September 24 is one of the most successful that has been held under the auspices of the Corporation. While there is no one work possessing attraction equal to 'The Doctor' of last year, the extensive collection is rich in striking pictures of special prominence being given to a fine selection of representative works by members of the Glasgow school, and also to pictures by the disciples of Mr. Whistler. The Arts Committee of the Corporation was assisted in the hanging by Mr. STANHOPE FORBES, A.R.A., Mr. WILLIAM STOTT of Oldham and Mr. J. T. WATTS, as representing the Liverpool Academy of Arts.

The arrangement of the exhibition is excellent several of the rooms being conspicuously well hung. Mr. Forke only contributes one canvas of secondary importance, but there is a strong collection of 'Newlyn' work and Mr. Stott is adequately represented by his 'Birth of Venus' and other important works. Mr. Watts makes a new departure with a figure drawing of Rosalind, Celia, and Touchstone in one of those woodland scenes, which he treats so tenderly. In the Grosvenor Room, always the centre of attraction, the place of honour is given to Mr. RICHMOND'S 'Venus and Anchises' and two other centres are occupied by Sir FREDERIC LEIGHTON'S 'Garden of the Hesperides,' and 'The Sea gave up the Dead which were in it.' There are several notable portraits, including Mr. LUKE FULFORD'S Mrs. Edwin Tait, two portraits of Julius by Mr. SHANNON, Mr. W. B. BRIDGES' masterly treatment of the well-known features of Mr. P. H. RATHBONE, Chairman of the Arts Committee as well as his Mrs. Cedric Hunt, and Mr. R. J. MORRISON'S entirely successful representations of Mr. Arthur Lyle and Sir William Forwood. Other works of the first importance in this room include 'St. Alban's Race,' by Mr. HENRY MOORE, A.R.A., Mr. McWHIRTER'S 'Clinty Begone' picture and Mrs. SWINERTON'S 'Venus.' 'The Clouds' by J. POWELL FOWLER, R.I., 'Christ on the Cross,' by G. HALL, R.A., and examples by Messrs. J. A. WATKINSON, A.R.A., Mr. CORBET, and Miss HASTEN, A.R.A. A detailed account of even the most striking pictures in the eight other galleries would occupy an undue amount of space. It may be noted however, that the display of water-colours is exceptionally brilliant, and that the examples of sculpture include Mr. OSLOW FORD'S noble Shelley Monument. Prior to the opening of the exhibition a novel feature was introduced in the shape of a banquet in the Grosvenor Room at which Mr. P. H. Rathbone presided and there were about one hundred gentlemen present.

REVIEWS

Mr. WARD, the master of the art school at Manchester has been in the habit of giving lectures to his students on the principles of ornament. With the idea that the lectures might be useful to students generally, and especially to such as proposed offering themselves for examination at the Government schools, they were published in 1884 ('Principles of Ornament') by Chapman and Hall. The book was seen by Mr. Atchison, A.R.A., one of the examiners in ornament to the Science and Art Department who found much that was good in the matter of Mr. Ward's book, but missed much that was desirable in its style and arrangement. Instead of writing another book of his own on the subject as he had once intended he acceded to the publishers' request to edit and remodel Mr. Ward's treatise. A very admirable book is the result, a book that will, doubtless, be very useful to the students the architects, and designers for whom it is intended. It is curious, however, that Mr. Atchison should have set at his work as he tells us because he found "there was no good English text-book on the subject, so that the necessary information could only be picked up by extensive reading and independent observation. Whether an English student must necessarily have a text-book written by an Englishman is a moot point but it will interest many students to know that, as long ago as 1884, perhaps the best handbook ever prepared on the subject of the principles of decoration was written by M. Henri Maysieux and

published in Paris with the patronage of the Administration des Beaux Arts—a work which was translated into English and published in London before Mr Ward's book was issued. It is hardly necessary to compare the two books. Mr Ward's is a very good one especially now that it is remodelled, but M. Mayeux goes more thoroughly into the practical application of the principles with which both works deal.

We welcome the appearance of the fourth annual issue of *Academy Architecture and Annual Architectural Review* by Mr ALFRED KOCH (Stimpkin, Marshall and Co.). This work is valuable to the architect but perhaps it has greater interest for that interesting section of the public which is beginning to see what a wide field there is for investigation and study in the development of our national architecture. There has been however no undoubted difficulty in pursuing this study because of the great labour involved in the collection and compilation of records of the years work of our leading architects in sufficient numbers for a fair comparison to be arrived at. This difficulty is happily now surmounted by the publication of such works as *Academy Architecture*, which contain a pre-eminently representative collection of the chief architectural designs of the year. The drawings in the present issue are neatly reproduced and well arranged, although we think Mr Koch would have done more justice to his contributors if he had not reduced their designs to so small a scale. Looking at the drawings themselves, we feel there is cause both for congratulation and regret: congratulation that the cause of artistic building is making certain progress, but regret that the progress is not greater. We see no drawings of Messrs. Norman Shaw, Bodley, Philip Webb, Reginald Blomfield, Lethaby, Prior, and others whose work is always artistic and good. This is a pity because the impression of the general character of the years work is thus apt to be more unfavourable than facts perhaps justify. On the other hand, many architects add to their reputations by drawings that are published and there is a distinct advance in the general character of the work. Generally, the idea conveyed by the drawings published in Mr Koch's work is that we are moving slowly but surely away from the time of revival into an era of artistic building. There are many evidences of this. Architects are not now seeking, as they have been to produce an academic reproduction of the architecture of the ancients but they are studying the principles which our forefathers adopted in the designs of their most successful buildings. We find their attention concentrated upon beauty of grouping and proportion, and careful use of the texture and colour of material and we are glad to see a growing recognition of the importance of artistic detail, and in consequence strengthening of the bonds of union between the designer and the artifice. All this is full of promise for the future, and if the public, through the medium of such works as *Academy Architecture* can be induced to encourage those architects who are striving to bring about a better spirit of design, great benefits will have been conferred on the artistic world.

The interesting collection of the works of the late Mr JOHN D. SEDGWICK, which has been published by the Architectural Association as a tribute to his memory under the title of *A Memorial of the life of J. D. Sedgwick* (Datsford) is a striking piece of evidence of the artistic power and versatility of the talented architect whose untimely loss we all mourn. Sedgwick's work was invariably of great interest. It is occasionally called forth

some criticism it always found plenty of enthusiastic defenders, and it certainly bore the stamp of individuality perhaps to a greater extent than any of his contemporaries. His original conceptions were nearly always beautiful, as he was constantly endeavouring to realise in his work the true unity of the three great arts of architecture, painting, and sculpture. It is matter for regret that unforeseen difficulties often intervened which prevented the full realisation of this ideal. Sedgwick was a prominent member of that growing body of architects who are pleading for a more generous recognition of the claims of artistic craftsmanship and his share in the Arts and Crafts Exhibition Society is well known. While he lived his enthusiastic energy and his winning eloquence made his influence great among his fellows, and we hope that this volume will give fresh zest to the movement to which he gave his life.

The essays subtly critical and learnedly historical, on the chief musicians of the age from Berlioz to Verdi and Massenet which Monsieur ADOLPHE JULIEN has contributed from time to time to the principal journals of Paris have been republished under the title of *Notes sur d'Importants Musiciens* (Librairie de l'Art). Although but a dozen composers are dealt with in as many chapters, the volume is practically a history of dramatic and symphonic music on the continent during the present century, while the popular addition of letters and music in facsimile autograph increases its popular interest. The book is one of real importance.

From the Librairie Illustrée Paris, is issued *Cent Dessins par Watteau*. The admirers of that master of 'elegancies' who have not access to the original etchings made by the young Boucher from the original drawings will welcome this publication although the plates are but process reproductions from the oil etchings. No reproduction of an etching can be equal to the original and when reproduced by process for typographic printing it must lose a good deal. These plates seem as well reproduced as is possible under the circumstances and they certainly retain much of the grace and charm which distinguish all the work of the master.

Mr THEODORE COMPTON has written a pleasant book, full of chat about an almost untouched bit of old England. The neighbourhood of the Cheddar Giffs of Wells and Glastonbury is full of an old world interest and in *A Whistling Valley: Its Inhabitants and Surroundings* (Edward Stanford) Mr Compton has gathered much of it together. It is not every writer of a chatty book who has a son who can embellish his father's book with delightful sketches. Mr E. T. COMPTON is a very accomplished artist. His work lies chiefly amongst the higher Alps but although a resident in Bavaria, his love for his old country is amply proved by the treatment he has given to these renderings of rural England.

A very creditable attempt has been made in *Some Pictures from Many Lands* (Hazell, Watson and Viney) to illustrate some accounts of holiday tours in a new way. It is, we are told the first time in England that all type prints have been introduced on a page with type. It is a costly process, and seems hardly worth its cost. A good typographic block well printed would in many cases have given a better result, though doubtless the smoothness of the collotype will be a virtue in some eyes. The publication has perhaps a particular interest for photographers. The excellent design for the wrapper calls for special mention.

One of the best photographic plates lately produced is by the Berlin Photographic Company, of Sir FREDERIC LEIGHTON'S picture "Perseus and Andromeda," exhibited last year at the Royal Academy.

NOTABILIA

We lately referred to the first and second class medals accorded to English artists at the Paris Salons. The recipients of third class medals are Mr GEORGE W. JOY, for "The Dinahs," and Mr LORIMER.

An official tribute to the genius and achievement of the late Lady WATERFORD is about to be paid by the Royal Academy. The forthcoming Old Masters which will contain a number of the drawings by that modern classicist, Colver, will also include a selection of Lady Waterford's drawings to which we lately drew attention. Many of our leading artists have been in one of the deceased lady's extraordinary ability in occasional instances, but the collection recently gathered together in Carlton House Gardens was a revelation to most of them.

The decoration of the Royal Exchange with pictures illustrative of epoch making incidents in the annals of London, marks a new era in the history of our civic art patronage. Sir FREDERIC LEIGHTON has volunteered to paint the first picture—to give the keynote—and a number of other artists chiefly Academicians will fill the remaining panels. Whether or not the result be successful it will infallibly set before future generations the condition of English historic art at the end of the nineteenth century, and it behoves the artist engaged to put all their strength and vigour into the task about to be distributed.

Mr WHISTLER has curtly declined to exhibit at the Chicago Exposition with the English section, because in official connected with the Royal Commission is also identified with a London gallery in which one of Mr Whistler's pictures was hung above the "line." He will presumably, therefore, exhibit as an American. It will be remembered Mr Whistler withdrew from the American and joined the English section in the Paris Exhibition as the officials of the former could not undertake to hang the extensive exhibit he sent. Truly, it is convenient to have two nationalities, but how long can be kept up the character of the *chambre à coucher* of the world—of the Olympian hall?

The appalling fire at St. John's has, with ample justification, been made the subject of one of the best organized appeals for assistance of modern times. Recently, a special address has been forwarded to us by Mr J. W. Nichols, Honorary Secretary, and Mr Neville, Treasurer of the St. John's Art Society who point out that as the generous response to the main appeal will be rightly devoted to the alleviation of actual distress no means available wherewith to assist the re-establishment of the many institutions which self-supporting in themselves, have no funds at their command for that purpose. The Art School was completely destroyed and subscriptions are appealed for for its resuscitation. Art as a luxury, we ever ignore it in times of misfortune, and amid so much distress its claims are hardly likely to be noticed at the hands of the hard pressed inhabitants of Newfoundland. If help be not forthcoming from England, art education will certainly be thrown back in the colony for many years.

OBITUARY

We have to record the death of M. JOSEPH STEVENS, the animal painter, and brother of the still more eminent

Alfred Stevens. Caring little for reputation desirous only of working quietly in his studio, he produced many canvases as pure, artistically speaking as his own endeavours in life. Dogs were his chief delight and most frequent models, but he imported into each of his pictures more true poetry and more real art than is to be found in acres of what are commonly known as "sporting pictures." Stevens was a true artist, many times meditated and often decorated but a delicate constitution forthwith his resolution to keep away from the world's gaze.

Professor LEOPOLD MULLER, of Vienna, well known in England and particularly familiar to frequenters of the French Gallery, has died at the age of fifty-eight. One of the best genre painters of Austria, he made himself known principally by his pictures of life and character of Egypt and the Balkan provinces. In the rendering of sunlight he was especially happy, no less than in his sketches of Viennese life which he contributed to the illustrated press.

Mr PIERRE GLASSBY better known as Sir Edgar Boehm's assistant than by his own reputation has died while occupied on a bust of the late (the Duke of) Hesse The Queen, who had commissioned this work for the Royal Mausoleum at Frogmore on hearing of his death, sent a wreath bearing the inscription, "A mark of respect from Queen Victoria."

Mr FELIX JOHNSTON, at one time an art dealer, but more recently known by his considerable benefactions to the Museums of Nottingham, Manstone, Norwich, Sandgate and Derby, has also recently died. To the first named Mr Joseph—who was a good judge of art—presented his admirable collection of Wedgwood. If Mr Joseph's various donations have not hitherto been recorded in these columns it was because the information concerning them at one time came regularly, ready for the press from the donor himself. Mr Joseph, to whom the Nottingham Museum undoubtedly owes a good deal, was born in 1841.

We regret also to announce the death of Mr HENRY GRAVES, the eminent printseller (the third of his line), of Pall Mall, whose publications of fine engravings by all the best firms of the day, of the works of many of the most popular artists of the century, are celebrated all over the world. Lawrence, Turner, Landseer, Mr Frith and Sir John Millar were among those whose works he circulated through the art of Cousins, Day, Landwehr, the engraver, Lewis, and others including his brother, the Associate Mr Graves died at the age of eighty-six.

The death is also recorded of Signor PANZONI, the eminent sculptor, of Milan, and of the Austrian landscape artist, Herr MITTSCHNIGER, in his fiftieth year.

We cannot omit from this column the mention of the death of Sir DANIEL WILSON, the venerable and accomplished President of the University of Toronto whose portrait by Sir George Peckham PIRSA, painted at the time of Sir Daniel's last visit to England, was reproduced a few months ago in this volume of THE MAGAZINE OF ART (p. 203). Not one of all the obituary notices which have appeared though they dwell on the subject of his scholarship and literary achievements draw attention to the fact that Sir Daniel had succeeded as an artist before he turned to literature. In a private letter addressed a little while since to the Editor of this Magazine, Sir Daniel claimed to be the last surviving engraver on steel of Turner's work—being driven to the "grim satisfaction" of making this statement by the general attribution recently made by the press to the late Mr Saddler.

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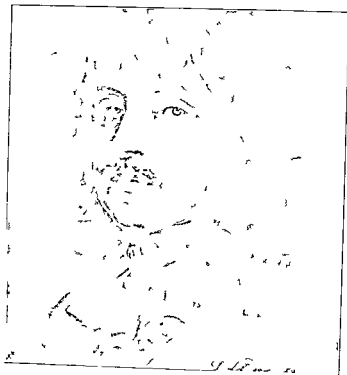


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with the elbow room
 it has given to the organising faculty of Mr Sidney
 Colvin. The 'Print Room' is now a really fine
 series of apartments including studies for the
 less stately interior in which the elements work
 towards harmony. Such an interior is the exhibi-
 tion room attached to the Department of Prints
 and Drawings at Bloomsbury.



JOHN MAITLAND DUKE OF LAUDERDALE
(From the St. Albans Picture Library)

The collection with which it is now filled consists for the most part of drawings brought down Mr Colman's legacy—i.e. during the last eight years. It covers the ground more or less completely from the revival of art to the present day. The earliest things date from about the end of the fourteenth century—the latest are a series of ten drawings by Charles Keene who was with us but yesterday.

The examples by early Venetians with which the series opens are mainly of value as specimens of a school not rich in drawings. The best is a *Lope Alexander III. Presenting a Sword to the Doge Sebastian Zeno* by Gentile Tullio. It is a study for one of the pictures destroyed in the fire of 1677 which consumed part of the Doge's palace. The drawing was known to Tembrandt who perhaps owned it and certainly made the copy now in the Albertina at Vienna.

The British Museum possesses four drawings by Andrea Mantegna a number unequalled elsewhere and two are included in the exhibition—a *Virgin and Child* and a study for a *Dead Christ*. In some ways the spirit of Mantegna's art

is further removed from that of Venice than even the most purely intellectual achievements of the Florentine painters. In these drawings however we can recognise the master from whom Titian drew his first inspiration. The method is his but the result is warm with passion. The later Venetians are practically unrepresented. Two examples of Cupiccio and two of Domenico Campagnolo are all that Mr Colman has put in.

Vastly more important is the series of drawings attributed to Masaccio and Ingenucci the Flemish engraver and draughtsman who was so long credited with the invention of engraving. He seems to be a drawing of light about three years old. It was exhibited in Florence in 1840 on the occasion and passed through various common collections on its way to the Museum. It is when in the Museum acquired at Lord's description to Masaccio Mr Colman is responsible but the reasons he gives seem good. They may be thus condensed. Timoteo left a large number of



STUDY OF HEADS
(By Antonio Watteau)

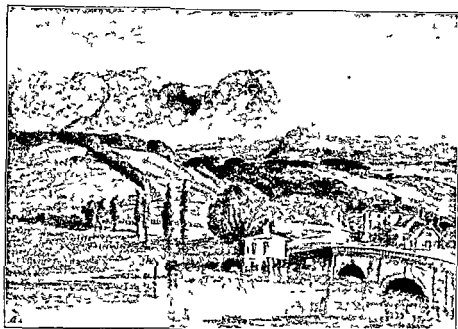
drawings if we may credit Vasari, Baldi-
nucci, and others
which were executed
all a puotello —

wished drawings
we might call them
— and I refer to the work
of Masaccio. The
only things of this
style which are known
are some drawings
in the Uffizi which
have been identified
as the work of Masaccio.
They are clearly by
the same hand as
the series under his
name. I am sure
was the close asso-
ciate of Antonio del
Uffizi to the British Mu-
seum drawings is
certainly by some

one strongly influenced by that master. Fra Angelico
is said by Vasari and Baldi-
nucci to have invented
copperplate engraving. A certain group of very early
Florentine prints especially a series of prophets is
so entirely at one with these drawings in crucial
points of style and treatment that all must be by

the same hand while other engravings by the same
hand reproduce motives from this very series.
Fra Angelico was the author of certain panels in the
Sienese of the Duomo at Florence which show
peculiarities of style and ornament also to be found
in these drawings. Mr. Colvin notes finally the

essential difference
between the drawings
and the famous group
at Florence so I have
described Fra Angelico
but only to remind
us that criticism has
shown the connection
between that Michel-
angelo and Fra Angelico to be
almost certainly ap-
parent. Lastly I
may make an obser-
vation of my own
namely that between
the drawings and
certain pictures added
some years ago to the
National Gallery the
affinity seems to be
very clear. I allude
to the small panel
on which some early
Florentine is painted
a combat a entrance



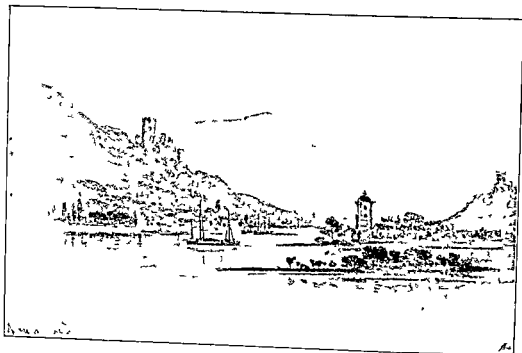
NEAR ASHLEHAM, SURREY
(From the Sketch by S. P. Ray of 16.)



STOKE BY SAYLAND, SURREY
(From the Engraving by J. C. and J. D.)

between Love and Charity. Sir Frederick Burton has been content to ascribe it generally to the Tuscan school. The Farm Gallery has a companion picture in which Charity is shown on a triumphal car drawn by unicorns with Love sitting behind her. To me it seems extremely probable that these pictures and the Museum drawings are all by the same hand. It thus would be Timotheus the Pellionid his appearance of the

Hans Holbein. Similar things figure in many collections as studies by Dürer. This one is signed with a monogram and dated 1584. The only French school is hinted at rather than represented by one of the miniatures from the famous *Heure* painted by Jean Fouquet for Etienne Chevalier and by a selection from the remarkable series of drawings by Jacques Androuet du Cerceau which came to the Museum with the Library of George III. These



NORTH OF THE LAKE

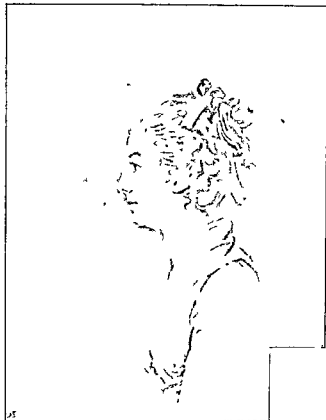
(From the *Deuxième Part* of the *Heure*)

painting is explained. Of the other Italian drawings the more important are *A Girl's Head* by Domenico Ghirlandajo, a study of *Adam and Eve* with a *Kitten* by Leonardo, a sketch for a *Melancholy* by Cosimo Tura (examples of Timotheus), *Viti and of Luca Signorelli* and a series of designs by Michelangelo, one of them a study for the *Resurrection* in the gift of Mr. Henry Vaughan.

The Flemish section includes the famous drawing of a *Man* in the manner of Lucas Van der Weyden and two silver points from the Mountaine collection. The early Dutchmen are represented by a *Lucas Van Leyden* and their rivals in Germany by among other things a curious drawing of a girl fanning a fire with a bird's wing, signed with the monogram of Martin Schongauer and dated 1469. There is here in a fine portrait dated 1521 and in one of Henry VIII serves Henry Parker Lord Morley, and in connection with the great Alcock the visitor should examine No. 60—a dead bird hanging on a nail by

belong to the set of drawings made by Androuet for *les plus excellents Architectes de la France*. With the rest of the series they were folded and bound into a volume which dwelt in the king's library. It was only a short time ago that their value was recognised and their removal to the Print Room sanctioned.

The Italian schools of painting in the seven-teenth and eighteenth centuries uninteresting as they are, do not sink so low as the drawings of the same periods and this is curious for it is mainly in colour that the pictures offend. One would have thought that when nothing but life was in question defects might have been hidden. But the want of sincerity the substitution of affectation for grace, and of an empty facility for true command which marks the time make it impossible to get any true enjoyment out of such work. Mr. Colvin has been well advised in confining its illustration to the work of a few true artists like Cimabue Giotto and the Trippi.



MRS. DOWNMAN

(From the Engravings by John D. Nunn. 1843)

The Flemings and Dutchmen of the great century are well represented in the Museum collection as a whole but in this display of new acquisitions they do not count for very much. A few drawings by Rubens and Vandyck are characteristic rather than important. A very fine half-length portrait of a young man ascribed to Franz Hals, is probably the work of one of his followers. Drawings by Hals are very rare, perhaps non-existent and there are qualities in this which prevent our seeing in it an exception to the rule. Rembrandt, on the other hand, was one of the most prolific of draughtsmen and the Museum is rich in his work. The most notable of the specimens here shown is the study of an elephant. It shows the master in a somewhat unusual light as a student of texture, but perhaps I should not say this for the texture which in man corresponds to that of a pachyderms hide is rendered unapproachable by him. In Rembrandt's pupil, Lambert Doomer, a land

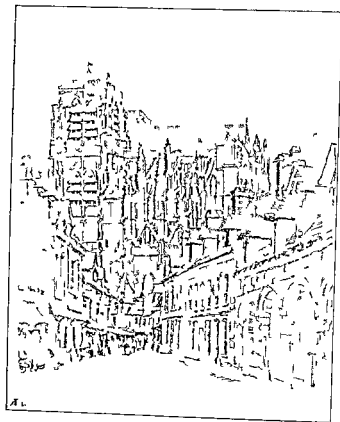
scape painter who owes such fame as he enjoys to the portrait his master painted of him rather than to his own productions is present in two excellent drawings. Albert Cuyp's earliest manner may be studied in a drawing which recalls Van Goyen and his very clever imitator Van Stry in a pair of drawings which show him at his best.

In an English collection it is only fair that English work should be treated with generosity and by far the largest section is devoted to our native artists. The general standard here of course is not so high as in the other schools but the best of the English drawings hold their own with any in the room. It would be difficult—it would perhaps be impossible—to equal the Constable series without again turning to Constable. In their own way Thomas Gainsborough, Thomas Rowlandson, Samuel Prout, Townington, Peter Dewint



SIR DAVID WILKIE R.A.

(From the Engravings by John D. Nunn. 1843)



ARDBVILLE LOOKING TOWARDS THE CAT (OLD FAL)
(From the Diary of J. S. Pratt)

Alfred Stevens and Charles Keen, the all first-rate while among the examples of J. Lewis Crankshank, J. I. Smith, James Downman, and many more drawings of the greatest charm are to be found. The series begins with Lely, who can scarcely be deemed as an Englishman. English or not I never Lely was the real father of our school. It was his lessons from Van Dyck, rather than the work of that artist, that the English methods of the eighteenth century were founded. The best but sufficient drawing of Lely has gone to the Louvre and his drawings were collected in English art for a hundred years. With Walker's semi-technical half and equal for us. Lely could draw finely when he chose, thus a man so by looking at his head of Lamb (plate Q. 2). He may be said to have settled the form in this country of collecting drawings. In many ways Hogarth and Lely were at the opposite poles of art, in that they stood side by side. I know portraits by Lely—the Buckingham of the North and portrait of all

is one—which might admit to idea for Hogarth's were it not for details of costume and others by Hogarth—the Queen for instance—of which the converse might be said. The chief difference, far as things like these are concerned, lies in the greater readiness both of conception and of execution of the native but in Hogarth evokes deeper and paints with more devil than Lely. Lely at his best has a finer sense of design and a warmer sympathy with the sensuous side of art. Intimately Lely was only half a world then. Hogarth was nearly always Hogarth. These drawings represent him in the Hogarth here. The Christening of a Child is the best. The next in merit to it is a study of a young whose study of a young girl is extremely fine. Then Crankshank's small mezzotint drawing from the same roll. In sum, on we should pause here we turn—which being after painted means space—before the most intellectual James Wreath, J. I. Smith, Paul Smith, Munn, William Hale, David Willa, I. De Witt, Samuel Hunt, J. I. Ring, S. W. Peynolds, S. J. L. S. Lucas, George Crankshank, J. F. Lewis, and



STUDY FOR PORTRAIT OF THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON
(By J. Jackson, Just de la, m. J. L. C. C. C.)



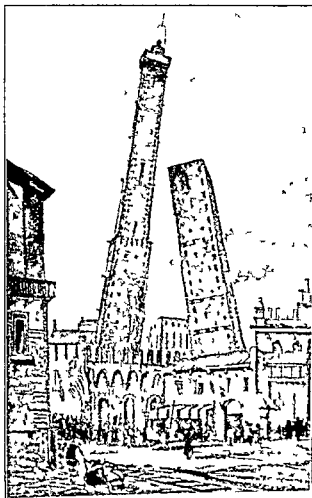
YOUNG WOMAN WITH LITTLE BOY
(From the Drawings by J. Ward, P.A.)

of course before the very interesting selection from the superb drawings left by Alfred Stevens as well as to the series directly mentioned of sketches by the greatest of all English painters as I venture to call John Constable. Nature has endowed me the power to admire *as art* such productions as those of the late Edward Colver. But I must find room for a word in praise of Donnan's portrait of Michael in the *Empire of painting*, for which I feel a sort of filial affection.

Lastly we may pause for a moment before a few examples of the French school. No. 1 is a graceful study from the antique by Ingres. It was used for one of the figures in his picture of *The Golden Age*, and shows to perfection the master's fine eye for contour. Nos. 15 to 18 are studies in pencil by Meryon. The three last are fragments of architecture and show marvellous

precision in the conduct of a very hard and sharp ballpoint. Nos. 20 and 21 are both fine Millets while from 17 to 106 the numbers belong to Watteau who is now represented almost as well in the British Museum as he need be. Eight of these drawings were acquired at the *Times* sale last year seven being bought and one presented by Mr. S. S. Laugel. The Watteau reproduced on p. 2 is good but must yield in artistic *grace* to a study from a woman seated in the ground numbered 18 which is carried out in the hard red chalk he seems to have never employed in another work.

The Japanese collection which was the first occupant of this room was of remarkable interest and when the East Room makes another acquisition *the* we must expect I suppose to find it submitted to the general approval. Until that happens the public can be invited to a more fascinating show than one like this.



THE LEANING TOWERS AT BOLOGNA
(From the Drawings by F. P. Eschsché)

ART IN ITS RELATION TO INDUSTRY

By L. ALMA TADEMA F.A.



N order to define Art in connection with Industry I think it will be best to begin by trying to find out what Art is in what is Industry.

Art is as yet an unexplained expression of the human mind. Many lofty æsthetic explanations have been given of it but none has been quite satisfactory to my mind.

Some time ago I heard a Belgian artist of great repute M. J. de Vriendt say in a speech. The soul of the artist must be the looking-glass in which the beauty of Nature is reflected. I have thought of that beautiful saying ever since, and if I add to it the motto of a dear friend of mine—As the sun colours flowers so art colours life—I begin to see somehow much clearer what Art is and what is its calling in our existence. I know it is all a question of sentiment and I know (though I suppose it is to give in a laudate description of a sentiment so that I will not try to define it in more precisely for fear of losing myself altogether.

If now we accept it as in vision that Art has to awaken in the spectator a higher sense of the beautiful we come naturally to the origin of all things to Nature. What do we see done by Nature? If for example a building falls to ruins or a landscape milks in unsightly gash Nature it once sets to work to make it beautiful again by hiding and covering with plants and flowers what had become in ugly shape formless mass. In fact she is for ever adorning everything with beauty either by colour, light and shade or sound and therefore she should teach us to be grateful for all beauty and all good. Just as by her softening influences the sharper edges of self and sorrowful remembrances are lessened so that Art helps us in the same way—who who is in trouble or in pain is always relieved and sustained by the sight of a lovely view or a beautiful work of art or by hearing a fine piece of music. My mother who suffered sadly being a great invalid for eleven years and obliged to be carried from the bed to the sofa and in 1882 often said to me. My boy if it had not been for the music I could never have borne all this.

Of course all this is Art in its highest form but as

we have not to talk about it in its highest form only and as there is in Art as in everything else no excellence without different stages we must not be astonished to find Art represented sometimes in a lesser degree and influence and it therefore cannot always be on every occasion and in everything as preponderant as I have tried to explain it is.

Industry—I read it so at least—signifies the production of arts and manufactures and as the manufacture is nothing but the execution of a subject given by Art there must exist between Art and Industry the closest possible tie and the more these two work hand in hand the better it will be for them both. So we find that by giving the direction of the manufacture of Sèvres into the hands of consummate artists the porcelain of that factory has obtained the very highest reputation and we find that when our great Elton was the artistic soul of the manufactures of the Wedgwoods they produced ware of such excellence that it is now worth its weight in gold. So long as our Art guides our Industry we need not fear any competition. Our Chippendale and Sheraton furniture is second to none—I at why should I sing our own praises when the facts are familiar to everyone?

Art and Industry are in reality inseparable. It is the greatest error to believe that the ornaments steel it stand on a bridge or a building in architecture, and that the construction is Industry or that the decoration stamped on a knife handle is Art and that the knife is the Industry. The parts that form a whole must be homogeneous and must be the outcome of one thought or one plan. So it was from the beginning and so it ought always to be. One of the first things men attempted was the making of tools and weapons. Surely it was Art that discovered the most suitable shapes. The early stone implements show us to what degree even then in the search for beauty and usefulness the two were combined. Then came the making of receptacles and utensils. In all these things form was necessary and was developed at once by means of Art and Industry. In the vessels perhaps more than in anything else it is impossible to say where Art stops and Industry begins and where the two meet. The jets had to be handled, and so handles were added or the surface was roughened by means of indentations and of additional forms which made ornaments. And then also marks were put upon them to distinguish the use made of the

different pots and the different contents which ultimately led to the most elaborate decoration. The most beautiful ever made were the Greek ones the highest in taste and the purest in form being just as beautiful with or without the paintings on them. These must have been added originally for the reasons I have already mentioned reasons to which we

most interesting to trace the constructive origin in architectural details. For example the primitive square pillar to give more room became octagonal then the sharp edges were once more chamfered and from eight faces they came to sixteen as we find in the rock cut tombs of the Twelfth Dynasty at Beni Hassan in Egypt and in a part of the



L. ALMA TADEMA R.A.

(From a Portrait by Himself the Koppelaar Collection.)

must not forget to add that omnipotent factor in Art throughout all times—I mean Religion with all its stories and allegories.

Then came the tent the house the building giving the protection required against inclemency of weather and in many cases against the enemy and when it was needed affording store room. This was the beginning of architecture in all its branches and consequently also of the industry that goes with it—such as the making of nails tools and so forth. Out of construction sprang architectural forms and it is

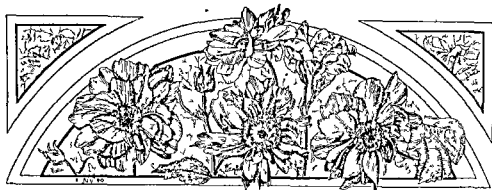
in the ruins of Karnak built under Thotmes III. This form is generally accepted as the origin of the Doric column. The numerous members of the cornices of the different orders of antique architecture show clearly that they are derived from the original forms of construction. The Ionic capital is explained from wood construction just as the Corinthian capital is the result of metal forms. One might even say that the flutings of the Corinthian column suggest that they were originally invented in order to strengthen the metal shaft with hollow

So architecture developed and became more beautiful through refinement in the study of line and proportion and reached in a way its highest point in the Parthenon at Athens. This reminds me that one day, at Tunbridge Wells while talking about Art and Industry with my friend, the late Sir William Siemens he remarked that the delicately diminishing form of the antique column was the exact form for carrying power arrived at by most modern engineering calculations. He added the remark that it was wonderful to think that the artistic eye and feeling should by intuition have arrived at the most perfect form which the engineer could have arrived at by figures. I myself believe that the constantly progressing feeling for proportion through many generations of first class architects ought to lead it list to a sense of safety and strength which is equal to calculations.

So Art has never been at a standstill directing Industry and forming for itself new laws according to the fresh wants and the expression of the Industry of the time being. The more Art worked together with Industry and tried to support the want of the time the more original it grew, and the more it developed in the right direction. It has always been more or less a reflection of the time which produced it because it gave the feeling of the time and it showed in its execution the state of development the Industry of the period had attained, and the wants of the time. At present where there is no more that unity of purpose in society, where all expressions of civilisation are laid together under contribution when to day they build Gothic and Queen Anne, and Classic, and what not in the same street, and make of a town a real sample book of the architecture of all ages we want more than ever a guide for Art and Industry. The best way to obtain this is through education. Education in Art is very difficult, and all things considered in view of the development of the Industry of this country, I think that the South Kensington schools are second to none supported as they are by a wonderfully complete museum which being part of the educational system, most liberally lends its treasures to the provincial galleries. This system of schools, so skilfully established for the last three-quarters of a century, does honour to the country, to those who founded them and to those who have since given all their power and thought the best of their abilities, and the soundest of their experience to developing the teaching. Each year the great competitions show considerable progress, the drawings for industrial purposes for decorative motives and for manufacturing designs of all kinds show at the same time how much profit is to be derived from the study in these schools.

I always look forward to visiting the annual exhibition in the South Kensington Museum of the best works produced in the schools, and I cannot too much recommend our manufacturers and industrial men to visit them also as they may find it worth their while to reproduce the work of those young artists—to develop their talents by giving them employment, and perhaps by doing so to induce our buyers one day to prefer English goods to Parisian wares. The South Kensington Art Schools are like every successful thing much attacked especially so because they do not produce picture makers and sculptors of statues but that is not their aim nor their intention. They teach from the human figure because without it then art teaching would be inferior in quality.

Sir Frederick Leighton in an admirable address delivered in Liverpool some years ago after having explained how the Greeks lived for beauty remarked with absolute truth that they surpassed all other civilisations in their art excellence because they were the only ones who made the human figure the basis of their study. When now we look at the work of the Egyptians the Babylonians, the Chinese, the Arabs, the Japanese, and of the Middle Ages, beautiful as their productions are, they cannot compare with the best of the Greek works. None of them started from the human form. Therefore it is essential for our Art Schools to keep to the study of the figure as the fountain head of all art education, and we are convinced that the further progress of industrial art in this country will prove the truth of this assertion. Besides these special schools there are other things of great influence, such as art galleries and collections of all sorts, and, moreover, lectures—those with diagrams especially. But above all a more technical education for the child and not only reading writing and arithmetic. The Fabrik System, and certain others, teach children by forms before they can read and write, and I believe they are right. The general demand for technical education of which we hear so much spoken of late, is much the same thing. The more you teach children to look for beauty around them the more they will think of it in after life. Then let us open their eyes to the beauty of Nature, and let them find joy in form and colour. It will most assuredly bear fruit, as throughout life they will be guided by taste, and Art and Industry will profit by it. And then they will improve and produce wonders as in days gone by, and the future of our country and our race will improve also, and they will thank us for not having neglected a part in the education of the young which until not so very long ago received but little attention from those who directed education in this country.



A WORD TO YOUNG ENGLISH PAINTERS

A Letter from MONSIEUR FERNAND CORNIN to the Editor of THE MAGAZINE OF ART

"MY DEAR SIR—To tell the truth I look alike the habit and the capacity of writing what is called a magazine article. But I propose to express to you my opinion on a question which we have already discussed together. The subject was the French school its influence on foreign schools and particularly on that of England or rather the services rendered by the French to the English school—services which in my opinion should have their strict limits set.

According to my view I see at the present time in the whole world but two artistic schools (I am speaking only now of the section of painting). These are the schools of France and of England. America, Sweden, Denmark, Spain, Belgium, Germany, Italy, Russia and the rest can none of them set before us at the present time the spectacle of a National school. At the most can they present but certain technical formulae and certain characteristic defects. It is not that they cannot bring into line a very gratifying number of men of talent and indeed certain remarkable personalities such as Israels in Holland, Von Uhde in Germany and several others, but save these certain personalities, all their artists are but the pupils of the French school. I am perfectly well aware that one people among them could put forward before us a series of canvases which would demonstrate a particular attitude in using the brush, that another will show us a certain unity of coloration and that yet another an extraordinary proof of research into small detail. But all that does not make a school. It is the poetic sense of a race which creates its national art, and not a certain habit of craftsmanship or of vision. Well I repeat that in my opinion *the present day* France and England alone possess that national poetic sense which endows each of them with a distinctly individual pictorial art.

"Nothing can remain stationary in this world

Everything changes and must change. A school therefore cannot stand still. It must be subject to transformation if it is to endure, and having regard to this fact I consider it an excellent thing that each of us watches his neighbour profits by his progress seeks to correct his own weaknesses, and to assimilate what may advantageously be absorbed always in the condition of never losing sight of that sincerity of feeling which is the essence of his originality.

I therefore strongly recommend English artists to come to us to learn our trade secrets, to acquire by such personal contact greater breadth in their craft greater freshness in their coloration (which is often too yellow and too rancid). But I would most earnestly implore them not to forget their national qualities—not to lose when in our midst their power of subtle and searching analysis or their sense of exquisite mystic poetry. Let them gain with us such positive qualities which perhaps they lack but let them not lose their hold through contact with us of their English poetry—poetry so deep and so sweetly thrilling.

I would furthermore every young English painter who comes to work in France—I would I can see him come firmly resolved to acquire the painter's skill with the view solely to use it for the better expression of English art. The true value of an individual member of a race as of the race itself is his individuality. In the domain of painting at the present time we English and French we are *over-selves*. Well, let us remain ourselves. Later on other races will find what I have called the pictorial formulae of their poetic feeling. America, Russia and others will have their future. But meanwhile England and France which have it seemly must guard and develop it each according to her individual genius.

Such are my general ideas on the point we have raised and they are at your disposal to make what use of them you will.



CATECHISING

(From the Pictorial by J. B. Burgess R.A. By Permission of Messrs. Henry G. Allen and Co.)

THE LEICESTER CORPORATION ART GALLERY—I

By S. J. VICCARS

AMONGST the many art galleries established in our large provincial towns of late years the one forming the subject of the present article is perhaps less known outside Leicester than others, not only intrinsically inferior to it, but that for reasons not difficult to explain. When first it was inaugurated no large donations either of money or works of art were forthcoming, and no public building solely devoted to and specially adapted for the exhibition of pictures and other works of art was available, so that the Leicester Art Gallery started on its career in 1881 in an extremely modest and unpretentious manner. The town had for many years possessed an admirable School of Art—how excellent the results obtained in the National Competition in 1890-91 and the present year show.

the school for the benefit of its students offered a donation of £500 with the view of initiating such a project under the auspices and control of the Committee of the School of Art. Several exhibitions of pictures in addition to the annual one of the art students' works had from time to time been held in this building.

Amongst others who warmly seconded the efforts of Mr. Lacy were Mr. James Orrock, F.R.S., formerly resident in the town; Mr. Wilmot Pilsbury, F.R.S., formerly Head Master of the school; and Mr. John Fulkerson, F.R.S., a native of Leicester. After numerous meetings and considerable discussion it was ultimately decided to put the matter on a broader basis by constituting a committee under the authority and leadership of the Corporation.



WIT-LUCK.

(From the *Picture Book* by T. Ford, R.A. Engraved by Professor Berthold.)

works by Henry Dawson T Baker (of Leamington) A W Williams James Webb and Wm Dufield were soon forthcoming. These supplemented by the purchase of various pictures formed the nucleus of the present collection and the wall space was filled up with loans from different collections in the town and neighbourhood.

It was not however until three years later that

permanent collection—Henry Williams Italian easels Pestig, William Hilton R.A. The Meeting of Abraham's Servant with Rebecca at the Well William Etty R.A. Study of a Man in Persian Costume B R Haydon Lunch on May Day H Singleton Marto and Theresa " J M W Turner P.A. The Gate at Venice and The Bridge of Sighs Venice



CATECHISING IN A SCOTCH SCHOOL.

(From the Painting by S. G. Hayter)

the Town Council by an Act passed in that year (the Leicester Corporation Act 1884) was empowered to increase the rate levied under the Public Library and Museums Act in support of the Art Gallery. In March 1884 the libraries and museums rate was increased from one penny to three halfpence in the pound and £400 from this source was applied annually to the support of the Art Gallery. This newly constituted building was opened to the public on the 6th of January 1885. The following loans from South Kensington which have since remained in the Gallery and are among its attractions were contributed by the Government and may now be considered to form part of the

Since its transfer to the Corporation the Art Gallery has been managed by a Committee of the Town Council assisted by six members chosen from outside the Council. These outside members who are elected annually and supposed to be specially qualified to assist in arranging and selecting works of art are designated co-optative members.

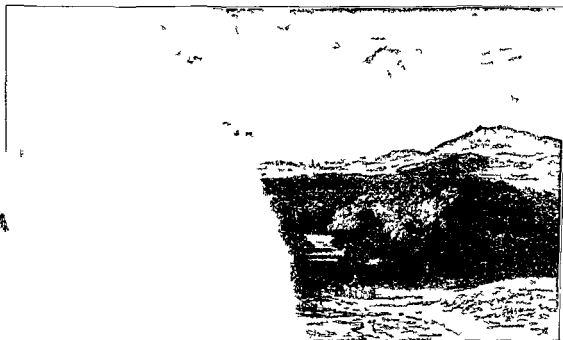
In 1885 the total number of pictures the property of the Corporation was thirty-five. This number had increased to eighty-six by the year 1891 two pictures only having been presented and fifty-one purchased. It can easily be seen however that with such limited means at command and a comparatively small annual grant the purchase



CALM OFF THE COAST OF THE ISLE OF WIGHT

(From the Point of View of the Artist)

with the Leicester Galleries it stands from lower place than right otherwise have been the
 c. 1870, the only other one of the time at a much case. The Village of the late J. I. Knight



THE MOUNTAINS

(See Preface)

up to this time of very important or expensive works of art was impossible. The Committee therefore endeavoured to secure pictures of good quality and of various schools necessarily ignoring some of the more fashionable works by modern artists the high

friend of the artist) has for its subject "Washington Irving searching for traces of Columbus in the Convent of La Rabada. It is one of Wilkie's late works painted after his Spanish visit and quite different in treatment and handling from his highly

finished earlier works such as the Blind Fiddler and Penny Wedding. Though there are only two figures in the composition the contrast of light and shade and the general effect of this low toned work are admirable and show the powerful influence of Velasquez and the other Spanish masters upon the artist.

Pot Luck. By Mr T. E. Acland. RA. Engraved on p. 13 was exhibited in the Academy in 1866 and in the artist's opinion expressed in a letter kindly granting the permission to reproduce it for illustration in this article it is about the best picture I have ever painted. The group of fowls is painted in a manner that would do credit to any animal painter of the day while the colour of the picture as a whole is particularly rich and the handling exceedingly powerful.

Mr T. B. Burgess RA one of the few living members of the Academy represented here is well to the fore with No 77.

Catechising which by the courteous consent of Messrs Henry Graves and Co. (who own the copyright) we are enabled to illustrate (p. 12). The group of girls being examined by the handsome lady is a looking post or curtain picture painted

with all the skilful technique and finish of the artist the utmost care having been bestowed upon all the accessories and details of the work which is one of the popular Academicians' happiest and brightest efforts.

A Woolly Landscape by the late William Muller painted in 1844 though not a large picture may certainly be considered both for colour composition force and truth one of the masters' finest productions and this picture alone would render the Gallery well worth a visit. The Corporation were especially fortunate in securing it Messrs Agnew and Sons who bought it for the Gallery not only charging no commission (their inviolable rule



THE VILLAGE SCHOOLMASTER.

(From the Engraving by C. W. Cooper RA.)

in 1840 a tall unexpected bequest of £7000 from the late Mr William Muller's sister and a relative of Leicester—who as far as was known had no special interest in the Art Gallery—enabled the Committee to secure some more important and highly priced works excellent examples of Sir David Wilkie. I A. William Muller Mr Thomas Eadell RA and Mr T. B. Burgess RA have included

The example by Wilkie of a currier in the collection of Sir William Knatchbull (a great patron and

friend of the artist) has for its subject "Washington Irving searching for traces of Columbus in the Convent of La Rabada. It is one of Wilkie's late works painted after his Spanish visit and quite different in treatment and handling from his highly



CALM OFF THE COAST OF THE ISLE OF WIGHT

(From the Point of View of George M. M. M.)

with the Liverpool Gallery) but abstaining from lower price than might otherwise have been the
 computing thereby obtaining the picture at a much less. The Village is illustrated by the late J. J. Knight



THE VALLEY OF THE INN MUNICH

(From the Point of View of F. J. F. J.)

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THE VILLAGE SCHOOLMASTER

(From the Portfolio by C. N. Cope R.A.)

prices then being obtained for many such (as recent sales have conclusively proved) not having been justifiable.

In 1890 a totally unexpected request of £1,000 from the late Mr William Lillings, a collector and a native of Leicester—who as far as was known had never shown any particular interest in the Art Galleries—enabled the Committee to secure some more important and higher priced works excellent examples of Sir David Wilkie R.A. William Muller Mr Thomas Faed R.A. and Mr J. P. Burgess P.A. being purchased.

The young Sir David Wilkie formerly in the collection of Sir William Knollys (a great patron and



CALM OFF THE COAST OF THE ISLE OF WIGHT

(From the Collection of Mr. J. M. D.)

with the Lakester Gill (x) 1 t ist un, from lower price than 1 olt otherwise have 1 n the
 c mp to, thich 1 un b d 1 tne at a much cas The Vill ge I ill 1 y the late J I K olt



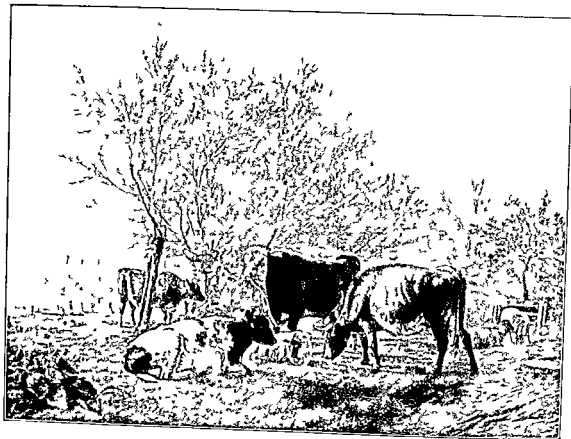
THE VALLEY OF THE INN MUNICI

(From the Collection of Mr. J. M. D.)

J.A. is a fine example of colour and shows what good work this now somewhat forgotten artist did before the more lucrative attraction of portrait painting so completely engrossed him.

The early English school has always been a favourite one with some members of the Leicester Committee as a glance round the walls will show. Almost the first important purchase made was that

productions by the latter artist. Catechising in a Scotch School is the subject and illustrates with Wilkie like fidelity the visit of the clergyman and the examination of the youngsters in the large schoolhouse. Painted in 1802 the picture remains in excellent condition and though a little perhaps somewhat darkened the colour it has only added to its richness.



LANDSCAPE WITH CATTLE

(From the Loan by T. S. Cooper Esq.)

of a large and noble work in oils by Peter DeWint the great master of water-colour. It is one of his favourite Lincoln subjects taken a short distance from the city the distant towers of the cathedral standing out impressively from the background of clear blue sky. The foreground of the work is perhaps rather dark and hardly sufficiently defined but the picture is excellently fine in colour.

Among the many disciples and followers of Sir David Wilkie perhaps Sir William Allan and Sir George Harvey both members of the Royal Scottish Academy (the former being also an English Academician) were as eminent and successful as any. The picture which is illustrated on p. 15 is perhaps one of the best known and most successful

Though Mr T. S. Cooper Esq. still exhibits annually in the Academy the small picture by his hand in the Leicester Gallery was painted fifty-seven years ago (in 1837) and is as brilliant and fresh to-day as when it left his easel. Those who have only seen his more recent works coming from the hand of a nonagenarian would scarcely imagine this golden Cypselike little Landscape with Cattle and Sheep to be from the same brush. Only one small picture (but that of exceedingly high quality) by George Morland No. 74. Calm off the Coast of the Isle of Wight illustrated on p. 17 is owned by the Leicester Corporation. It is a lovely silvery delicate little gem by that gifted but erratic genius full of light and sunshine very highly finished,

and a striking contrast to the numerous pot boilers he turned out when weakened by excesses and hurriedly importunate creditors he painted any how for the gain of a few shillings.

The Valley of the Inn Munich by Frederic Lee Brickell illustrated on p. 17 is another specimen of the earlier English school of landscape painting and is a charming specimen of the work of that accomplished artist who unfortunately died young, just when he appeared likely to attain to the highest eminence in his art. The colour is good the composition faultless and the sky painted is few except Turner could have done it.

We have come of late to decry the work of certain of our older Academicians some of whom perhaps continued painting and exhibiting when it would have been wiser to retire and to leave the field to more youthful competitors. No doubt there has been much ground for these animadversions but anyone looking at the work by the late C. W. Cope R.A. No. 7 in the Leicester collection painted in 1842 and reproduced on p. 16 cannot fail to be struck with the force and general excellence of the work. The late F. M. Ward R.A. painted a large picture for her Majesty the Queen Visiting the Tomb of Napoleon I and was allowed by her Majesty's permission to paint a relief for Mr. Holtz which is now in the Leicester collection. The following extract from a letter written at the time to the purchaser by the artist is interesting,

as describing the work — The original was painted by me for her Majesty together with the companion Napoleon III receiving the Order of the Garter from Queen Victoria and both are in Buckingham Palace in a room illustrative of the alliance of France and England during the Crimean War. I was not myself present at the scene represented in your picture but it was minutely described to me by the Queen the late Prince Consort and the Princess Royal immediately after its occurrence and I made two journeys to Paris purposely to make studies of the background and the French individuals present with the exception of the Emperor who afterwards set to me at Ostorne when on a visit to her Majesty.

The Gallery possesses also one of the best and most important works by Mrs. F. M. Ward the wife of the late F. M. Ward entitled "The Potter" exhibited in the Royal Academy in 1866 and engraved in the *Art Journal* in 1868. It represents a well known episode in the life of the celebrated ceramic artist and is one of the most popular pictures in the Gallery. Among other notable works by deceased artists of the English school are good examples of W. Duffield Slater F.W.S. Odor R.A. J.C. Hobbs P. Prudard P. J. de Laetle m. J. Dobby A. A. Henry Bright and David Roberts R.A. I purpose in another article to refer to the more modern oil paintings and the small but choice collection of drawings.

THE RETURN

PAINTED BY MARCUS STONE, R.A.

IT is one of the characteristics of Mr. Marcus Stone that to his sad yet humorous or tender he never fails to attach exactly that impression upon the general public he intended when he first conceived his composition. When *The Return* was exhibited at the Royal Academy two years ago it attracted the full share of popular attention which is invariably the reward of Mr. Stone's work. It gladdened the great mass of the public when it is the artist's delight to please with his graceful scenes of lovers' loves—their quarrels and reconciliations their woes and jealousies their joys and disappointments. Mr. Stone's little dramas are always delicately imagined. High comedy is in them but never tragedy, emotion but never passion. I should and grateful—as becomes the petty costume period which the painter most affects (in the trial during the powder period)—their story gently forces its life on the mind of the spectator without on the one hand impelling him to sudden laughter

or on the other startling him with any approach to violence. Of Mr. Stone's lighter mood *The Return* is a good example. My own view of the story he writes is thus: the beloved one has been absent for a weary length of time in circumstances unexpectedly to him his len mournfully thinking of him in the all too passing place. As in all the pictures of Mr. Marcus Stone the story is clearly laid upon the canvas and is intelligible to every beholder.

Mr. Stone has now for some years painted in practically the same key and the same tone of amiable sentiment his private life. But it must be remembered that in truth he is an artist of wide range who, if his pencil had done much admirable work before the black and white illustration of Dickens and the painter of many a vigorous historical piece executed in strong colour sought in the Empire period and in a pleasantly amorous strain the medium of his artistic message to the people.

ORIGINALITY IN PEN-DRAWING AND DESIGN

By HARRY FURNISS



NOTHING is more difficult for one who lives simply by the tawdry art of caricature than to give practical and serious advice upon matters of art. It might naturally be supposed that I could write more easily upon almost any other branch of art than that of design. However all art students may be said to row in the same boat no matter with what special branch of art they may afterwards identify themselves and I will therefore content myself with the thought that should any of my readers acquire but a few practical hints from the remarks I am about to make I shall be amply repaid for lying down my cap and bells and tilting up the pen of the critic.

Now I am very frequently applied to for advice by students as to the best methods to be pursued in drawing and design. Fond parents and guardians send the albums of budding young artists to be criticised accompanied by an appeal such as this—

"I take the liberty of sending you original drawings by a young man (or young woman as the case may be) which I venture to think show promise of no mean order. You will see that he is original and that his designs show great spirit. Will you kindly let me know by return whether there is an opening in the Royal Academy, and send me a list of publishers in need of such work?"

The letters I receive of this description are innumerable and although in replying to them I could do so in two lines or two pages according to the time at my disposal I could sum up everything I have to say in the two words—"Study Nature." The designer I care not whether he designs for a beautiful manufacture or for the illustrations in a comic paper must go to Nature for practice. Nature is an inexhaustible storehouse for the artist. In her he finds everything. But *what* to look for, *where* to look and *how* to look are questions that no one can answer for him but himself. All that he must find out for himself. Begin then by drawing from Nature. Even a leaf drawn from Nature is worth all the plaster casts in the art school. Even a foot is far better studied from Nature than by standing before a huge antique for weeks without varying light and shade. Facility in drawing and design will never be reached until Nature is studied and the most facile artists, like those whose work looks so rapid to the careless observer—artists like Turner in painting and Charles Keene in drawing—have

learned the most persistent students from Nature. Of such enormous importance is this golden rule.

Study Nature to an art student that, having given vent to it I might for all the practical good which my further remarks will do you in comparison with it lay down my pen. But the mention of the term Facility in Art reminds me of other topics upon which I have to touch. I prefer in this article to confine my remarks to the subjects about which I may be supposed to know most and would like to say something about Drawing and Design.

It is of no use for me to deal with colour and I shall leave that to others who have had more practice in that department than I have. Indeed it would be presumptuous on my part to suppose that I am an artist at all. Of that fact I was forcibly reminded not long ago by one of my own little boys aged not more than seven. Some visitors were making an afternoon call and cross examined young hopeful as to his future career in life.

"I suppose you are going to be an artist like your father?"

My father isn't an artist. He's only a black and white man. I'm going to be an artist in all colours!

That settles my position. But I may be permitted to say that colour after all is a matter of fancy, whereas drawing is a matter of fact. For supposing that you give several different painters the same subject for a picture one paints it in a yellow key another in a red another blue and another black. What can you say? They are all right from their respective points of view. Giotto when asked to send the Pope a specimen of his work for competition at Rome, snappily took up his charcoal and drew a circle which shows that facility with the pencil marks the master more than the mere drub of the brush. But with drawing it is a very different matter, for one artist cannot draw a figure seven heads high and another make it seventeen. Colour is according to a man's fancy and when that fancy is beautiful as in the case of Gainsborough we pardon the swan necks the twisted limbs and the sweetness of form long drawn out which are to be found in his charming portraits.

I fear it cannot be denied that as a nation we are weak both in drawing and design. From the nursery to the studio the general desire is to paint

before we can draw. I know that some artists believe that an infant should be taught to wield the brush almost before he can shake a rattle and in their enthusiasm for budding talent glory in withholding the infant prodigy smear a blank canvas giving even his experiments in colour upon the wall and furniture around. And thus mistaken they too much encouraged in our art schools so that often when a student thinks he can paint and is sent to Paris to acquire the knack of facility he finds to his horror that he is put back to the very rudiments of art and that he has to be taught how to draw. For my own part I think a student would do well to learn thoroughly how to draw before he touches a brush.

My of course draw with a brush if he likes so as to become familiar with the handling of it but draw he must before he can paint. If you have colour in your soul it is bound to come out when you arrive at the paint box, but I believe that unless you have colour in mind you can never be taught it. A

beautifully drawn picture which is laid in colour is in my opinion preferable to one which is vividly drawn and depends for its effect solely upon its colour. A writer may hit on a beautiful theme for his book yet should the grammar and construction be faulty the work is unreadable and the picture of an artist who cannot draw is just as bad. I think it is sheer nonsense to say that everyone can be taught how to draw. It might be said with equal reason that everyone can be taught music. Personally I have never been taught drawing and what little I know about it I have picked up myself but in music I have had lessons without number and now at the present time I do it myself so well I might as play "God save the Queen" on the piano.

It is not merely that all children cannot be taught drawing but that some so-called artists even seem to be unable to acquire the art. It is the fresh, nowadays for certain painters to succeed at what they are pleased to call a fatal facility with the pencil but they forget that it was not until the rule of illustration demonstrated how much use the pencil could be put to if that artists of the English school began to show any perceptible improvement in drawing.

It is not too much to say that certain artists who are now members of the self-constituted body of architects, painters and engravers whom I would call the Burlington Club but who are generally known as the Royal Academy have not only no fatal facility with their pencils but are in truth lacking in the elementary principles of drawing. This was brought home to them when owing to the depression in the interests of art suffered and artists in general had little work to do. Then the man of that Art Institution who will not recognise black and white as a complete art of



HARRY FURNISS

(From a photograph by John Russell, 1895)

forced drawings that publishers only to discover the sad truth that they knew not how to draw and that their work was not good enough to sell black and white. But the rise of illustrated journalism has done much to alter this state of things and every day we are being educated in spite of ourselves by means of the really fine drawings which are appearing in our illustrated papers and magazines. This is having an enormous influence upon the rising generation of artists. Our fathers had only a few—a very few—illustrated books in which the illustrations were generally of the poorest and most conventional kind whilst the pictorial embellishments in the few illustrated periodicals were of the most inferior description. But now it is difficult to take up even the cheapest

illustrated paper without finding some beautifully drawn picture. In fact the flood of illustrated literature of all kinds which deluges our nurseries, play rooms, and drawing rooms constitutes an art education in itself for there is no denying the fact that the English illustrated papers surpass those of any other country in the world providing work and remuneration for a body of first rate artists the rapidly increasing number of whom is amazing.

At the beginning of the Victorian era it was at its very lowest ebb. The young lady students of the period were copying those impossible lithographed heads which formed the stool in trade of the drawing master or those fashion plate Venuses whose necks recited the proportions of the giraffe with the eyeslashes of a wax doll and fingers that tapered off like the point of a pencil. These sirens of the drawing board were invariably smelling roses or kissing a mirror and always had a weak ness for pearls. They used to be drawn upon tinted paper and when the faces had been duly smeared over with the stamp to suggest shadow and after the drawing master had endowed the work with artistic merit by the application of white chalk to the high lights the pearls the enameled eyes and the pathetic tear drops upon the dimpled faces the immortal productions were ready for framing. The griffin or swan-necked angel was the fete note for all ideal work and even the recognized artists of those days—with one or two brilliant exceptions—followed in her train.

In the art of designing for manufactures the public taste was equally vile and distorted, and to this day it is suffering from much the same cause. The root of the mischief is deeper than at first you might imagine. It has origin in the habits and customs, the ideas and modes of thought of the people and especially of their leaders. What Thackeray did for society by writing *The Book of Snobs* it remains for the wit critics and satirists of to-day to do for art. It did not indeed require a Thackeray to show us that snobbery is one of our national shortcomings, but it did require the keen edge of his mysterious satire to deal it a cut which it would feel. The smile however was scotched not killed. It was only a few years ago that because a popular princess unfortunately sprained her ankle the Alexandra Hospital threatened to become a national characteristic and I verily believe that were another princess to take it into her head to jump instead of walk the whole of English society would soon come to an untimely end by jumping itself out of existence. We have perhaps no right to quarrel with the taste of others but in the case of those who give the lead in the case of the highest in the land, must I venture to say with all loyalty and

respect that English art is still suffering from the too conservative spirit of the patronage extended to it, and I may be pardoned for noting the fact that the crimson curtains and huge flowered carpets that we still sometimes encounter in out of the way places positively continue to be turned out of the loom for the royal palaces to-day. It should be remembered that although snobbliness exists in other countries also yet we are not so clever at concealing the skeleton as are some foreign nations and that when royalty exhibits a preference for foreign artists snobblism will follow suit *en masse*, and rushing to the studio of the stylish insider, shower gold upon him for the lead art upon his case! It was ever thus and so long as fashion neglects our native artists so long will the national talent for design remain dormant.

Now we are all expecting great things from technical education and I only hope we shall not be disappointed. Some years ago I had the great advantage of accompanying the Royal Commission on Technical Instruction upon one of its journey-abroad. All credit is due no doubt to the gentlemen who gave up their time and money in order to travel in search of knowledge which might benefit the scheme for technical instruction for I may mention that all the Government gave them was an eighteen penny writing desk and the price of a room at each hotel they visited wherein to note it. Lookers on are popularly supposed to see most of the game and judging by what I saw upon that journey in foreign parts and now that the *Luge Blue Book* which was the result of the labours of those gentlemen is duly shelved—or it may be that it is propping up some wretched piece of foreign furniture in their studies—and now that the honours of the expedition have been divided and we are awaiting the result I may frankly admit that it is my opinion that the worthy members of that Royal Commission were sadly humbugged.

In the first place the foreign technical schools which they visited were aware I forehand that the Commission was coming. Now, why we never catch Guy Fawkes under the Houses of Parliament when the cellars are searched at the opening of the session is because when the Yeomen of the Guard arrive upon their mission they find the policemen and officials whom they encounter at every turn know beforehand that they were coming. That is why they find the basement nicely whitewashed and duly carpeted for their visit and I have seen them go through the solemn farce of making a search for Guy Fawkes Peewee under circumstances such as these. In like fashion I could detect plainly that these technical schools abroad which I visited had been specially prepared for the visitors. The work which

was being done in them was being done by ordinary workmen, and as for schoolboys, indeed! the youths who were on show in the foreign technical schools were simply full-blown workmen—very full-blown after the prodigious way they worked for a moment or two after we pised round. In a word I soon detected a want of genuine purpose or regard for success among them, and saw that they were simply acting a part. Indeed it was admitted I think, that some of them were duly qualified workmen, and that they were there because without them the so-called schools would have been unable to number sufficient students to qualify for the Government grant. The majority of the establishments I saw were merely trade shops and not schools at all. Whilst at Arco in the north of Italy there was one where they were doing a brisk trade in olive-wood paperweights with "Mount of Olives" prettily inscribed upon them. These, we were told, were regularly shipped to Jerusalem where they were eagerly bought up by the tourists and highly prized as mementoes of the Holy Land.

We cannot, however, shut our eyes to the fact that we are not a nation of artists nor are we likely to improve in this respect until we give up striving to copy the tricks and traits of other nations. What could be more absurd than to see a stout bulky Englishman attired in evening dress and conspicuous in white gloves and a very tall hat walking from church with his bride got up in white satin and a veil or dincing along a high street, followed by a party of friends in similar apparel? Yet, in France, such a sight as this strikes one as being not only rational, but even picturesque, and the manner, the *chic*, and the *goût* of our neighbours across the Channel, redeem it from any appearance of absurdity. Now it would be just as absurd for an English artist to paint a stout lady of some thirty summers reclining on the slender branch of a tree, as Oplicht, as for an English designer to try and imitate the artificial although wonderfully ingenious designs of the French workmen. It is simply not our nature. We must, therefore, make the most of what is in us and besides encouraging originality in art to foster a love for it.

There is a great deal of nonsense talked about art I know, and a great deal of rubbish is passed off as genuine work. Of course, if the student has only to please his or her parents or guardians or uncles and aunts a poor copy of a poor subject provided it has a great deal of rich mounting and elaborate framing will no doubt, pass muster. But it is only when the work has to be regarded from a commercial point of view that the hall-mark of success is branded upon it honestly. I

daresay people sometimes wonder why so many bad pictures are painted and what becomes of them subsequently. It is because the typical picture-gallery *bourgeois*, with *nothing to do and more money than brains* will buy up any duds that strikes his undirected eye. But no business man will buy a picture with an eye to reselling unless he sees sufficient merit in it to justify the outlay of his capital and no manufacturer will buy a design unless he feels that it is good enough to warrant the cost of manufacture. It is the same with us who are artists in black and white. We also are commercially valued. We are employed to fill so many pages of a newspaper or magazine at so much a page according to our particular price in the market and we know therefore, that our publishers would not employ us as they do if we did not bring them profit. It is for this reason that we indulge in a feeling of independence that is simply delicious. I believe I would rather starve than have recourse to the framing and trickery to which certain painters have to descend in order to sell their pictures. Indeed I should have a sleepless night were I to feel that I had ever induced anyone to become the purchaser of a work of mine against his will. That is one reason and perhaps not the least why I remain a black and white artist. And what too becomes of half the pictures that are painted? It must be evident to anyone who looks at the contents of a railway bookstall or booksellers shop that the artists in black and white have no necessity to palm off their works on their too good-natured friends who, I may add, generally relegate these precious works of art to the butlers pantry or the housekeepers' boiler, unless indeed they go straight to the cellar.

Now I have dwelt upon this subject in order to encourage students in the study of drawing for there is an immense field and a growing demand for good draughtsmen and provided they have any originality an income awaits them equal to that resulting from the successful pursuit of any other profession but one—the legal.

But I should like to say a little more about design. In our country in our proposed copyright note in all church dues and stamps in a word in everything *natural* the highest price ought to be paid for the most original designs and there ought to be open competition. The fatal consequence of selecting an artist for work of this kind by favour instead of merit are obvious in that awful jingles concert which so offended the artistic eye of the Lord Chancellor that he pronounced the artist to be not only artistically but also commercially a disgrace to the country.

Yet that conscientious painter, Mr. H. Ham

Hunt writing *apropos* of the art of drawing has remarked that Armstrong actually wasted his life as a goldsmith's designer. What does Mr Hunt mean by that? I have a personal interest in this matter because as a boy it was my greatest ambition to be a goldsmith's designer. Mr Hunt in decrying the flashy commercial side of art and pleading with his usual high intelligence for art inspired by love does not surely mean that a designer is kept in the studio of a goldsmith? Why then is the very place to develop any latent talent he possesses?

The name of another young artist a sculptor and one of the few geniuses we have in the English art world occurs to my mind. I mean Mr Alfred Gallert. He begins where Mr Armstrong left off and means who has seen specimens of his splendid handwork in metal anyone who has seen the wonderful chain which he exhibited at the Academy a few years ago and the Guards' memorial gift to the Queen on the occasion of her jubilee must acknowledge that if we had more Gallerts we should have little to fear from other countries in the art of design and that our home manufactures would quickly lead the fashion in a way which would be unopposed by those of any other country in the world. Why then is Mr Gallert not more frequently applied to when the services of a special genius for design are required? I must say again that here we have another flagrant instance of inefficiency and patronage and the spurns that patient in art of the unworthy takes.

Now there is no denying the fact that we owe a great deal of improvement in colour and design in dress and art surroundings and also I suppose to the exquisite fabric of lace to the late æsthetic craze. That by the way was a wave of artistic feeling which was supposed to have originated in the brain of Mr Oscar Wilde and it was caricatured by Du Maurier and parodied by *Bismond*. My two *Punch* friends however only laugh at that with no hope of curls to make capital out of it although it certainly drew attention to the curtains and flowered carpets to bedcovers and papers and inlaid fashion plate designs in dress. Then we

were afflicted with another form of artistic dementia. This time it was dramatic, and the wispy wispy but highly amusing drawing room comedy was assailed by its ardent worshippers who hoped and still hope to supplant it by the un-savoury dramas of the Norwegian writer. But this craze will also be killed by a touch of ridicule although no doubt it will not be without its good effects in infusing new blood into the drama. And it is to this same striving after some new thing which was the special characteristic of the Athenians of old that we must also look for the new developments in our art schools. I would therefore impress upon the students of design as well as of imaginative art that they should aim as much as possible at originality. Whether in books or plays pictures or prints no sooner is a subject a success than a host of imitators follow in the same groove. An artist for instance paints a picture of a lady standing by a sign post to bury. It becomes the popular picture of the season. It runs the usual course is engraved photographed and given away coloured with Christmas numbers. Forthwith a whole shoal of artists paint nothing but donkeys braying at sign posts. In literature we have Dickens and Lewis Carroll copied *ad nan am*. It is the same upon the stage. Originality, therefore is what we must all strive for. All cry out for something new but that something must be good. After a student has digested the best works of the masters in the particular branch of art he intends to pursue he should search his own brain and try if possible to outdo them. He must be an inventor, and not a mere copyist. I think it is that lack of originality that lack of self confidence in ourselves that is the cause of our allowing foreign countries to show us the way which we but follow. Your English miniature goes to France for his designs just as does your English dramatist. Both being over the new ideas of the foreigners and dish them up afresh for the English market. That is neither plucky nor honest and until our students feel that it is degrading to us as a nation we shall never cease to be the midwives of art.



Hail, soft November, though thy pale
 Sad smile rebuke the words that hail
 Thy sorrow with no sorrowing words
 Or gratulate thy grief with song
 Less bitter than the winds that wrong
 Thy withering woodlands, where the birds
 Keep hardly heart to sing or see
 How fair thy faint wan face may be.



NOVEMBER.

(Poem by American Charles Swainson. Edited by M. E. P. Bolton.)

of the successful competitors which show great promise and may be taken as a fair result of the method of training adopted at the school.

The subject given to the students of painting for interpretation (Job and his friends) was one which called for the utmost skill of the artist in composition and sentiment. But although seemingly difficult at first sight it appears more simple when it is noticed that the moment to be represented is when Job vindicated by his friends' expressions by his words and attitude his absolute faith in the God who is thus trying him. The programme repeated the verses of the Bible when Job in the depth of his wretchedness reduced to poverty even by stress and insulted by his friends in spite of all still remains trustful in his faith in the Almighty, trusting forth in eloquent terms of the God who having once endowed him with happiness and riches now chooses to overwhelm him with the utmost woe.

Amongst the pictures sent in only two or three seem well deserving of notice. That of M. Lavergne was awarded the *Grand Prix* by the Art Jury. His picture possesses good coloring qualities and contains more delicate sentiment than any of the other paintings. It is evident that the young painter has conscientiously endeavored to treat the subject simply and broadly. M. Lavergne carried off the second prize in last year's competition.

The work of M. Mitcey, which gained the second prize although containing less sentiment than that of the *Grand Prix* is nevertheless treated very intelligently and with a certain amount of dramatic accent. Job is represented crouched in a corner of a stable his eyes closed as if to hide from himself his own wretchedness. His three friends standing in the doorway cast looks of horror at their unhappy companion whilst one of them with a perfectly natural gesture before the pathetic state of Job holds his nose with the fumes of his gown.

There is no doubt that the subject was not an easy one to treat properly. In nearly all the pictures the young painters seemed to have deviated the task of representing the horrible state and suffering of Job and displayed their inability to show the expression of sublime submission and faith which should contrast with the idea of such utter misery.

The subject given to the sculptors was the expulsion of Adam from Paradise or in the words of the school programmes "Adam driven from the terrestrial Paradise is condemned to labour the earth which produces but weeds and thorns according to the words of Ecclesiastes: 'Thou shalt earn thy bread by the sweat of thy brow.' The first prize was carried



ADAM

(The artist, M. Lavergne, awarded the Grand Prix.)

It is M. Lavergne, a young sculptor who like the successful artist in the painting competition won the second prize of last year. His figure of Adam is greatly superior to those of any of the other competitors. He represents Adam resting and content from his work in order to push away the sweat with which his brow is wet. His right arm tired after his hard work rests on the rough implement with which he has been tilling the soil. His body bent under the weight of overpowering weariness and the legs swollen by excessive labour seem

THE "PRIX DE ROME" AT THE ECOLE DES BEAUX ARTS, PARIS

BY A. A. PALMINIER.

THE annual *concours* of the *Prix de Rome* at the Ecole des Beaux Arts Paris has recently taken place and Parisian lovers of art have enjoyed the opportunity of admiring or criticising the different works of painting sculpture and

the student must follow as nearly as possible from his preliminary sketches any great deviation from which may possibly put him out of the running. The finished work is then exhibited in one of the school galleries and the Art Jury composed



JOB AND HIS FRIENDS

(From the *Ensemble* by M. Lavery in. *Journal of the Grand Prix de Rome*)

architecture sent in by the competing students and exhibited in the galleries of the school. This event is now looked forward to by the students who are fortunate in each branch of art. A certain number who have obtained the requisite proportion of points and medals for the years work in the different studios belonging to the school are all wed to enter for the preliminary contest, the result of the contest being that ten of the students in each section of art who satisfy the Art Jury by their preliminary sketches are permitted to compete in the deciding *concours*. A certain amount of time is given for the completion of the life size painting or sculpture or the drawing and modelling to a large scale of the architectural design the title of which

of painters sculptors &c decide to which of the ten competitors should be awarded the *Prix* first second and third prizes being given. The winner of the first *Prix de Rome* carries off the scholarship which affords him a three years study at Rome, and he is expected each year to send to the school for exhibition the work resulting from his studies at the Villa Medici. The *Grand Prix de Rome* is certainly an honour worth winning and in our several years of serious study combined with natural talent in the schools.

The work this year does not appear on the whole to have attained the standard of that generally done for this *concours*. But still a number of very good points may be observed in the work

of the successful competitors which show great promise, and may be taken as a fair result of the method of training adopted at the school.

The subject given to the students of painting for interpretation ("Job and his Friends") was one which called for the utmost skill of the artist in composition and sentiment, but although seemingly difficult at first sight, it appears more simple when it is noticed that the moment to be represented is when Job visited by his friends, expresses by his words and attitude his absolute faith in the God who is thus trying him. The programme repeated the verses of the Bible when Job in the depth of his wretchedness reduced to poverty utterly sore, and insulted by his friends in spite of all still remains trustful in his faith in the Almighty, bursting forth in eloquent terms of the God who having once endowed him with happiness and riches, now chooses to overwhelm him with the utmost woe.

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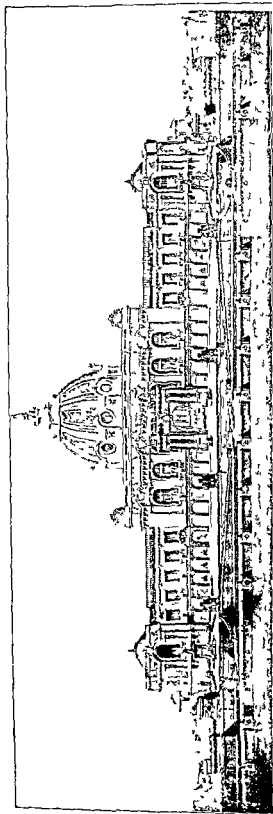
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ADAM

(From the Statue by M. Laverne. Awarded the Grand Prix de Rome.)

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A MUSEUM OF ARTILLERY

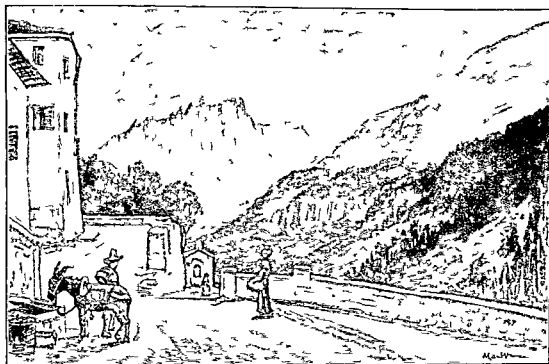
(From the Design by M. B. H. e. A. m. del. l'Es. C. a. d. F. x. de. P. e. e.)

almost to give way. The idea is excellently treated and the figure well modelled, the freshness of execution and the happy interpretation of the idea won for the young sculptor the highest prize of the Jury.

The sculptors who gained the second and third prizes have given quite another idea of the outcast Adam. That of M. Clausade, which gained the second prize, unlike the Adam of the winner of the *Grand Prix* seemingly resigned to the hard will of the Almighty is apparently more overwhelmed by his sin and regret for his fault as he compares his present woe to the calm joys of the lost Paradise. In a sitting posture the head leaning against the breast the torture of his soul and deep regret is plainly and beautifully expressed in the downturned face and gesture of the arm.

The Architecture *Prix* although attractive in a less degree to the general art public is nevertheless interesting as showing the system of teaching in the French Art School. The subject for competition was A Museum of Artillery to be erected in the capital of a large state. It should, said the programme, be designed in a severe style and have a monumental aspect. In front of the building was to be a kind of dock to contain the floating museum of naval war engines, and a vast gallery leading to a monumental staircase should together with the exhibition rooms occupy the ground floor. The staircase was to give access to the upper story set aside for military trophies and arms of war of all nations, repairing workshops, dwelling- and library complete the plan. Whether the subject was too difficult in itself, or whether the competing students found the task of representing a style of architecture suitable to such a museum not an easy one it appears that the severe style asked for by the programme was utterly set aside. The usual *pompierism* of the school appears in this case to have given way to ideas worthy of the splendour of the ancient Roman palaces, gaily casinos, or even reminiscences of the plaster palaces of the last Paris Exhibition.

The design which seemed to combine more simplicity and calm is that of M. Berton which is reproduced on this page. Before his drawings the somewhat astonished eyes of the Jury found repose, so the plan being well arranged, and the style of architecture well composed and dealt with to him was awarded the *Grand Prix*. Though some of the other designs contained some good points in style and treatment the competitive work as a whole was far below the average.



IN PIEVE DI CADORE, LOOKING TO MONTE Corno

(Drawn by J. H. C. B. H. A. I. P. A. I. joined by M. L. W.)

TITIAN'S SUMMER PILGRIMAGE

BY LEADEL SCOTT

THE old painter was lying in his house by the waterside in Venice the weight of eighty-eight years bowed his shoulders and as he sat nursing in his garden in summer evenings the memories of things that had van had were more potent than the joys which were left. His gaze turned northward where far far away peaked Antioch shot its spires up into the sky like a white phantom above the mists of the Caucasus and the glimmering points seemed fingers beckoning him back to the home of his youth. Year after year had he answered then call and though they were more than eighty miles away—as many miles as he counted years—he sturdily old man that he was rose again to go toward them in the summer of 1660. We will follow in spirit the course of his pilgrimage.

In his own black gonkeli he is carried to the mainland with his attendants luggage and painting paraphernalia. At Mestre they take the road Titian is mounted on a richly hooded Spanish mule for he is now a person of rank and honour and holds State offices in Venice and his followers—with perhaps his son Orazio among them—are on

in a plainly saddle led while a train of sumpter mule and mules laden with food and painting paraphernalia and baggage followed in the rear. The first night the halting place is Treviso and here when the great artist has eaten and rested he strolls into the church and glances at the Annunciation a work of his earlier days. He smiles over the faulty drawing and knows that he looking ahead at eighty-eight years can paint a more celestial angel than that rustic-looking being.

Next day he finds the Piave which in this summer season is a broad expanse of pebbles with a narrow thread of water winding along the dusty road through fetid vines and brambles. He size he comes where the pilgrim stands on its low hill with the evening sunlight ruddy on its dusky houses. At last the wide verdant plain is reached and he sees the high fabled Cones of the crowning the first hill hit. The old painter looks wistfully at those towers and shakes his head regretfully for had not the Pope once offered Castle and Island to his own son Pomponio who had not been worthy to accept them?

But a little further on brighter thoughts come, for here is Serravalle, where his dear daughter Lavinia and her husband, Corrado Sarenelli, are waiting to welcome him. A little higher on the hill of Manzù is one of Titian's own villas, which he might be said to have built with his brush, for he had some score of years before painted a picture for the church of Castel Borghese, and the inhabitants, having no cash wherewith to pay him, persuaded to supply stones and workmen for eight years to build him a house. He chose the site well; it stands on the crest of the hill, overlooking the vast plain where the verdime shades off to a purple haze and the white villages with their tall towers, seem like flowers dotted about in a vast field.

This low rolling horizon is one of Titian's favourite backgrounds for it appears in several of his pictures—sometimes glorious in yellow or rosy light, sometimes dark and purple under a line of clouds. One instance of this may be seen in the *Saviour and Mary Magdalen* of the National Gallery. Turning the other way he can study woodland and mountain effects, for here the wavy lines of hill are broken by crags or emphasised by bustling fortress towers over which the clouds throw shadows and the mists cast softening veils.

The late Mr Gilbert in 'Titian's Country' has given the Madonna and St Catharine in the National Gallery as a reminiscence of this scene, and the upright landscape in Buckingham Palace as a study in rolling clouds which blot out all the Mauri range, except one fair point rising black against the orange light.

Between this villa and his daughter's house at Serravalle the painter possibly lingers a day or two. The towers of Serravalle rise at the very entrance to the mysterious region of dolomite mountains which, however, were not called dolomites in Titian's days. Here, too, he has reminiscences for in the church hangs that Madonna ordered by the Serravallians in 1542 and over which there were six years of litigation owing to Titian demanding extra pay for having painted a St Peter instead of St Vincent. Saints have a commercial tariff it appears.

When he leaves his daughter's house, she probably stands to watch the cavalcade on its way up the gorge past the eerie Lago Monto to the precipitous pass beyond which the painter's eyes rest on a more smiling valley, where Lake Posagno gleams brightly in the midst with distant white limestone peaks reflected in it. On his left lies the great forest of the *Consiglio* which supplied Venetian galleys with their masts and oars and which has also supplied Titian himself with an inspiration for the scenery in *St Peter Martyr* and his *St Jerome* at the *Piera*.

He crosses the Piave again on the bridge called *Capo di Ponte*, over which Maximilian had within Titian's recollection, led his army. Here the mules, turning away from the fertile 'Valle di Mel' take the rough stony path up the mountain where the torrent of Vajont pours itself out from a dark inaccessible cleft. The precipitous pass leads by the mouth of a dim dark cave, the memory of which has once or twice served the painter as a setting for his ascetic saints, and it winds up past quiet villages whose rough huts cling to the very face of rugged and lofty cliffs. It is a savage dale indeed with the Piave rushing and roaring in the rocky depths where half naked raftsmen wading long poles guide their narrow rafts round the perilous turns with hoarse screams. Arrived at the top Titian huts his horse for here he obtains the first view of his favourite mountain the *Monte di S. Antonio* the first bit of a cone to greet him on his homeward way and the last he takes leave of.

Here are the two crazy peaks like twin giants standing tall amid the many jagged forms surrounding them. How often has he seen these peaks—sometimes appearing like molten gold above the purple mists, sometimes frowning and black beneath the lowering clouds, and how often has he sketched or painted them under different aspects.

At Longrone, on the next day's journey, the scenery becomes grand, and he ascends an awful gorge where his mule finds a tortuous path winding about the faces of tremendous cliffs of yellow, white, and grey dolomite, and the torrent runs hourly in the depths. Up and up passes the little cavalcade till it reaches Penarolo whose rough houses fill the gap. Here behind the houses in the cleft between the two hills, the painter's eyes fall on a sight which strikes him exclaiming with joy. There shoot up the whitish peaks and summits of mighty Antelao all wreathed with gorgeous clouds—those peaks which have called him from Venice perhaps for the first time. From here he makes a westward turn, and soon descends other mountain peaks and even Monte Cristallo's glaciers gleam far away beyond the Auronzo range, and next a little cluster of white houses on a hill.

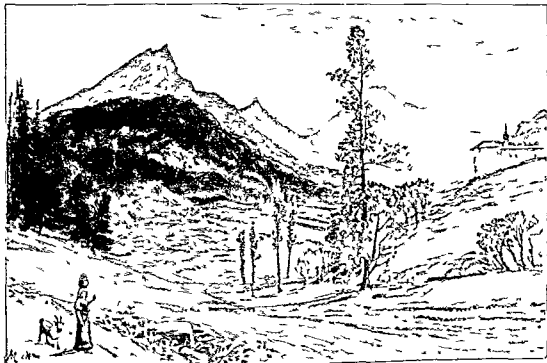
Titian's pilgrimage is almost over. Cudore is in sight and the very first house on this side is his own old home. As he draws near, he sees the various levels of its red roofs for the house is built of different portions, and there is the old fountain with his nurse father, St Trizano, standing in the midst in stonied effigy, just as he saw it when a boy.

* Massena crossed it with his besieging soldiers two centuries later and the more modern Austrian invaders destroyed it in 1866.

How many memories crowd into the old man's mind as he draws near. He remembers the familiar face of his mother whose portrait he has left in Venice and who in many a past summer pilgrimage has been the first to greet him. Mother and father are both gone and even brother Francesco has died aged and infirm five years before. But there are nephews and nieces and grandnephews and grandnieces to greet him, and the old painter can sit in his carved chair and tell the younger ones of all his visits to the old home told but so they were born. He can tell how when he was a child he used to run about among the flowers and try to match their juices to the glorious colors on the Venetian

score years since she came to Venice to be a mother to his children. How well he remembers that summer pilgrimage in 1500 when he brought these motherless children across the mountains with a heavy and beloved soul and good Orsola had taken them to her heart.

Titian's only consolation at that time had been his brush. He painted a good deal during that melancholy visit. The St. John in the Padua Chapel of the was finished at this time and so was the processional banner in which he painted three children representing the Most Holy Trinity, emblem of his own three little ones who in their way had been. The same year he painted



VIEW OF M. TITIAN'S HOUSE, CAIRO.
(Drawn by J. MacWhorter, C.F.A. Engraved by H. Dorn.)

mountains, but flowers were not very effective points and he soon gave over such artistic attempts for the more boisterous pursuits of snaring birds and climbing trees. Then he can speak to them of less futile attempts at art when at eleven years he frescoed a Madonna and Child with a young St. John kneeling beside her on the wall of his grandfather's house close by and how soon after that he went over the mountains for the first time to learn painting under a better master than himself (Zuccato) and how sorry his five little sister Orsola was to part from him—that Orsola who had now been his devoted companion for nearly two

altair pictures for churches in the villages of Canale d'Alba and Vico on Monte Carmine.

He can tell them of his visit in 1519 when he painted the arabesques on the ceiling in Cosmo's Titian's house and how on the return journey by the out skirt of the woods of Cornigliano and the sketch for his famous picture of "St. John in the Wilderness."

Then in 1520 there was a winter journey round the other side of the Tiber when he was employed in the church of San Andrea and himself by painting

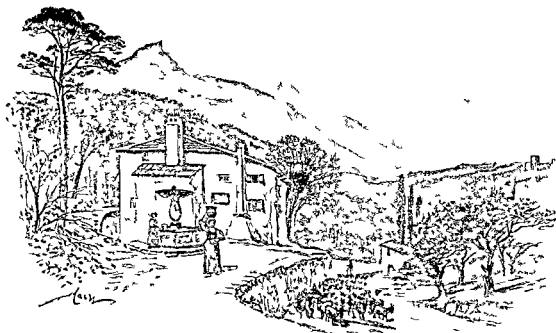
* It is a faithful copy of this painting as in a private collection. It is not known where the original is to be found.

a gruesome fresco on the walls of his host's room representing Death with his Scythe and when in the pauses of his work he gazed from the window the mighty bulk of the Colmo rose just opposite in its full majesty, sometimes ghostly white and blue in the cool moonlight sometimes in a blaze of red wreathed with tinted mists at sunset.

Another of his past visits was marked by the altar piece in the Vecelli Chapel at Cadore where

the Golden Spur and his besides privileges granted him by Charles V which allow him to create his relative Fusto Vecellio a notary. Besides the whole family of Vecelli there are also assembled on this occasion—October 1 1565—several artistic and legal friends from Venice and other places and a grand banquet takes place.

Up above Cadore stands the old Castle which is at this time intact and like any other object



TITIAN'S HOUSE, CADORE.

(From the Magazine of Art, Vol. 1, No. 1, p. 10.)

the artist with his father Francesco and Michelangelo and his brother-in-law are immortalized under the gaze of saints.

Some of his reminiscences are delightful to the boys such as the terrible time of the winter of 1580 when the family house had been battered by Maximilian's ball and sacked by his soldiers and when neither father nor brother Venice for shelter with them nor of the world. The world of the subject of one of Titian's masterpieces which was not taken from the wall of the Hall of the Council in the Doge's Palace. The old man told us that the great picture would so to say die with him for it was burned in 1577 soon after his own death.

While Titian is at Cadore during this visit of 1580 grand meetings take place with the family. He has been made a Count of the Empire and Knight of

the Golden Spur and has besides privileges granted him by Charles V which allow him to create his relative Fusto Vecellio a notary. Besides the whole family of Vecelli there are also assembled on this occasion—October 1 1565—several artistic and legal friends from Venice and other places and a grand banquet takes place.

Up above Cadore stands the old Castle which is at this time intact and like any other object the castle contains a fine collection of paintings and a series of passages which issue at some points straight into the river and the lake. Titian himself has sketched the tower and tower with its machicolations and turrets, for up here where he could see all the Cadore and Auronzo. It is one of his favorite spots for landscape study. Here he could sketch hill and dale and rock. Northward the fertile valley of the Tave with Monte Corbion and the village dotted all along its fringe. Southward the rocky river with its rapids in many distances on the wet Cadore hills at his feet with the Marmarola towering behind it and Monte Cristall a white peak in the distance. But we will take the description of the scene as given by the late Mr. Gallart. It is essentially the scene Titian looked upon for mountains are living things.



THE DOLOMITES AND THE A LIPY CADORIF

OUR ILLUSTRATED NOTE BOOK

TO the acquisition by the National Gallery of the two important portraits reproduced on this page we have already made some reference. They



SIR JAMES COCKBURN, THWART, AND HIS DAUGHTER

(By John Zoffany R.A. Presented to the National Gallery by Mrs. Maria Anne de Laity Hamilton)

are included with the gift of Miriam Augusta Lady Hamilton who bequeathed them to the nation. Though painted by different artists they bear the interest of close relationship being portraits of man and wife and then children. The first is the portrait of Sir James Cockburn Thwart, his daughter playing beside him. It is painted by John Zoffany, a man of that strange painter whose real name was Zoffally and who lived his life through his own restless temperament in rapid transitions from prosperity to comparative poverty. This Cockburn the sixth baronet of the name was Major Forbes and was the great uncle of the Lord Chief Justice of England Sir Alexander Cockburn who died but a few years since. He was the last in the beautiful Lady Cockburn whose portrait is given here. This exquisite picture is included by common consent

among the masterpieces of its painter Sir Joshua Reynolds. It has indeed several special features to mark it. Not only is it in brilliant condition as painted in Sir Joshua's own year—the year 1774—and with all the charm of composition and treatment with all the vivacity of manner and execution, but it has the peculiarity of being one of the two pictures ever painted by the painter with his name at length. The story goes that the artist in his most kindly and generous like manner brought the permission of the lady whose beauty had made him feel very loved and respectful slave to allow him to go down to the plenty upon the hem of her garment. It is certain that Reynolds' powers to be found in the edge of her dress—but the circumstance is less we imagine to be ascribed to the emotion of this particularly unexpressed will painter than to his



LADY COCKBURN AND HER CHILDREN

(By Sir John Zoffany P.R.A. Presented to the National Gallery by Mrs. Maria Anne de Laity Hamilton)

exclusion and certain knowledge that this was one of the finest pictures he had ever painted—full alike of painter-like excellence and the very refinement of charm—and that out of conscious merit he took upon himself to put his name to it. The

famous macaw of which Northcote speaks is introduced into the picture.

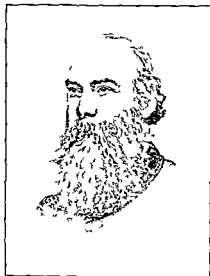
It may be mentioned that this work was engraved by C. Wilkins in stipple in 1791 and issued with the very appropriate title "Coronets and Her Children" with an accompanying extract from Hook's Roman History. It was again engraved by S. W. Lockfield. Lady Cockburn it will be remembered was the daughter of the Duke of Devonshire. First—Dr. Francis Ayscough the military doctor of divinity who a successful combatant against Corpus Christi College Oxford and in the case of his presentation to the rectory of Northchurch is still remembered.

We much regret to record the death of Mr. Charles Jones R.C.A. the well known animal painter. His loss will be deeply felt for he was an ardent and loving student of nature and apart from artistic excellence one always recognised in his works that as a draughtsman of all animals he could imitate hardly be excelled so thorough was his knowledge of their anatomy and habits. Mr. Charles Jones was a member of the Royal Cambrian Academy and an exhibitor at the Royal Academy, Paris Salon and all the London and provincial exhibitions.

His important works such as "The Inquisitive Magpie" (exhibited at the Royal Academy) "The Fox With out a Tail" (Exhibited at the Royal Academy) "A Fox Away" (The Lord of the Downs) (exhibited at the Paris Salon and lately awarded a gold medal at the Crystal Palace) as well as his well known pastoral landscapes with scenes and groups of beautifully-painted sheep so true

to nature will never be forgotten. One of his greatest characteristics was his clever representation of the woolly fleeces. But Mr. Jones's power and love extended to portraiture of all animals. In his studio can be seen among varied subjects many sporting pictures—one very important the Return from Deer Stalking and a very fine lion subject. In all and every work of his were to be recognised the loving care and devoted zeal of the enthusiast.

The Art Gallery Purchase Committee of the City of Birmingham Museum and Art Gallery has recently acquired from Messrs. Arthur L. Smith & Sons a large and important work by Mr. J. C. Jones, P.A. entitled "Fish from the Dogger Bank." It represents the shore at Scheveningen, Holland with three Dutch fishing boats or "pinks" riding at anchor. In the foreground a group of women are busy mending the side of the fish which has just been landed by means of baskets flung overboard into the shallow water which are then dragged ashore by the fishermen who wade out into the



THE LATE CHARLES JONES, R.C.A.
(From a Photograph by C. Parsons, Esq., Bristol.)



FISH FROM THE DOGGER BANK
(From the Pastel by J. C. Jones, P.A. "Scene depicted by the Dutchman Art Gallery.")

English school may well be proud of such works as "Fish from the Dogger Bank." The rolling in of the low breakers is perfect and the sense of an unbroken is remarkably fine. The figures too are conspicuously good and the animated scene is full of interest.

THE CHRONICLE OF ART.

ART IN OCTOBER

ENGLISH ART AT CHICAGO

Judging from the published list of English pictures which have already been secured for the Chicago Exposition, the display will as we feared be but a *poor* one in the aggregate. It may present a very fair average "showing," but when other nations are preparing to exhibit at their full strength, it is perfect folly on our part to be satisfied with showing a merely "fair collection." We have for years been waiting for the opportunity to overcome the ill-informed prejudice of America in regard to British art, which in the estimation of the States has generally stood on a level with that of British wine and British cigars. If we are not prepared to seize the opportunity now it has arrived we had better stand aloof altogether rather than present our cousins with a sound basis for their present opinions.

SHARKS AND AMATEURS.

When the "Artists' Alliance" was first floated, we took occasion to warn our readers against it, in spite of certain good names published upon its list of "Honorary Members" simply on the face of its provisions and aims. Later on, when Morgan consolidated his bogus "societies" and issued the unique number of its organ *The Pantheon* we repeated our criticisms, which we were glad to see reprinted in quarters where, apparently, the valiant exposure by *Truth* had not penetrated. If ambitious amateurs and incompetent professionals are desirous of showing and, if possible, of selling their work, why do they not instead of feeding sharks who are only too ready to latten upon them, why do they not form an "Amateurs' Artist Society" on co-operative principles, and worked by a paid officer? Then they and the public would know exactly what to expect.

DANGER FROM FIRE AT THE NATIONAL GALLERY AND BRITISH MUSEUM

The newspapers have been aroused to something like interest by the statement of the District Surveyor for Plumstead that a fire recently broke out within a few yards of the British Museum, in a row of houses which ought, for the preservation of the Museum, to be razed, and the ground used as a belt of safety. Yet, people have remained entirely apathetic, in spite of our repeated declaration that the National Gallery is in hourly danger from the barracks behind which is not "within a few yards," but which is *absolutely adjacent*, and in which fire has ere now broken out. The trustees and the Government assume a heavy responsibility in allowing this state of things to continue. Were they to reflect that probably as many fine works of art have been lost to the world by fire as now remain in it, and that this loss has often been caused by criminal negligence, they would probably not be content to run the quite probable risk of being one morning called upon to account to the nation for the total destruction of the national collection in Trafalgar Square. The trustees

of the National Gallery are in urgent need of more room. Why do they not at once formulate a demand to the Government for the threatening barracks on which to extend the gallery?

EXHIBITIONS

The autumn exhibition at the New Gallery must be pronounced a disappointment without qualification. Its *raison d'être* is commercial and not artistic. The proprietors found the gallery lying empty and unproductive on their hands, and were, at the same time, conscious that they enjoyed an extensive connection amongst artists who would enable them to fill it in one way or another. But even given such conditions the best has not been done. This collection of pictures, old and new, of designs and sketches, lacks nature of intention, and such works as we meet now, not for the first time, have been so recently exhibited that we find them wanting in novelty and powerless to awaken memories. An exhibition strictly of sketches and studies of such artists as most affect the New Gallery would have been more interesting. Or had the managers chosen to go farther afield, a West of Scotland, or other school, display might have proved as attractive as instructive. The place of honour is accorded to Mr ALMA TADEMA'S "Halma in England," exhibited at the Academy in 1884, and one of the most prominent pictures at the Munich and London Exhibition, since which date it appears to us to have been freshened. It is one of Mr Tadeuma's best canvases, and its depicted scheme of colour belongs rather to the artist's earlier period than to that of his latter-day delight in classic forms and exquisite but intensely modern, tints. An opportunity is given us of studying once more Mr WARREN's portrait of the Hon. Mrs. Percy Wyndham, and of admiring its sedateness of colour and Venetian amplitude of line. Mr W. B. DAVIS is represented by two fine landscapes, "An April Evening," especially being suffused with a sweet and ineffable serenity. Mr GEORGE CHRISTIAN'S "Labourers after Dinner" was painted as long ago as 1884. But it is one of the best and truest things he has ever accomplished. Still fresher in our memories is Mr FERN HALL'S "Cinderella," Cinderella of the German folk lore, with wonderful sea birds in plumage just a little too insistently accurate. In the court is placed the recumbent marble figure of the poet Shelley by Ossawa Town, A.R.A., and above saw at the last Academy in the east as it will appear in the complete memorial. Considered apart from the somewhat unpurposeful accessories of the rest of the design this beautiful work gains greatly in significance and charm. It *resonates* in the finished form a new softness and grace which it is very difficult to find words to express, and we are thus better able to understand the sculptor's reluctance to enclose his design by the introduction of ill-adapted drapery. The relief is very elegantly placed on a high relief case, encased with green bronze and flanked by caryatids near the fountain. A little St. Christina, done in green and coloured by Mr FERNAND, of serious purpose for its valuable artistic quality. A little sketch by one of Mr FERNAND

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MULLINS show much spontaneity and vigour. Mr BERNARD JONES sends a design one ninth the intended size, for the decoration in mosaic of the square over the chancel arch of the church of St Paul at Rome. It is of great beauty of line and colour, the curves of the arch being happily repeated. In the centre the golden brown and glistening figure of a bearded Christ stands with extended arms against the intervening arabesques of the many larched Tice of Life. On either side are adoring figures, and the Path to Heaven, elapsed with many a wayward symbol, with black and white and the sacred fire. The colours are those soft and scintillated blues, greens, and purples of which Mr BERNARD JONES holds the secret. Two slight drawings from M. FERNAND KHNOFF, the Polignac symbolist, excite much admiration on account of the delicacy and purity of outline and originality of colour. One is the face of a woman, with eyes which read the mysteries of the world of spirit almost colourless itself but suffused with marvellous tawny orange hair, and the other, a woman with arms of a prodigious length, pushing a pallid flower towards a lotus the note of colour being a tablet of stung light. Both let into the cold marble-like composition. They also possess much curiosity as to their inner meaning. However we have the painter's word that if he satisfies us on the æsthetic side he is content to be otherwise unaccountable. Mr EDWARD STOTT'S *Bathers*—a full-length painting at evening in an inland pool—has been exhibited before but under conditions which did scant justice to its dexterous handling and the luminous atmosphere which seems to literally suffuse and fill the whole space enclosed by the frame. The treatment of the figures of the nude bather against the strong light is exceedingly clever. The same artist's beautiful little picture "Strife" must not be passed unnoticed. A very delightful little canvas tender and full of poetic feeling is Mr EDWARD WATTS' *Barony in Brown*, "Among Thick Falling Dew"—a study of little and atmosphere. Miss HILDA MONTAGNA's "Moonlight in Florence" is as remarkable for its extreme simplicity of conception as for its poetic charm. A very beautiful head called "M. le Curé" is shown by Mr WILLIAM WONTNER, a young artist educated at the Royal Academy Schools. Mr MARK FISHER sends some fine landscapes with cattle, Lord CHARLES small Yorkshire "views." Mr MORLEY JORDAN a portrait, Mr JOHN CHARLTON an equine melodrama, Mr RAYNER a *Diademe* sketch, Mr VERTON LISHK, a coloured illustration of Venetian carnival manners, Mr THOMAS WATTS, a bayfield, and Mr PERCY BRIDLAND, a picture full of dramatic intensity which reveals a new and powerful side to his artistic character.

Mr Whitworth Wallis has succeeded in borrowing for the City of Birmingham Art Gallery an exceedingly fine collection of works by living English animal painters. His exhibition, which opened on October 3rd, contains many famous works, and will undoubtedly prove highly attractive. The thanks of the townspeople are due to the many owners who have so generously allowed Mr Wallis to make selections from their collections. These include the Prince of Wales, Earl Spencer, the Earl of Rosebery, Lord Armstrong, Hon. C. N. Lawrence, Sir Thomas Lucas, Sir William Rozer, Lady de Grey, and Messrs. Cuthbert Quilter, Mr P. John and Mr P. N. G. Chyng, Mr P. Colonel Hargreaves, Colonel North, Colonel Harding, Messrs. William Lomas, H. J. Turner, Henry Tate, Schumacher, Jess. Haworth, Reiss, Hugh Peril, John Dickinson, James Dunnachie, O. L. Evans, Mrs. Cross, the Corporation of Livery and Nottingham,

and many others. Mr George McCulloch of Melbourne has most liberally lent ten works from the fine collection of modern paintings he is forming. It is impossible to do more than mention by name a few of the principal artists and pictures. The collection is fully representative of modern English animal painting, but to herald and list rule has been drawn and works have been included by artists who would not strictly be called animal painters. In each one, however, animal life, in some form or another, is the leading feature. Mr PIERCE RICHARD, R.A., and Mr H. W. DAVIS, R.A., are largely represented by many of their best known pictures. There are fourteen by the former including the beautiful "Circus and the Swan," "His only Friend," "Razzy," "The Last of the Garrison," "Cave Cavern," "Union is Strength," "The Herd of Swine," "Of a Fool and his Folly there is no End," and others; the latter can be studied in nine important canvases including "Now Come Still Evening On," "Gleamy Day," "Sunday," "The Peacocks Dance," "Pong-lung in Norway," "Mother and Son," "The Way to the Sanctuary," "Let Sleep," &c. Mr JOHN M. SWAN, besides his two large and well-known works, "Maternity" and "A Fallen Monarch," lends a series of pastel studies of wild animals of the latest interest and some vigorously modelled horses. Among the battle pieces should be mentioned "Munich," "Saving the Guns," and "The Midnight Charge of the Hussars" by Mr GEORGE WOODWARD, "Florent Lions," and "Patient Heroes" by LARRY RICHIE, and "Red News from the Front," "Babes in Arms," and "Lions" by Mr JOHN CHARLTON. Mr S. T. WATERS is represented by "One and Twenty" and "The Empty Saddle." The Prince of Wales's "Tiger Shooting in the Terai" by Mr H. JOHNSON, an incident of His Royal Highness's visit to India. Among other artists well represented should be mentioned Messrs. F. GODDARD, R.A., A. C. GOW, R.A., FREDERICK CHAPMAN, R.A., ADRIAN STOKES, J. T. NETTLESHILL, J. S. NOLLE, DEANMAN, ADAM WALTER HUNT, J. M. MURPHY, A. W. SLUIT, BELTON BARBER, ALFRED R. LEVINS, LEO T. FRANKS, SIDNEY COOPER, J. A. J. C. DODMAN, L. DODMAN, JAMES, JEFFERSON, R.A., LEO HALL, HENRY HARRIS, LOUISE LOVING, J. L. STRETTON, W. H. TROOP, and Mrs. ADRIAN STOKES.

The sixty-sixth autumn exhibition of the Royal Bursar, the Society of Artists, which opened early in September, is a fairly representative one as regards the leading artists of the day. Mr ORCHARDSON, R.A., the president, is represented. But Mr ALMA TADEMA, R.A., sends three well-known works of the first quality—"A Roman Banquet," "The Lion and the Eagle Males," and "A Kiss." "Sun Transit" by Mr G. I. WATTS, R.A., hangs near one of the latest Charity purchases—Mr J. D. MILLER's "Between Two Fires." Opposite to it is Mr LORDBAILEY's enormous "Ninth of November." Mr HENRY MORLEY, R.A., sends a fine set of eyes, "Westward." Among other important works are "A Roman Campaign" by Mr ADRIAN STOKES, "The Struggle of Evening" by H. W. DAVIS, R.A., "Sunlight and Shadow," by Mr WALTER LANCELEY, "John Pettie, R.A., by Mr A. S. COPE," "The Farm Ford" by Mr DAVID MERRAY, R.A., "The Mill Stream," by Mr F. G. CORRY, "Gleaners" by Mr FREDERICK STOTT, "The Clow of the Dying Day," by Mr DEANMAN ADAM, and "Summer on the Cliffs" by Mr JOHN BERTT, R.A. Mr ALFRED TATE is well represented by his poetic "Dawn." The Newlyn school has sent no work of importance, with the exception of Mr CHRISTIAN TAYLOR's "First Communion," though Messrs. GORIN, BURTON, and EDWARDS

HARRIS are among the exhibitors. Professor HERKOMER fills up almost the whole of one of the smaller walls with his portrait group of a board of directors. Most of the portraiture is disappointing. Messrs. JONATHAN LEATH, S. H. BAKER, F. R. TAYLOR, C. T. BURR and C. W. RADCLIFFE are prominent exhibitors among the veteran local artists, while among the younger men Messrs. OLIVER BAKER, F. W. DAVIS, E. S. HARPER, MERCER, REID GIFFE, and GABRIEL MITCHELL send excellent work. Mention should be made of a vigorous piece of sculpture "A Clever Pass," a group of three young football players by Mr. CROFT-WICK, the modelling master at the Birmingham School of Art. It is full of life and good.

An important exhibition of modern paintings was opened in the Museum and Art Gallery of the Borough of Nottingham in September. Mr. WATTS, P.A. contributes his fine portrait of Mr. Walter Crane which attracted so much attention in the New Gallery Exhibition. The Council of the Royal Academy lends the Chantry Pequest picture "St. Elizabeth of Hungary's Great Act of Renunciation" by Mr. CALDERON. P.A. Sir J. E. MILLAIS is represented by his "Widow's Mite," lent by the Corporation of Birmingham. Mr. LA THAMIE has sent his "Mission to Seamen" and Mr. FOURDILLON is represented by "The Only Survivor." Mr. F. W. W. TOPHAM contributes a large picture entitled "Judas." There is also a very powerful landscape by Mr. DAVID FAQUHARSON of a Scotch Mountain River scene. Other important works by Messrs. ALFRED EAST, H. CLARENCE WHAITE, J. HENRY HENSHALL, WYKE BAYLIS, F. FRANKS, WALTER LANCE, F. HAMILTON JACKSON, LANCE CALKIN, W. S. JAY, ROBERT MEYERHOFM, Mrs. ANDERSON, &c., are in the collection.

"Fen and Marsh-lands" is the title given to a collection of studies and pictures exhibited by Mr. DEFINC CURTIS at the Maltravers Street Galleries, Bond Street. The artist is somewhat aggressively impressionistic, and is fond of displaying his decorative brushwork with undue boldness on very small canvases. In choosing his subject his primary object is to secure a field for the demonstration of his own technical dexterity. His "Johnson Ward Lincoln Hospital" is a case in point. The long straight line of bed affording an excellent exercise in the various values of his whites, but the angular attitudes of discomfort of the male patients refusing to be made amenable to his art. In a large picture, "Lincolnshire Gleaners," the veracity of his realistic touch and fine and fit expression.

REVIEWS.

Mr. EGERTON CASTLE has long been recognised as the very apostle of the art of fence in England—as the man to whom even before the late Sir Richard Burton, Captain Hutton-Larson de Cosson, and Mr. Walter Pollock the revival of the study and practice of the art is due. The revised edition of his "*Schools and Masters of Fence*" (George Ixall and Sons) is, therefore, cordially to be welcomed not only for the altogether a marvellous completeness of the contents, but for the exhaustive character of its greatly extended bibliography of the literature of swordsmanship. The book, which treats of fence down to the end of the eighteenth century, is at once scholarly and popular in manner, is profusely illustrated with cuts drawn from standard instruction books of all periods, and particularly with a series of collotypes representing a great number of the finest specimens of arms in the celebrated collection of Baron de Cosson.

The poetic qualities of Mr. LEWIS MORRIS'S "*Fables of Saints*" are too well known to render it necessary for us to say anything on the literary achievement. But in the new edition of *Lure* issued by Cassell and Co. the illustrations are such as greatly to enhance the pleasure to be derived from the forms, into which Mr. Morris has cast what he terms "the beautiful Christian legends and records." These illustrations, admirably reproduced in type-figure—that process which has of late been brought to so high a pitch of perfection—have been wisely chosen from contemporary portraits as far as possible and from the less-known paintings of the great masters. From St. Christopher to Elizabeth Fry and Father Damien portraiture attains upon the poems the most interesting place from the point of view of rarity, being those of Sts. Alexis, Marina, Adrian, Dorothea, Elizabeth and George de St. Francis.

The new volume of the *Bibliothèque Littéraire de la Famille* published at the Librairie de l'Art Paris under the able direction of Monsieur LENOIR, deals with "*Les Femmes Ecrivains*," critical notices accompanying selections from their works. The work has been carried out with great taste and discretion and affords, as well as such a book can in admirable view of the share taken by the gentle sex in the literature of France up to, and including the contributions of Anne de Souza. The book is a delightful one and, being copiously illustrated with reproductions of portraits of leading literary lights, is one likely to be of real service.

NOTABILIA

Heer LOUIS TITUS has been appointed Director of the Academy of Painting of Ghent in succession to the late Heer Canneel.

It is said that some paintings by Giotto have recently been discovered in Verona in the "Palazzo" occupied by the prefecture.

BALTHOLDS' great fountain has been opened at LYON. This is the superb work which in these columns we urged in vain should be bought for England for erection on the finest site in London—Hyde Park Corner. It was for sale for a mere 500,000 after the Paris Exhibition.

It is humiliating to find that even the experts of the *Leuvre* have had to own their elves bested by the forger-maker. The *Chronique d'Arts* announces that an action is to be brought by the State against a skilful artist, who succeeded in painting upon the *Musée* even a statuette of a male nude, apparently a die *Vénus* of the *École*. It has already been refused by the *Musée* Museum.

It is announced that the famous Tretiakov gallery of pictures by Russian artists, including many by the imaginative painter, M. VERESTCHAGIN, artist and war correspondent, have been bequeathed by their late owner to the City of Moscow together with a sum of money sufficient for their maintenance and for the extension of the gallery.

The resignation of Professor LEVIN from the St. Mark Professorship of Art, which will take place at Christmas is a serious loss to University College. Whatever may have been the result of the friction which is believed to be the cause of it, the influence of Professor LEVIN for good was necessarily great, although, so far as we are aware, Mr. STRANG is the only artist who openly declares himself in feeling in a manner the disciple of Mr. LEVIN.

The mosaics on the Daru staircase at the *Leuvre* which have been at length uncovered have been received with a storm of disapproval. Tasteless, crude and even violent in



THE PORTRAITS OF LORD TENNYSON—I

BY THEODORE WATTS.

ONCE during a walk with Lord Tennyson I walked in the sunny wind along that High Down by the becom staff which his faithful have made sacred to every lover of English poetry for ever—he is talking about

and reshaping the remembered object into an actual visible presence.

Whether in the case of Hekelev and his portrait

"The morning star of song we made
His sun and light below."

and soon the conversation turned up in the well known portrait of Chaucer—that portrait so precious to the world—which his friend Hekelev after the poet's death had traced on the Harleian manuscript and which he describes in a verse so full of the vitilising power of sincere feeling that it has kept after nearly five hundred years fresher green and warmer than many a verse written yesterday.

"Although his life be queynt, the rector
Haucev

Of him I thinke me as fresh livynge as
That to put othir men in remembrance
Of his person I have here his likeness
Do make to this et I in sooth fastnesse
That they that have of him byt the opyt
an I min I

I have painted now again him fin I"

I told him I had often thought that we Chaucerians were indebted for the priceless legacy of a true portrait of Chaucer to the fact of a friend's feeling, seeing, & even, as a haunting mental image of him until in order to compose the yearning of his own memory he was impelled to get that image depicted. But when death removes one whose personality is very powerful the brain of each surviving friend is apt to press into a state of strange exaltation. The memory of the man who has passed away—the mental image of him I mean—which before lay quiescent in the brain files, as it were, a vitality of its own. It is I say as though memory in its highest and most intense form does really exercise that will and mysterious power of which the Hindoo poets speak, of calling back the dead into the undying memory of the universe which is life, or rather as we should now say of focusing the universal undulations which are called matter



TENNYSON (1841)

(From the *Portrait of Lord Tennyson*)

If Chaucer this was so or not, Lord Tennyson's personality was so powerful and it was so vividly expressed by his face that there is I feel sure many a friend of his who at the present moment is haunted by a mental image of him far more vivid than that which possessed his brain during the poet's life—so vivid indeed as to be disturbing and painful. And what I want to say here is that each of these friends has an opportunity now of rendering a service to posterity such as perhaps no other effort of his life will ever enable him to render. Each friend can now faithfully depict in words that mental image of the departed part of the great poet by which his own brain is lit and vexed. Out of the many portraits of Tennyson that exist each friend

can select one and say, 'This most resembles the mental image of Tennyson that belongs to me. But this good office must be done now: it must be done while the image in each brain is in full intensity, for everything in some degree fades in this Mirror; nothing keeps its brightness—no not even Memory's most brilliant picture of a dead friend's face.

And in a certain sense it is the duty of these



TENNYSON

(From the Medallion by the late Thomas Woolseley R.A.)

friends to do this—their duty not only to future students of poetry but to the great poet himself. For let his friends remember that the lovers of poetry in future times will in trying to form a mental image of Tennyson suffer from an embarrassment of wealth more bewildering than that embarrassment of poverty from which we now suffer in trying to form a true mental image of Coleridge or Shelley or of Keats. Let them remember that so strong is what is called the anthropomorphic instinct in us all that it is impossible for anyone to read any poem which shows itself to be charged with the writer's personality without forming a mental image of him who wrote it.

Let them remember that this picture is necessarily built up from the suggestions of the poem

itself and that though the physique of a poet must be fine indeed if it can successfully compete with the image his own artistic genius has unwittingly raised. Tennyson's physique could and did always pass with safety that ordeal. Let us each one I say turn to account while he may the opportunity he has had of showing how far in Tennyson's case the spiritual part of the man

was represented by the material part and so do his best to prevent the one portrait of him which is nearest the truth from being challenged by other portraits not so near. And if it seems to any one of us witnesses that notwithstanding all the artistic genius which has been called in to render Tennyson's head by men like G. F. Watts, Sir John Millais, Professor Herkomer, F. K. Sandys and others some unpretentious photograph represents after all his own mental image of Tennyson let him say so frankly and these great artists will never take offence. Each one of them will know that it is not that the friend of the dead man loves the painters style less but that he loves the memory of Tennyson more.

It will be observed for instance that I have selected as the frontispiece to this article not the lovely painting by George Frederic Watts but a painting that is based entirely on a photograph. For having done thus that great painter and great man being himself one of Tennyson's most cherished friends will ask from me no justification.

save this that though not in any way the most artistic representation of Tennyson this portrait approaches nearer than does any other to that mental image of the man which is mine.

Mr Watts' portraits go doubtless as remarkable for their truth as for their style. His imaginative designs show him to be not only a painter but a poet of a very high and a very peculiar order. Fine as is his executive power (he is sometimes tempted to ask whether his success in giving artistic expression to the poetry within him would not have been still greater than it now is had his artistic medium been like that of his friend the laureate, rhythmic language or like that of Pecthoven, absolute music).

And in the portrait in question there is a great

dial of this quality of his—a quality which may be called the mystical music of thought. It gives us the poet of the Lotus Eaters—it gives us the very



TENNYSON

(From the Ensl by the late Thomas Woolner R.A.)

lips soft and luxuriant from which could come the lines—

"Music that gentler on the spirit is
Than tiend eyes is upon tiend eyes."

But though Tennyson from those early days when he said—

"Check every outburst every ruler ally
Of thought and speech speak low and give up wholly
Thy spirit to a full mind's melody"

down to the very last showed clearly enough that he could be on occasion a good Lotus Eater it is not as a Lotus Eater that I think of him it is not as a Lotus Eater that I see the most variously endowed English poet that has appeared since Shakspeare

And if there is too much of the painter's style in Mr Watts's portrait the same must be said with still more emphasis of the splendid large water colour and etched portrait by Professor Herkomer and with more emphasis still of that portrait by Sir John Millais which a writer in the *Times* told

us a little while ago rendered his own mental picture of Tennyson

I know of course that as every portrait must be painted either by a painter of style or by a painter of mere executive skill we must expect that while the work of the latter kind of executant is rarely more than a map of the features (such as we see in Drouha's tantalising portrait of Shakespeare) the work of the former kind of executant must always run the danger of being unduly steeped in the painter's own individuality—steeped some times so deeply as to become not so much a portrait of the subject as the image of a fluid medium between object and artist. I knew of course that in every portrait which is a work of art it all there must be the splendid egotism of style and that to balance this egotism with dramatic truth was the object of him in whom artistic style and dramatic truth seem one—Vereluz

I know that to achieve this balance is enormously difficult with all painters and that what St. Basil said of a still greater subject that One little turn of the eye sets a man either in the sun or the shadow of his own body may with very special appropriateness be applied to portrait painting. I know that by the variation of a line may even by arrangement the fall of the hair upon the cheek the expression of the face may be infinitely enriched or



TENNYSON (ABOUT 1860)

(From the Sketch by Richard Doyle in the British Museum)

infinitely impoverished and that the more fully endowed with genius the artist may be the more likely is he to vary the line or arrange the fall



TENNYSON (1859).

The Painting by G. F. Watts, F.R.S. Engraved by W. Easdale Gardner

according to his own style. And it is my very knowledge of this which makes me say what I am now saying for between the man of genius and the common herd of workers in any art the difference is not of degree but of kind. It is the

less to me. Le style est l'homme même (to give correctly for once I shun oft misquoted works) but the man we want to see in the portrait of one we love or admire is the man himself even though he who paints him be among the very kings of art. May the more kindly the painter the more we are apt to exclaim when looking at the portrait—

Oh let me taste thee in excelsis by kings!

And here I come to the end of these remarks. While most faces glow with the artistic halo which a painter of genius always sheds over his work there are some few some very few faces that do not and of these Lord Tennyson is the most notable that I have ever seen among men of great renown—yes even including George Bonns.

When I first saw the poet he was already advanced in years but I perceived at a glance that the simple greatness of character which his face expressed could never be rendered by any portrait—as indeed I said to the late Lord Houghton to whom I introduced for ever indebted for my introduction to him. This was at a garden party where although the walls were thronged with some of the most distinguished people in England he appeared to me to be the only person there. I remember coming up to him as he stood towering under a tree by the side of his son—his only child now—tall dark son whose own

fine talents and accomplishments (and I know but few men with finer) are necessarily lost in a light of genius so rare and a fame so enormous is his father's—at that garden party I say, I saw no one but Tennyson and no wonder. Fancy indeed the effect of the sudden apparition of Tennyson upon a man who through his youth had been a lover of poetry so passionate that for years he could read nothing not written in verse and who had long come to the conclusion that whatever might have been the natural endowments of Wordsworth or Coleridge or Shelley or Keats—whether in this regard they or some one of these might not have been his equal or even his superior—in virtue of the perfection the richness and the variety of the life work actually accomplished the man who stood before him was the greatest English poet of the nineteenth century. And yet I seemed to see that the man himself was greater than his work, even



TENNYSON AND HIS FAMILY AT FARRINGFORD (ABOUT 1830)
(An engraving by F. J. G.)

difference between the true child of Israel and the child of the outside world. According to a passage in the Apocrypha one of the virtues of manna was that it toiled the very sin in most accessible to each particular child of Israel who ate it while perhaps in the mouth of the man outside it would have retained the true and single flavour which belongs to that kind of food. All depended upon the person who chewed. Now it is the chewing of these painters of genius that gives me pause when I stand before the portrait of a friend in the enviable possession of a portrait which all competent judges declare to be one of the most true as well as one of the finest portraits of our time—that portrait of Madox Brown given in THE MAGAZINE OF ART a year or two ago. But then it was painted by my dear old friend himself. It is Brown's own personality unadulterated by any flavour of Millais, Watts or Sandys—therefore price



TENNYSON (1896)

Fo Dx ghy G F Ha LA F pu d b f B no be Gu d

portrait painters art more interesting than this—there would have been none more interesting even before we knew that it was in the light of the moon the great poet died.

I said just now that in all portraits of Tennyson the line of the hair (which indeed may almost be called *tree-ness*) upon the cheek and neck is of exceptional value and Watts never forgets this. On the other hand a finer illustration of the importance of not neglecting the hair could scarcely be found than that afforded by Sir John Millais' splendidly painted portrait at Queen Anne's Lodge painted for one of the laureates friends Mr James Knowles. The executive power of this great painter is as Possetti once said to me paralyzing to look upon and here it is seen to perfection. But no painter can import the Baconian "strangeness" into a portrait displaying the pointed beard and the formal wings of hair that one sees here.

Sculpture of course works under peculiarly heavy conditions in trying to render this quality of "strangeness." Mr Woolner's first bust in which the face appears without any beard is no doubt an excellent piece of work and very striking but the sculptor seems to be haunted by a reminiscence of Dante when he deals with Tennyson.

Mrs Cameron's photograph (here given) was taken about twenty years ago. It is full of life and certainly very like save for the modelling or rather non-modelling of the temples and the frontal bone. The egg-like rotundity here is not true to nature. It has the advantage however of showing the fine drawing in the neck of the poet and certainly the more I look at it the more I recall the number of times that I have seen that earnest meditative expression upon his face.

With regard to the group in the glade at Farringford by Rydholm where the poet Lady Tennyson and the two children Hallam and Lionel stand this is the photograph which is alluded to by my friend Mrs Pitcher (who seems somehow dearer to me now that one of the two poets we loved is gone).

There is a photograph says that delightful writer I have always liked in which it seems to me the history of this house is written as such

histories should be written in sunlight in the flushing of a beam in an instant, and for ever. It was taken in the green glade at Farringford Hallum and Lionel Tennyson stand on either side of their parents. The father and mother and children come a-haunting towards us. Who does not know the beautiful lines to the mother?



TENNYSON (ABOUT 1871)

(From the Photograph by Mrs Cameron.)

Dearest dear and true—no truer than I myself
Can prove you; though I make you even more
Dearest and nearer

How has been played with this photograph by the sunlight falling on the heads of the figures. Still it is a family picture so intensely interesting that I could not resist giving it (if only as a return to Mrs Pitcher for the delight her book has given me) though the modern costume looks enough when in fashion and intolerable when out of fashion is very distressing and the outline of Lady Tennyson's features so extremely delicate and beautiful in nature is entirely lost while the eyes of all the group are darker than in nature—results chiefly due to the fading of the print.

such work as his. Now this impression upon me was produced by something in the expression of the face especially in that of the eyes which it would be impossible for any painter to render.

But what was that impression? It suggested to me as I have said on a former occasion in the *Athenæum* the songsmith of the northern Olympus Bragi the son of Odin and Edda described in the Elder Edda whose eyes were 'both old and young' it suggested I say the great Welcomes to Valhalla:—

Whose eyes where past and future both are gleaming
With lore beyond all youthful poets dream
Seen but in shadows of some far glimmering day.

This is the impression which the painter's art has tried to render and which though caught by Girardot in his portrait based on the Mayall photograph has been caught only because the artist followed a portrait painter who to be sure is not always to be relied upon the same. Though the same never troubles himself about style nor the least way in which it may be reported into a picture and although he is often the most savage of caricaturists he sometimes can work a miracle of truthful representation before which the highest exemplars of artistic style must bow. Such is a certain photograph of Mr. Gladstone and such is the splendid three-quarter profile photograph by Mayall hanging at Aldworth.

And I may say that this is not merely my own opinion it is shared by those who have a greater right than I to speak with confidence on this matter. In order to prevent mistakes let me say that allusion is not made here to a photograph extremely like it in some points and yet unlike in certain essentials the one of which an engraving is given as a frontispiece to Macmillan's edition of the collected poems 1884, where the eyes are too small and where instead of a light there is a shadow over the prominence made by the cheek line.

The great photograph I mean whose chief and indeed only shortcoming is that the three-quarter profile is not always the best angle for rendering the modelling of temples like Tennyson's is in some respects better even than the painting that was undertaken to correct this and is corrected it admirably. The expression in the eyes which I have taken so much trouble to indicate is still better given here. The line made by the hair falling on the cheek always an important point in a portrait of Tennyson is more regular and therefore has more of the sweet circularness of Nature. The shadow under the great muscle of the cheek is not so dark thus allowing the shadow under the eyes to throw up their light with more brilliancy.

Of course, the quality which Bacon calls 'strangeness' the quality which he says is inseparable from the highest beauty may exist quite apart from this peculiar expression in the eyes which I have tried to indicate otherwise there would be no beautiful portraits. And here the painters have been much more successful.

This high quality of strangeness is to be found in some degree in the early portrait of the poet by Samuel Laurence—an exquisite piece of work—and yet one which it is difficult for me to think was ever true as a mere map of the features—though one whose opinion on such a point is above all challenge says the portrait was like Time does not alter the bony structure of a face and yet when we compare this portrait with those taken in later years either by the painter or by the photographer we shall find in it a great and even a fundamental departure from the type as expressed by all the other exemplars. The space between the nostril and the inner corner of the eye being in appearance abridged the lips and mouth seem wrong. I may remark parenthetically that it is as I once told Tennyson who was extremely familiar with questions about Shakespeare this same variation of the space from nostril to eye—so noticeable between the Droeshout portrait of Shakespeare and the Stratford bust—which makes the artistic pause when he is told that both words represent the same face, strong as in other points is the resemblance between them.

Yet here is the remarkable thing not only does this portrait remind one somewhat of the poet's son Lionel but Doyle's portrait taken when Tennyson was about forty-five years of age though it reminds one less of Lionel than does the Laurence painting exhibits the same apparent departure from the accustomed type.

That the high quality of strangeness would not be missing in any of Mr. Watts' portraits of the poet was certain. Between all these indeed there is a point of kinship of a very peculiar and a very fascinating kind. They may be called fine moonlight representations of the original.

Not of course that this impression was consciously produced by the artist but there is a mystery about them, a certain dreaminess which suggests the poetic glamour of moonlight rather than the more prosaic radiance of the gaily babbling and remorseful day as though the painter between whom and the poet there was the bond of such a deep affection had unconsciously recalled those delightful strolls he had had with his friend in the walks he loved and in the moonlight he loved. If this is so as I should like to think, there would be no chapter in the history of the



LALANCE AND HIS DOG

(From the Paintings by J. L. E. J. A.)

THE LEICESTER CORPORATION ART GALLERY—II

By S. T. VICARS.

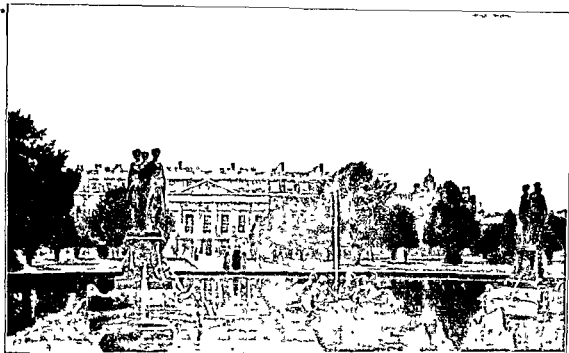
THE Leicester Gallery has at various times been enriched by personal gifts of pictures by artists—works made by Mr. James Orrock, L.L. (who had previously given a number of admirable studies by the great English masters of water-colour to the School of Art), James Wall, and John Varley having been thus introduced. The most important acquisition of this kind however is the large "Lady Morgan" by Mr. G. F. Watts, P.A. In June 1888 the artist who had been travelling in Friesland introduced to the Committee that he had been so deeply impressed with the services rendered to the Irish Empire, and to the cause of civilisation by Mr. J. M. Cook, that he wished to present to the Corporation a picture that should witness to his appreciation of the work and character of that gentleman. The outcome of this was the presentation to the Gallery by Mr. Watts of the above-mentioned picture, justly considered for its bold and vigorous and brilliant one of his most successful works.

An etching from this picture was published in THE MUSEUM OF ART in November 1890.

As the casual and superficial observer (who only knows Turner by the brilliant incomprehensible at times and also evanescent veils of his later period) when staring before one of the quietest and most sober landscapes of his early years fails to recognize the hand of that master at all, so have I often noticed many a fault when I have, at the only work of an other great landscape artist of the English school in England, passed away and a native of the Midland counties. To many the late Henry Dawson is only known as the painter of picturesque effects of sunlight, and such well as that shown in the "View on the Trent and the sketch (No. 1) in the Gallery will come upon them as a revelation. The large picture painted in 1847 by Henry Dawson became famous as a lovely rendering of a quiet pastoral landscape, perfect in its subtle harmonies of delicate greys and greens and its wonderfully powerful and transparent sky. It shows the Wilsonian

influence strongly, but these works were not appreciated at all at the time, Dawson was told by the dealers that his pictures were not pretty enough, he must finish more, and try to produce work in Creswick's style. And this poor fellow to earn his bread, he did and from about 1855 to 1865 or so painted some of his worst pictures. The sketch is *ferd to shows if anything even more power than the finished picture*. It is bold, vigorous, luminous

Several members of the Royal Institute are connected with Leicester, Mr John Mulleylove and Mr George Elgood being natives and Mr James Orrock for many years a resident. It is not to be wondered at therefore that the Institute is strongly represented on the walls of the Gallery. One single figure by the President Sir James Linton "Valentine" in oil is hardly I venture to think a sufficiently satisfactory representation of this accomplished water



HAMPTON COURT PALACE

(From the Enslaving by John T. Heyloze R.I.)

and fine in colour, and as good in its way as any thing by Constable, Muller, Colman, or any of our great landscape artists. A simple enough subject—merely a bit of road, a stretch of moorland or common, and a stormy, windy sky. The picture was presented to the Gallery by the late J. E. Hodges. The amazing folly of not letting well alone receives an apt illustration here. Dawson had merely put in a couple of insignificant figures simply sufficient for his purpose, and, of course, aiding and completing the composition of the picture. Some former owner, however (not having enough for his money, one would suppose), got another artist to insert a pony, a dog, and a couple of figures coming along the road in the foreground, well enough painted certainly but out of keeping with the rest of the picture and marring the general effect. It is to be hoped that some day the Committee of the Leicester Gallery will have the courage to order their removal.

Hampton Court by Mr John Mulleylove illustrated on this page also a work in oil is an important example of the artist showing all his powers of composition and skill as an architectural draughtsman. Mr Orrock, who has always taken a warm interest in the Gallery presented to it a huge oil painting. Enacted on the front a few years ago a good example of his well known vigorous and honest work. Other important works by members of the Institute are the huge upright picture "Roman Triumph," by Mr F. W. W. Topley exhibited in the Academy in 1852. It represents the triumphant return after a campaign of a victorious Roman general and the grouping and drawing of the figures, and composition of the work, are alike good. The dramatic effect is heightened by the introduction of the youthful son of the Emperor who accompanies his father in the triumphal chariot, and whose fair delicate skin

others, almost with the ironed and swarthy complexion of the general and his attendants, and of the poor slave standing behind him, who constantly whispers in his ear the warning words "Exi p'le, h' u'c mento te" ('Look behind

subjects illustrating various scenes from the works of our famous dramatist. Eight of these pictures were painted by the following artists—Augustus L. Egg, R.A., C. R. Leslie, R.A., Sir A. W. Calcott, R.A., F. R. Lee, R.A., Sir Edwin Landseer, R.A., C. W. Cope, R.A., and Clarkson Stanfield, R.A. (two works being contributed by Leslie). The Leicester Gallery has been fortunate enough to secure two of this series—

"Launce and His Dog" from the *Two Gentlemen of Verona*, by A. L. Egg, R.A. and *Michael and the Witch*, by Clarkson Stanfield, R.A. The former an excellent example of Egg's work is illustrated on p. 44. The Stanfield though a somewhat dark and gloomy landscape is most powerfully conceived and carefully executed fine in composition and thoroughly realistic. Comparatively recently, through one of the sudden turns of modern fashion, the works of one of the most poetic, and but a few years ago one of the most popular of our Academicians the late P. F. Poole, have been much neglected, and when for sale in the picture market have realised relatively small sums. Leicester has fortunately been able to take advantage of this, and secured, only last year, two good specimens of Poole's work—one his celebrated "Arleto," which is engraved on p. 49 and which was on the Academy walls in 1848, and in a representative collection of the artist's works at Burlington House, the winter exhibition, 1888. The figures



THE FLIGHT FROM LUCKNOW

opened that building to the public from 2 p.m. to 5 p.m. on Sundays. Over 1000 persons visited the Gallery on the first open Sunday and though naturally enough the numbers fell off after a few weeks during the first year the average attendance was over 600. The conduct of those visiting was most exemplary no disturbance or damage of any sort being reported.

Last year one of the late John Phillips Spanish pictures painted in Seville entitled "The Balcony" was added to

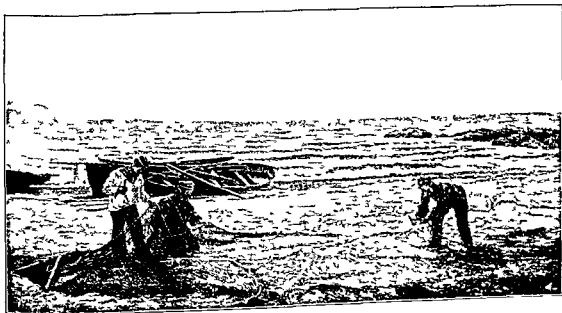


THE BALCONY

(From the Paintings by John Phillips)

the collection and is here illustrated. Though small it is a fine specimen of this splendid colourist. It found a place amongst the artists' works in the International Exhibition of 1873.

An illustration is given on p. 48 of a small upright work by Mr. Ernest Crofts A.R.A. who has attained a prominent position as a battle painter. Our friends in the title given to a view of a battle field with a white horse apparently his favourite charger standing defiantly over the



THREE FISHERS

(From the Paintings by John Phillips)

contrasts admirably with the bronzed and swarthy complexion of the general and his attendants and of the pale slave standing behind him who constantly whispers in his ear the warning words "Look out for the man behind!" ("Look behind

subjects illustrating various scenes from the works of our famous dramatist. Eight of these pictures were painted by the following artists—Augustus J. Pegg P.A. C.R. Leslie R.A., Sir A.W. Calkett R.A., F.R. Lee R.A., Sir Edwin Landseer R.A. C.W.

Cope R.A. and Clarkson Stanfield R.A. (two works being contributed by Leslie). The Leicester Gallery has been fortunate enough to secure two of these scenes—

Launce and His Dog from the *Two Gentlemen of Verona* by A.L. Pegg R.A. and Macbeth and the Witches by Clarkson Stanfield R.A. The former an excellent example of Pegg's work is illustrated on p. 44. The Stanfield though a somewhat dark and gloomy landscape is most powerfully conceived in a fully executed fine composition and thoroughly realistic. Comparatively recently through one of the sudden turns of modern fashion the works of one of the most poetic and but a few years ago one of the most popular of our Academicians the late P.J. Pook, have been much neglected and when for sale in the picture market have realised relatively small sums. Leicester has fortunately been able to take advantage of this and secured only last year two good specimens of Pook's work—one his celebrated *Arlec*, which is engraved on p. 49, and which was on the Academy walls in 1848 and in a representative collection of the artist's works at Burlington House in the winter exhibition of 1884. Both the figures and landscape are equally well painted and the picture shows



THE FLIGHT FROM LUCKNOW
(From the *Flight* by Abraham Solomon)

this remarkable illustration. Still in the possession of the Institute, Mr. Charles Green has a place here for his large oil painting "The General Left Behind Me" representing the departure of the general at the moment of the charging of the gallop in the foreground taking leave of his ever faithful ally in the title of the work.

The collection covers the late Isaacson Paul being anxious to form a Shakespearean Gallery of the best artists of the day to paint

great originality and of our and masterly execution. A very characteristic and carefully finished example by the late Abraham Solomon "The Flight from Lucknow" exhibited at the Academy in 1878 forms the subject of the illustration on this page.

After several animated debates and more than one other division the advocates of the opening of the Free Picture and Art Galleries on Sunday carried their point in the Leicester Town Council in 1891 by a small majority. The Art Gallery Committee, in consequence of this vote,

opened that building to the public from 2 pm to 7 pm on Saturdays. Over 1000 persons visited the Gallery on the first open Sunday and though naturally the numbers fell off after a few weeks during the first year the average attendance was over 600. The conclusion of these visiting was most exemplary, no disturbance or damage of any sort being reported.

Last year of the late John Phillips Spanish pictures painted in Seville entitled "The Balcony" was added to

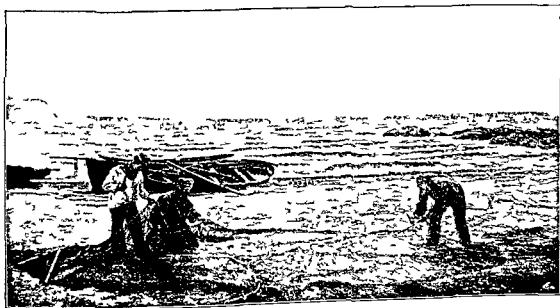


THE BALCONY

(From the Painting by John H. P. I.)

the collection and is here illustrated. Though small it is a fine specimen of this splendid colour. It found a place amongst the artists' works in the International Exhibition of 1873.

An illustration is given on p. 48 of a small upright work by Mr. Frost Crofts, A.P.A., who has attained a reputation as a battle painter. Old Friends is the title given to a view of a battle field with a white horse apparently his favourite charger standing prominently over the



THREE FISHERS

(From the Painting by Col. H. H. H. I. I.)

devil body of his master. The foreshortening of the figure of the man and the drawing of the horse are alike admirable. Several sea pieces and coast scenes are on the walls, amongst others two works by Mr. Edwin Hughes, P.R.A., also a prominent member of the Institute than whom a finer open

only specimen in the Gallery of this refined and poetical landscape artist the late J. W. Oakes, A.R.A.

Though possessing a small but choice collection of water colours the Leicester Gallery is rather rich in works in oil by artists more generally known and in some cases perhaps more favourably as water colour painters. I have already mentioned important works in oil by Dawkins and Messrs. Orrell, Folleylove and Charles Green and in addition to these fine specimens of George Cattamell and H. Tritton Willis must not be overlooked.

The *Monastery Door* by the former artist were it framed in a corinthish might at a little distance be taken for a water colour so singularly like is it to works in that medium. It is a large landscape scene. *Cows Watering at a Stream* by Tritton Willis painted in 1800 is a most powerful story and richly coloured painting in oil—the work of a man who was in oil painter before he became a member of the old Water Colour Society and who if he could turn out such pictures as this might never have forsaken his first love. One other artist, J. D. Harding in a small study *A Study Nook* (in oil) shows his marvellous mastery of foliage as well as his command of colour.

The water colour drawings in the Gallery are of the most part of small size, a large sunny drawing *Put Me Up by I Want Dinner* being the solitary exception. There are some fairly good examples of David Cox, W. Hunt, T. S. Cotman, S. L. Atterton, Birket Foster, John Varley,

Mr. Walter Langley, T. B. Payne, W. L. Litch, A. G. Vickars, J. M. Richardson and others, but the difficulty the Committee has found hitherto has been from the want of a separate room to exhibit the drawings properly. That however has recently been overcome by the erection of two new rooms adjoining the Top Gallery and just opened to the public.

At the recent sale of the David Lucas and Mr. Pitts collections the Leicester Gallery purchased for its collection a very fine work in oil *The Castles of Whitley* by T. B. Payne and the small replica of the *Tulway Station* by Mr. W. P. Frith, R.A.,



OLD FRIENDS

(From the *Put Me Up by I Want Dinner* A. G. Vickers)

sea painter does not exist at the present time.

Charles Harding illustrated on page 1 is a very good example of his powers in this respect, while another picture, *Canon*, gives evidence of his talent in other subjects. He called this Dutch marine painter J. T. Chrys two of whose works are now in the National Gallery. His most equally known *"A Dutchman's Hut in the Environs of Dordrecht"* painted in 1870 in the Leicester collection and Mr. John Hunter, R.A., is represented by his *Academy picture* of 1872 *"Three Fishes"* (see page 47). A small but of training work *"Pick-up Wreckage on a Rocky Shore"* is the

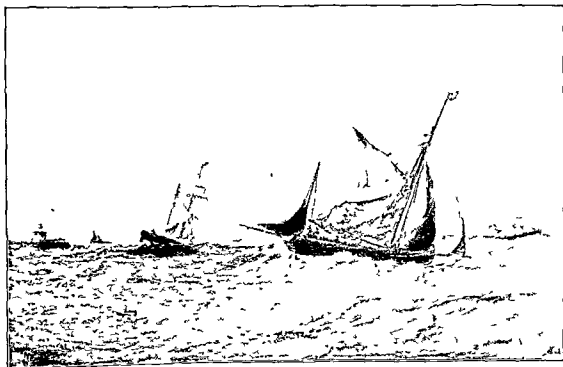


and from the latter two fine works in oil by David Cox, and Mr Seymour Lucas's large Academy picture of "A Whip for Van Tromp."

Quite recently, moreover, two pictures from the collection of the late Sir Thomas Faulkner were purchased. One an exceedingly fine and large classical landscape by the late John Glover the only celebrated artist of the early English school known to be a native of Leicestershire. This is perhaps as fine a landscape as Glover ever painted and was obtained for a merely nominal price as was also the other picture from the same collection "A Neapolitan Saint Manufacturing," by the late Thomas James R.A.

painted in 1831, and said to have created quite a sensation when first exhibited, and to have insured the election of the artist as an Associate of the Academy.

I have I hope, shown that the Leicester Gallery though not professing to exhibit works of the old masters, fully represents (in some instances by choice specimens) our national English school of painting has a few good works by modern artists, and a small but satisfactory collection of water colour drawings and that the whole have been procured for a very moderate outlay comparing favourably in this respect and I venture to think in many others also with any similar gallery in the Kingdom.



GORLESTON HARBOUR.

(From the Paint by Edwin Mayne R.N.A. R.I.)

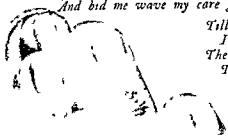
The Unseen Land.

THE dreams that fill the thoughtful night,
All holy dreams are in the sky,
They stoop to me with viewless flight,
And bid me wave my fare good-bye!

Spread your dim wings, O sacred friends,
Fleet softly to your starry place,
I'll meet you as my journey ends,
When I shall trace our Master's grace

Till I may join your shadowy band,
I'll think of things that are to be,
The far-off joy, the Unseen Land—
The Lover I shall never see

(T. R. LATR) J. RUNCIMAN

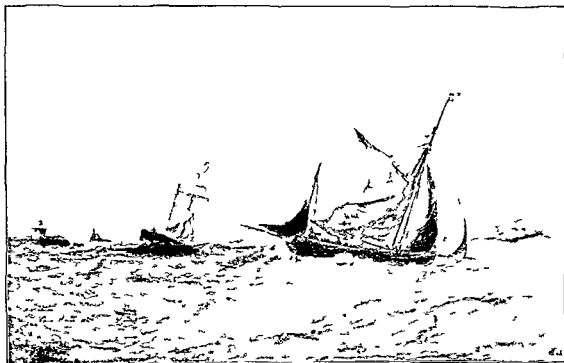


and from the latter two fine works in oil by David Cox and Mr Seymour Lucas. Large Academy picture of "A Whip for Van Tromp".

Quite recently moreover two pictures from the collection of the late Sir Thomas Fairbairn were purchased. One an exceedingly fine and large classical landscape by the late John Glover the only celebrated artist of the early English school known to be a native of Leicestershire. This is perhaps as fine a landscape as Glover ever painted and was obtained for a merely nominal price as was also the other picture from the same collection. A "Napoleonic Ship at Manoeuvre" by the late Thomas Lewis. Painted

in 1831 and said to have created quite a sensation when first exhibited and to have insured the election of the artist as an Associate of the Academy.

I have I hope shown that the Leicester Gallery, though not professing to exhibit works of the old masters, surely represents (in some instances by choice specimens) our national English school of painting has a few good works by modern artists and a small but satisfactory collection of water-colour drawings and that the whole have been procured for a very moderate outlay comparing favourably in this respect and I venture to think in many others also with any similar gallery in the Kingdom.



CORLETON HARBOUR

(From the Painting by Edwin Hayes, R.N. & R.I.)

The Unseen Land

*THE dreams that fill the thoughtful night
All holy dreams are in the sky,
They stoop to me with wingless flight,
And bid me wave my care good-bye!*

*Spread your dim wings O sacred friends
Fleet softly to your starry place
I'll meet you as my journey ends,
When I shall crave our Master's grace*

*Till I may join your shadowy band
I'll think of things that are to be
The far-off joy the Unseen Land—
The Lover I shall never see*

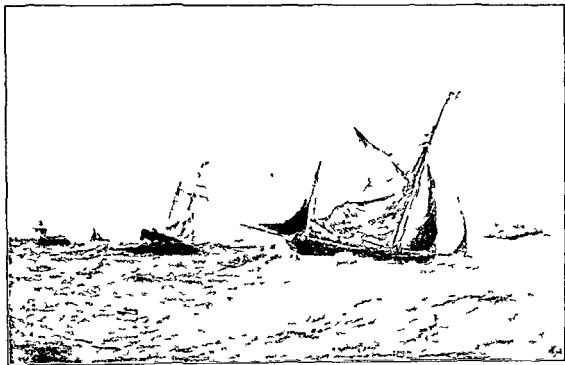
(T. & LATE) J. R. KIDMAN

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painted in 1871 and said to have created quite a sensation when first exhibited and to have insured the election of the artist as an Associate of the Academy.

I have I hope shown that the Leicestershire Gallery though not professing to exhibit works of the old masters fairly represents (in some instances by choice specimens) our national English school of painting has a few good works by modern artists and a small but satisfactory collection of water colour drawings and that the whole have been procured for a very moderate outlay comparing favourably in this respect and I venture to think in many others also with any similar gallery in the Kingdom.



GRESTON HARBOUR.

(From the Paintings by Eliza Hayes R.H.A. F.R.S.)

The Unseen Land.

*THE dreams that fill the thoughtful night,
All holy dreams are in the sky,
They stoop to me with "sewerless flight,"
And bid me wake my care good bye!*

*Spread your dim wings, O sacred friends,
Fleet softly to your starry place,
I'll meet you as my journey ends,
When I shall crave our Master's grace*

*Till I may join your shadowy band,
I'll think of things that are to be
The far-off joy, the Unseen Land—
The Lover I shall never see*

(T. W. LATE) J. R. LINDMAN



DON DIEGO AT THE INN OF VIVEROS

(Don Diego at the Inn of Viveros)

DANIEL VIERGE *

By THE EDITOR

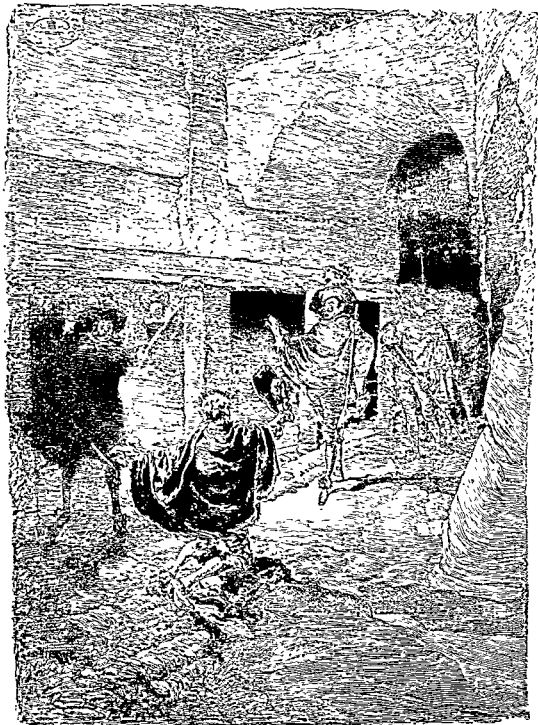


(Don Quixote at the Inn of Viveros)

MR H EWATTS than when a few know more of Spanish literature, has done admirably in placing before English readers the masterpiece of Quixote, the contemporary of Cervantes. Had the great author of 'Don Quixote' not chosen his young rival by his more dazzling fulminancy, Quixote would probably have taken his stand as the

But what interests us most—or rather that with which our chief business is—is the set of illustrations supplied by Señor Daniel Vierge, and commented upon with much spirit and characteristic prejudice by Mr Joseph Pennell. There can be no doubt that the author of these exquisite drawings is one of the most brilliant artists who ever drew with the pen—in artist in selection, in composition in execution a true humorist and observer of character, and one who can suggest colour with the pen almost as well as he could with the brush. And moreover, he is more than all this—he is a critic—for he has invented a new method of his own and has become the godfather of many of the cleverest and most popular pen and ink artists in Europe and America—not excluding Mr Pennell himself. In the course of a letter written by M Vierge to his commentator in French and printed in the volume—but what could Mr Pennell have been about to disfigure the page with a round score of school boy blunders?—the artist tells us something of his

in 1869, but when the war broke out, Virge found *been more or less identified.* Amongst his best-



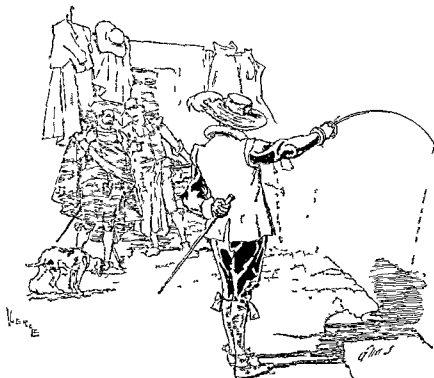
DON PABLO AND THE GUARD

(Drawn by Daniel Virge)

himself seized upon by the *Monde Illustré* and the *Vie Moderne*, with which papers he has ever since known achievements are his illustrations to Victor Hugo's "Notre-Dame," "Les Travailleurs de la

Mr. Quevedo's "Le Grand Tiersgno, Les Tales and Michels, Histoire of France, and the Revolution," but these by no means exhaust the list of his numerous works. In recognition of his talent he has received orders French and Spanish and was one of the recipients of the distinguished honour of the Gold Medal at the Paris Exposition of 1889. A little before this M. Verge was struck down with

critic expresses himself thus: we doubt the sensitiveness of his judgment as we recognise his want of moderation. Again his suggestion that the British Museum possesses no drawings of Charles Keene is groundless while his statement that there are no fine wood engravers in England to be considered is simply grotesque to those who know M. Verge's commentator laughs again when he first



(From the Illustrated London News)

apathetic stroke on the right side. But with heric courage and fortitude he sat down to elucidate his left hand to the pencil so that in a few years time he was enabled to continue his work with but little appreciable variation of touch.

It is due to Mr. Pennell to say that he has done more than any man to make the work of Verge known in England. But he has the misfortune for a critic to possess and cultivate a strangely unsympathetic style to display an aggressiveness as if he were as it is uncalculated for and to betray a bitterness and prejudice that can hardly be accounted for on the ground of ignorance. When a critic who asks us to be guided by his judgment says:

"Few people probably have seen Verge's Quevedo since it has been published than in a day sit and gaze and wince in awestruck ignorance before the Simon Mallory and yet the latter is as fit a piece of shabby commercialism as has ever been produced, the Quevedo is pure work of art—when a

critic's the stupid critics for not knowing Verge (an entirely gratuitous assumption) and then admits—but with assumption equally reckless—that artists' ignorance is as great, or again when he first complains that the imperfections of the printing press are the general cause of capable pen artists' failure forgetful of the facts first that Charles Keene practically triumphed over the imperfections of the press and second that the question of perfecting which the artist can generally have a say is nearly as important as the printing, and yet again when he first declares that only by the hand press can perfect printing be obtained and then illustrates his view by commencing the De Vienne Steau Press.

In spite of these and similar shortcomings of Mr. Pennell's which prevent him from recognising certain minor faults in Verge's work the whole book as an artistic monument is as satisfactory as it can be and reflects the very highest credit upon Mr. Unwin and his associates.



DECEMBER

(Poem by A C Suresh Drawing by H E F Arin)

SCULPTURE OF THE YEAR

THE SALONS OF THE CHAMPS ÉLISÉES AND THE CHAMP DE MARS

By CLAUDE PHILIPS

HARDLY as in every other department of French art, the sculptural, in two distinct and more or less antagonistic schools of the great republic of painters and sculptors makes itself felt but whether for good or evil is a question which admits of considerable discussion. The withdrawal to the Champ de Mars of the high priests of the new school of sculpture MM. Poin and Dalu accompanied by MM. Bonnaud, Saint-Marcou, Tony Noël and others, and followed by the more conservative spirits of the new school, both to the Académie and to the Salon, France the limits of which extend themselves further, its actual boundaries have left at the Champs-Élysées many professors of the plastic art of the highest excellence, such as MM. Gaudin, Paul Duboué, Léon Morel, Barrie, Fremont and Gervais, and these exquisite medallions MM. Chajum and Lévy, of whom the former is, in my opinion, the greatest master of his special art who has appeared in Europe since the time of Bernini, and his group of imitators. The absence of the whole of the present art from the presence among the professors of acknowledged full and fully finished style of drawing and ideal imagination and ideal precedent is perhaps the cause of a certain lack of interest in the modern group, already indicated while the Léon Dalu

school, under the auspices of its two brilliant leaders, finds itself at the Champ de Mars almost much unhampered by conventional duty and tradition. And

then again it has become much the custom in the French artists who have achieved high time to show that they are not without their own strength in the gaze of the public crowd and to make themselves each their own account into little ladders to be worshipped by the initiated to be understood only after some preliminary training in the style of the master. There is a growing tendency among those who have by some unwritten decree attained the rank of artist to show the picture and sculpture galleries of the great exhibitions to shrink from the imitations of their powerful lights and still more from competition with the coming youth who with nothing to lose and everything to gain are anxious to climb the ladder and seize upon the positions already occupied.



RECHET — TOMB OF M. CABANEL
(By Anton Meunier, At the Old Salon)

CHAMPS ÉLISÉES

M. Paul Duboué and M. Poincaré have disappointed the numerous admirers by appearing this year exclusively as painters, thus achieving the conversion of what was no doubt at first a pastime to them into a main and absorbing occupation of their artistic career. MM. Chajum and Lévy have

exhibited nothing and yet the public has been constantly reminded of their art by the pale reflections contributed by a host of followers, who as is the custom in France express their admiration in the practical form of unblushing imitation failing however, with their profusion of medallions medals plaquettes and bas reliefs, to console us for the temporary eclipse of their masters and prototypes.

M. Antonin Mercier has given in his two contributions a resume of his best and his weakest qualities. His statue Guillaume Tell intended for the municipality of Lausanne and as yet only half finished is sadly commonplace and wanting in accent while on the other hand his *Péret* a marble statue destined to form part of the tomb of the painter Caland must count among his happiest inspirations. This is the mourning figure of a muse or genius seen in the act of honouring the name of the deceased master with a handful of flowers. The full contours of her nobly proportioned form are veiled by half transparent draperies, which serve to accentuate their tenderness, and the somewhat too voluptuous character of the figure is corrected by the elevated beauty of the mournful face.

Time would appear to have no effect on the vigour and the infinite capacity for taking pains of M. Carpeaux. He had already, in his *Tamara* (now in the Luxembourg) made a highly successful effort to solve the polychromatic problem in classical art and now in his *Pellée* he gives to the world a work receding by the costliness and variety of its materials and the exquisiteness of its workmanship, the chryselephantine statues of ancient Greece, of which the *Pallas* Athens and Olympian *Zeus* of Phidias and the Argive *Hera* of Polykleitos were the most famous examples.

M. Carpeaux's *Pellée* is fashioned, as to the face, arms and feet out of large single pieces of pure ivory the heavy eyes and the wide open mouth from which issues the trumpet cry of war and music, being most realistically painted to imitate nature. The elaborate draperies the weapons and accessories of the goddess are wrought with the most patient skill in bronze, to which in the Japanese

more great variety and delicate gradations of tints have been given with the happiest results, so far as novelty and charm of colour are concerned. We are constrained to admire here the exquisite and untiring craftsmanship rather than the great sculptor,



PELÉE AND GALATÉE

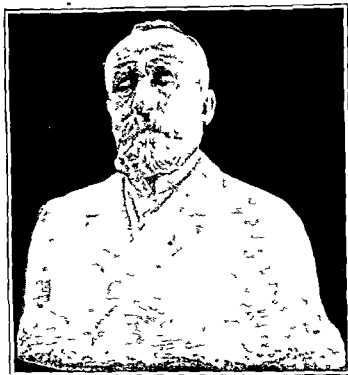
(R.) J. L. G. de la. At the Old Salon

for M. Carpeaux has spent all these pains on a design lacking in true breadth and sublimity. He does not—he cannot—attain to that concentrated simplicity of conception which alone is capable of bearing without sinking beneath it the burden of a mass of curious and interesting detail such as must inevitably distract the gaze and lead the mind away from anything short of a composition of overpowering force and beauty. The same artist's group *Pellée* and *Galatée* is an important

effort in the direction of polychromatic tinting of marble surfaces. The moment chosen for plastic representation is that when Eglamore passionately clasps in his arms his beautiful creation and she quivering with the new thrill of life responds with equal passion to his caress. Here the flesh of the finely modelled figures is delicately tinted; the eyes, lips and draperies are coloured with a well balanced modulation, a curious perfection too realistic effect being obtained by showing the upper part of Cleopatra's breasts faintly tinted with the hues of life while the lower limbs are yet marble. In this instance again while retaining the completeness with which the delicate contours of Cleopatra are modelled I cannot fulfil myself that the master

never shows the powerfully developed figure of an utterly naked sailor who despairing utters the last cry and makes the last signal for help. Undoubtedly force and mystery over technical difficulties are here manifested but the exaggerations of the modelling

make of the study rather an academic and display of virtuosity than the realisation of a pathetic conception. Mr Alfred Buehler's Italian pose which has the goal of aiming to be among the world's selected for purchase by the French State is the skilful and typically French presentment of a wholly undraped nymph lying on a couch with which the sinuous and cunningly disposed lines of her form make a happy contrast. A very curiously *fin de siècle* which might easily have been something more as



POINTE DE CHAMPAGNE

(By the artist, at the Champs-Élysées, Paris)

has too little character to be particularly individual and is thus fulfilled in achieving the general and impersonal beauty which so well befits the subject. And Mr Cerneau's new born woman suggests nothing of the experience proper to the position; her caress conveys the passion of Eglamore rather than the innocence of Cleopatra. The statue, indeed, of Mr Cerneau is an excellent performance, but not one of a monumentally decorative character. His "Joan of Arc Triumphant" has a few merits again—having by special permission been with drawn from the exhibition before the closure—been inaugurated with much ecclesiastical pomp in the Hall of the Louvre near the main

Genius of Liberty of Mr Chavalland—part of a monument commemorating the Franco-German Federation in 1900—is marked by a happy audacity of design and pose. It is a slender nude figure with tressed hair and flowing draperies applied to the face of a fluted column on the base of which it appears to have newly alighted.

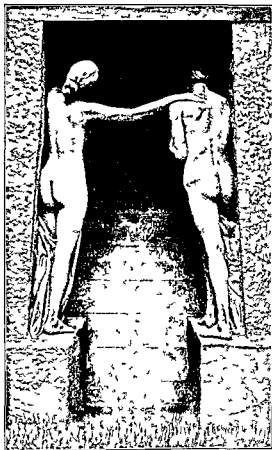
"In Distress" by Mr Alphonse Audouard, a red in

accomplished by Mr Mist with his statue of a dying gladiator in the act of suicide, called "Mortuus et Salutat." The characteristic Poincaré duct with its virr entirely enclosed and obscures the heart of the work so that the artist must perforce evade the pathos of his subject from the fainting formalism which to a great extent he succeeds in doing. But why the limit it is? Why is Mr Mist deprived himself of the crowning pathos of the human face and is doing produced only a clever and cold work instead of one which might have been profoundly moving, as well as effective? There were to be found at the Champs-Élysées many better and more remarkable pieces of modelling than Mr William Gosselin's "Morpheus"—sent last year to the Paris Academy and there highly appreciated—yet few works more penetrated with the true spirit of classic art. Yet the herald of the English sculptor's finely imagined statue, but the whole form suggests the mystery and the horror of the goal of sleep. A German sculptor Herr Arthur Volkmann comes forward with a polychromatic

marble statue of Bacchus very skilfully imitated from the antique but from the antique of a post-Praxitelean period which in its soft voluptuous charm already contained the elements of decay.

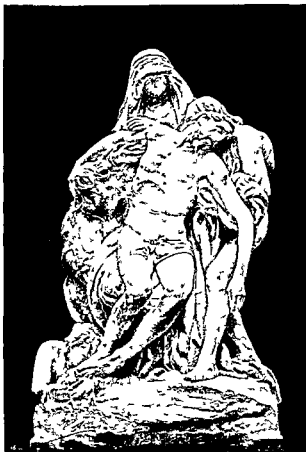
M. Fremont's important decorative high relief "The Constable Olivier de Clisson" is skilfully conceived, and executed in the style of the earlier Italian Renaissance, it closely resembles indeed a marble alto-relievo in the Renaissance section of the Louvre with the equestrian portrait of one of the *Mafestas of Rimini*. The French artist's little equestrian statue in gilt bronze, "Isidore de Puy", is far from equalling any a preceding work of the kind from the same skilful hand.

Very well put together very sufficiently executed in the rhetorical style of the seventeenth century, is the large group "Death of Jesus" by the Chalon sculptor Simon Aris—an order from the Chalon Government. M. Fremont's important fragments of a monument, "To the Glory of the Republic" commissioned by the city of Lyons, and displayed on a scale only half that of the



DOLLY WAY

(By A. De la H. / At the Ch. p. de M. & Sal. &)



THE DEATH OF JESUS.

(By V. Aris. At the Old Sal. &)

original among those very skilfully and capably executed but not very distinctive performances of which numerous examples are to be found in modern French art. M. Sedov's clever "Wicked Cenus" is closely reminiscent as an antique's plagiarist of the famous *Myphostophiles* of the Russian sculptor M. Antokolsky now in the Kremlin of Moscow, while a still more singular example of unacknowledged borrowing is furnished by the *Saint Saturnin Martyr* of M. Seysses the pose and characterization of which are almost identical with those of the beautiful little *Attila* by Stouff in the Salle Houdon of the Louvre.

CHAMP DE MARS

In this exhibition the sculpture was not entirely confined within the charming winter garden recently arranged in emulation of that in the Palais de l'Industrie the minor examples such as busts and statuettes having been scattered through the long pleasant

charm not very easy to define or account for. It is perhaps due to a vein of pathos running through and ennobling a conception of a tempered and not unpleasant voluptuousness. M. Injalbert was at one time given up to the boldly decorative style and the conventional graces of Barye and his school but he has now, in addition to these influences, taken under that of M. Rodin whose powerful, fibrous naturalism he now seeks to combine with his own seventeenth century style. Among his contributions were an animated but by no means original *Nymph Surprised by a Satyr* in bronze ('wish way'), 'The Dance, in the same material, and a horrible but subtly expressed "Sacrificial Head"—this last a work which for all its cleverness is hardly worthy of an artist of M. Injalbert's calibre. M. Fay Nod, one of the sculptors who in 1889 obtained the *Médaille d'Honneur*, does nothing to enhance, if he also does nothing to detract from his reputation with his *Houdin*, a model of the statue lately erected at Versailles to the memory of the greatest sculptor of the eighteenth century. The more imaginative and eccentric among the French critics have of late dwelt with singular emphasis on the unconventional productions of M. Bartholomé in which they have professed to discover inventions of the highest and most poetic order. I have found myself up to the present time unable to agree with them and therefore this year had all the more readily the appearance of a work from his hand containing genuine elements of spiritual beauty, even though the conception be expressed in somewhat novel and eccentric fashion. The work in question represents the open gate of a tomb, entering which simultaneously on either side are two nude figures—a man and a woman—undefined and impersonal in form and character. They

may—I hardly venture to say they do—represent the companions of a lifetime still found together in death, as they go to solve at last the unfathomable mystery.

One of the most brilliant of M. Follin's followers is M. Hüller whose success is often achieved by tempering a brilliant modelling naturalism with

the recognition of certain inevitable limitations of the plastic and decorative at *par excellence* against which the greater artist his master often rebels. His *Design for Fountain* shows the more than life-size figure of a snowy old gardenier, a Bohemian who lightly clad in modern garments and sleekness is watering out of a large can the flowers beneath him. This grim oldy of life long toil is hardly a suitable decoration emerging as it does from a bank of smiling flowers of which it forms the apex. Taking for granted, however the peculiar standpoint of the artist we may not withhold our admiration from the admirably intelligent expressive figure which is even in a certain sense decorative, seeing that its lines are—rare quality in a modern statue—thoroughly harmonious from whatever point we examine it.



L'ŒCE HOMME

(By C. Meunier at the Chaix de Ma's Salon)

The Belgian sculptor M. Meunier is in ardent exponent of pathetic naturalism, a lover of the mirrors of Labour in adopting whom almost exclusively as the subjects of plastic art he appears to us to sound a note of revolt and almost of threatening protest. However this may be M. Meunier in presenting the mower stern and sullen the miner resting in lassitude from crushing toil is overpowered by the fumes of the fire-dump never loses sight of the centrals of his art and manages to preserve together with the generalised truth of the higher realism a wealth of details that elude without distorting the facts and ideas which he seeks to impress on the beholder. Examples of

call for so as to afford just that relief and contention which they require in order to escape the reproach of monotony. The marvellous of M. Louis d'Orléans by M. P. is the finest thing of the kind produced by the great naturalistic sculptor since he portrayed in the style of

throughout is remarkable yet no less so the suggestion of a strong mental personality. While M. Podin produces such work as this we can afford to wait patiently for the completion of the great *Peuple de la rue* group and of the *Interrogation* for the new Musée des Arts Décoratifs which



DESIGN FOR FOUNTAIN

(By J. de la Foye at the Champ de Mars Salon.)

of Fontaine d'Orléans has found and rival M. Podin. Here we have a full and convincing individuality expressed with true authority and with out loss of realistic truth. The surfaces of the feet have all the suppleness and vitality of flesh. A very noticeable and purely superficial detail is marked upon the suggestion of physical life

the artist has been such an inordinate number of years in finishing his liking. Testing some what on his laurels M. Podin contributed besides four busts and an individual marble group (*Les Fous de la rue*) a small plaster group "*Bacchus en saut*" which notwithstanding a certain want of the realness in the execution has a rare

charm not very easy to define or account for. It is perhaps due to a vein of pathos running through and ennobling a conception of a tempered and not unpleasant voluptuousness. M Injalbert was at one time given up to the boldly decorative style and the conventional graces of Bernini and his school but he has now, in addition to these influences, taken under that of M Rodin whose powerful febrile naturalism he now seeks to combine with his own seventeenth-century style. Among his contributions were an animated but by no means original 'Nymph Surprised by a Satyr' in bronze ('wiste wax'),

'The Dance,' in the same material, and a horrible but subtly expressed 'Severed Head'—this last a work which, for all its cleverness, is hardly worthy of an artist of M Injalbert's calibre. M Tony Noël one of the sculptors who in 1889 obtained the *Médaille d'Honneur*, does nothing to enhance, if he also does nothing to detract from, his reputation with his 'Houdon,' a model of the statue lately erected at Versailles to the memory of the greatest sculptor of the eighteenth century. The more unignominous and eccentric among the French critics have of late dwelt with singular complacency on the unconventional productions of M Bartholomé, in which they have professed to discover inventions of the highest and most poetic order. I have found myself up to the present time unable to agree with them and therefore this year had all the more readily the appearance of a work from his hand containing genuine elements of spiritual beauty, even though the conception be expressed in somewhat novel and eccentric fashion. The work in question represents the open gate of a tomb, entering which simultaneously on either side are two nude figures—a man and a woman—undefined and impersonal in form and character. They

may—I hardly venture to say they do—represent the companions of a lifetime still found together in death, as they go to solve at last the unsolvable mystery.

One of the most brilliant of M Rodin's followers is M Lathier whose success is often achieved by tempering a brilliant and daring nature with

the recognition of certain inevitable limitations of the plastic and decorative. His *Fontaine* shows the more than life size figure of a sturdy old gardener (a labourer) who habitually clad in modern garments and shovels is watered out of a large can the flowers beneath him. This grim ebb of life long toil is hardly a suitable decoration, emerging as it does from a bank of smiling flowers of which it forms the apex. Taking for granted however the peculiar standpoint of the artist we may not withhold our admiration from the admirably modelled expressive figure which is even in a certain sense decorative seeing that its lines are—rare quality in a modern statue—thoroughly harmonious from whatever point we examine it.



"ECCE HOMO"

(By E. Meunier. At the Chaix de Mars Salon.)

The Belgian sculptor M Meunier is an ardent exponent of pathetic naturalism, a lover of the martyrs of Labour, in adopting whom almost exclusively as the subjects of plastic art he appeals to us to sound consciously a note of revolt and almost of threatening protest. However this may be M Meunier in presenting the mower stern and sullen the minor distress in his face from crushing toil or overpowered by the fumes of the hot dump never loses sight of the essentials of his art and manages to preserve together with the generalised truth of the higher realism a breadth and dignity that elevate without distorting the facts and ideas which he seeks to impress on the beholder. Examples of

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throughout is remarkable yet no less suggestion of a strong mental personality. Faldin produces such work as this we can wait patiently for the completion of it. Bourgeois de Cluses group and of those gates for the new Musée des Arts Décoratifs



LE FOUNTAIN

(By Jean Béraud. At the Champ de Mars, Paris.)

the fountain. The success has been a rival of M. Béraud. Here we have a full and convincing individuality expressed with true authority and with at least a certain truth. The surfaces of the face have all the suppleness and vitality of flesh and bone, and the eyes are so deep and so full of life that they seem to be the expression of physical life

the artist has been such an in-
veterate in his long to his life
what on his hands M. Béraud
four busts and an unfinished man
"Eponaides") a small plaster group. The
solving Apollo, which notwithstanding a
want of thoroughness in the execution has a

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ces amateurs sans amour, de ces connaisseurs sans connaissance."

Looking back on the glorious past of the amateur belonging to the commoner stock, it can hardly be doubted that his effulgence is on the wane. Unless as in the past, he can show himself another Seymour Haden or Rossetti or Burne Jones he will be able to produce no glorious facts with which to stem the rising tide of latter-day prejudice. A century ago when it was remarked that every artist is born an amateur, he was petted—nay almost fawned upon—by our most powerful art institutions in a manner incomprehensible to us in these critical democratic times, for he had all the artistic advantages with none of the low mercenary motives as they were held among the very select, of that society outcast—the "printer fellow."

But was it really the delight of seeing outsiders become artistic and their taste christened and cultivated, that induced the Society of Arts to offer gold and silver medals to 'sons and grandsons, daughters and granddaughters of peers and peeresses of Great Britain and Ireland' for the best drawings sent in? Was it only with a view to encourage a healthy love of art among the merely fashionable?—or was it because the best 'patrons' of it were at that time to be found in the ranks of the aristocracy? Did these incubators of the amateur fully appreciate the extent of their responsibility, I wonder, when they offered honorary premiums, in 1790 for the best drawings by such young gentlemen under the age of twenty-one, and of young ladies (of any age) as were not professional or the children of professional artists? Nor is the Royal Academy less blamable for the sad case of the Fallen Amateurs, for it recognised them so markedly that from the foundation of the Society right down to 1867, they were regular honorary exhibitors—were specially *noticed in the annual exhibitions and the catalogue* always contained a distinct list of names consecrated to the unprofessional contributor. But that these favoured votaries of art who sometimes indeed included persons of a certain talent amongst them, were not uniformly proud of the recognition, we may judge by the mystery with which they surrounded their identity by the adoption of initials or other pseudonymous disguises in lieu of names.

But you must recollect that the aristocracy had a very real claim on art, some prerogative in the matter of art patronage and art practice. They it was who in the old days encouraged early talent who sent young men of promise to Rome and maintained them during the days of their studentship who purchased their works when they arrived at competence, and helped them on to fame. Thanks to the aristocracy the names of artists—but especially it must be con-

fessed, of dead ones—became an important portion of the after-dinner vocabulary of the world of fashion, and Melbury Road Hampstead and South Kensington are in some degree a concrete testimony to the efficiency if not the orthodoxy, of the system.

That it was not so much a desire to patronise art as a love of the practice of it which impelled the aristocrat first to coquet with the muse, and then to woo her in all seriousness is manifest from the history of the courtship. Since Prince Rupert in the intervals of peace passed from the laboratory into the studio and brought the craft and method of *microtus* prominently before the world many of the persons male and female recognised by the fondly gazed of Burke and Delvett have not only practised art but have distinguished themselves in the execution. Richard Bury the Earl of Burlington who was born in 1697, practised architecture with great success and moreover subsidised it with his purse. The old portions of Burlington House and several London piles were of his design, but the interior arrangement of General Wade's house, built by him close by Stude Row was so defective that Lord Chesterfield proposed to the owner that the best plan for him to enjoy the house would be for him to take another opposite and look at it. Picking, too has been cultivated by many. Lord William Byron, who was the pupil of Tilletius, became renowned for his copies of Rembrandt as well as for his original portraiture. Viscount Nanchin, the second Earl Harcourt exhibited and published a considerable number of plates which were highly prized by that arch flatterer Walpole. His amiable critic furthermore declared that the drawings of the clever amateur painter, Lady Diana Bauckere (sometimes wife of Viscount Bolingbroke) were so incomparable and 'sublime' that he built a closet expressly for their reception. Isabella, Countess of Ulrick daughter of the Lord Byron aforesaid also copied Rembrandt with remarkable success and enjoyed by her charms after the death of her husband that *Lord Musgrave whose name it is so pleasing to recall in connection with the higher form of art patronage*.

Lady Louisa Caville sister of the Earl of Warwick, too was a famous copyist etcher, and carried off the gold medals from the Society of Arts for landscape and figure subjects as well and a little later the fourth daughter of George III the Princess Elizabeth who became the wife of the Prince of Hesse-Homburg was a prolific draughtswoman whose many designs were engraved though who was her 'ghost' has not been placed on record. The wife of the third Lord Lyttelton was a portraitist good enough to be an occasional exhibitor at the Royal Academy and elsewhere and Anne Lady Pemborough was

this phase of his art though less typical and important than have been seen on previous occasions are the bronze high relief *The Soil* (purchased by the French State) *The Mower*, and *L'Enfant prodigue*. But best of all is the bronze *Fecit Homo* in dimensions a mere statuette but yet—in virtue of its beauty of handling its accent and above all its intensely human pathos—one of the finest things of the year. A curious example of the only half sincere mysticism which is a fashion of the moment in French art is in French literature is *M. Dantes*. On the *Threshold of Mystery*—the figure of a skulder uncanny looking genius or spirit gazing with fixed and vacant look into futurity its strangeness of aspect being enhanced by faint polychromatic decoration. The opposite extreme is touched by *M. Saint Marcou* with his *Reclumant Woman* an ultra-sensuous presentation of the charms of woman food in all their opulence which seems less in its place here than it would have been with many congeners at the *Champs Elysées*. The modelling is so skilful that the plasticity of flesh is almost at-

tained and the sensuousness of the work thus over-accented.

Among the most popular attractions of the sculpture galleries at the *Champ de Mars* were the grotesques of *M. Jean Carries* executed in every variety of material—in bronze in wax in enamelled stoneware fashioned and coloured somewhat after the Japanese mode. There is in the dung unbridled art of *M. Carries* something of the classic grotesque something of the medieval Gothic something as I have just indicated of the Japanese. But it is after all essentially eclectic and superficial and calculated to amuse rather than fastidiously to impress as the grotesques of an anonymous French sculptor of the thirteenth or fourteenth century of *M. Montegna* or a *Leonardo* impress. Among the most striking things in the collection exhibited by *M. Carries* are a *Sally* a dashing *Lost of Fairs Halls* a *Dutch Woman* and in the section of industrial art the enamelled stoneware masks masks and grotesque beasts destined to adorn (?) monumental chimney-pieces executed for a Parisian studio

THE NOBLE AMATEUR

BY M. M. STELMANN



HE amateur—the untitled unvarnished amateur—his full name is only in a civil time. For the most part from his very meditation from the moment he begins to dabble in the arts he immolates himself beyond all hope of recovery not only in the estimation of his friends but equally in the eyes of the world. For the public has been taught to regard him as a venial criminal a creature whose most noteworthy achievement is the stultification of both his critical faculty and his reputation for taste. It is the very exposure of his ineptitude to perform. He is indeed the favourite the *Servant* of the art world appreciated only by those professions whom he employs to teach and encourage him and by the few who can sympathise with his aspirations.

Generally speaking his fate is richly deserved for as frequently as not he is the unhappy symbol of a magnificent incompetency. But it must be admitted that oftentimes he is very handsomely used. The *Blessed* *Noble Amateur* which when the century was young used to be synonymous only with *effrontery* and *unprofessionalism* has become in most modern examples synonymous for the incapable—a term of reproach by which the innocent suffer for the guilty.

But the folly of regarding every amateur

whether titled or not either as an *Ismael* or a *Cagliostro* was strangely brought home to the case of the public who seized the opportunity afforded them of examining the collection of the work wrought by the late Countess of Waterford during a long and sedulous life. She revelled in colour her invention was unlimited her imagination successful in the highest degree, her power of feeling delicate and instinctive her sense of colour opulent tender and refined and her hand keen and powerful. Mr. Watts, who was I think a little critical in his criticism when they wrote that in her time lived in 1866 an artist as great as *Venus* knew. But some of her sketches—especially those made blot-terously, in pen and ink—might well be mistaken for work by one or other of the great masters whose manner they variously resemble. But she failed chiefly where she tried to be too precise in drawing—that eternal pitfall of the gifted amateur. Yet in vast fresco in portraiture water-colour and sketches in many methods she achieved such success that proves that had she submitted to the proper education of the professional artist she might perhaps have conquered immortality. She was not of those of whom Count Stroganoff appropriating the sentiment of *Alfred*, sympathetically exclaimed: *'Déjà nous grand Dieu de*



ces amateurs sans amour, de ces connaisseurs sans connaissance!"

Looking back on the glorious past of the amateur belonging to the commoner stock it can hardly be doubted that his effulgence is on the wane. Unless as in the past, he can show himself another Seymour Haden or Rossetti, or Burne Jones, he will be able to produce no glorious facts with which to stem the rising tide of littered prejudice. A century ago when it was remarked that every artist is born an amateur, he was petted—nay almost fawned upon—by our most powerful art institutions in a manner incomprehensible to us in these critical, democratic times, for he had all the artistic advantages with none of the low, mercenary motives, as they were held among the very select, of that society outcast—the "printer fellow."

But was it really the delight of seeing outsiders become artistic and their taste chastened and cultivated that induced the Society of Arts to offer gold and silver medals to "sons and grand-sons, daughters and granddaughters of peers and princesses of Great Britain and Ireland" for the best drawings sent in? Was it only with a view to encourage a healthy love of art among the merely *fashionable*?—or was it because the best "patrons" of it were at that time to be found in the ranks of the aristocracy? Did these meculators of the amateur fully appreciate the extent of their responsibility? I wonder, when they offered honorary premiums, in 1790, for the best drawings by such young gentlemen under the age of twenty-one, and of young ladies (of any age) as were not professional or the children of professional artists? Nor is the Royal Academy less blamable for the sad case of the Fallen Amateurs, for it recognised them so markedly that, from the foundation of the Society right down to 1867, they were regular honorary exhibitors—were specially fostered in the annual exhibitions and the catalogue always contained a distinct list of names inscribed to the unprofessional contributor. But that these favoured votaries of art who sometimes indeed included persons of a certain talent amongst them were not uniformly proud of the recognition we may judge by the mystery with which they surrounded their identity by the adoption of initials or other pseudonymous disguises in lieu of names.

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passed, of dead ones—became an important portion of the after dinner vocabulary of the world of fashion, and Melbourne Road, Hampstead and South Kensington are in some degree a concrete testimony to the efficiency if not the orthodoxy of the system.

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Lady Louisa Caville sister of the Earl of Warwick too was a famous copyist and carried off the gold medals from the Society of Arts for landscape and figure subjects as well and a little later the fourth daughter of George III. the Princess Fliza both who became the wife of the Prince of Hesse-Homburg was a prolific draughtswoman whose many designs were engraved though who was her greatest has not been placed on record. The wife of the third Lord Lyttelton was a portraiture good enough to be an occasional exhibitor at the P. and A. of my and elsewhere—and Anne Lady Farnborough was

similarly honoured by reason of her valuable water colours. Frances Countess of Morley who died in 1837 was another copyist of talent but she worked principally in oil colours and decorated Salter's with good copies of the Old Masters. To a like talent Lady Pembroke added some ability in modelling but of course did not approach in this branch the Hon. Mrs. Damer (the unhappy daughter-in-law of Lord Milton) who a talent and range of practice seem to have borne resemblance to those of the recently deceased miniature Count Gleichen otherwise Prince Victor of Hohenlohe.

The list of the male practitioners other than those I have mentioned is not a long one. Frederick Vincent Duncannon who succeeded to the earldom of Lonsborough claims a place as one of the illustrators of Anger's *Views of the Seats of the Nobility and Gentry in Great Britain* and in a similar way but with a wider range of sympathy the fourth Earl of Aylesford (who died in 1812) commanded public notice both in the Academy and out of it. Thomas Munro Townsend became celebrated in a still lighter branch of art—that of caricature. The ludicrous portrait he produced of the Duchess of Queensberry was the talk of the hour and he was still when he was Lord Lieutenant of Ireland that he had caricatured every officer on his staff.

Again Sir John Fleming Leicester, latterly Lord de Tabley so famous for his celebrated collection known as the Leicester Gallery as well as for his munificent patronage of art for his share in the foundation of the British Institution of the Irish Academy and other similar societies was a water colour artist of real ability and to develop his faculty he employed the services of some of the most eminent of the craft, and repaid his own work in lithography. Of the several known amateurs of to-day within the royal circle and beyond it there is no need at the present time to speak.

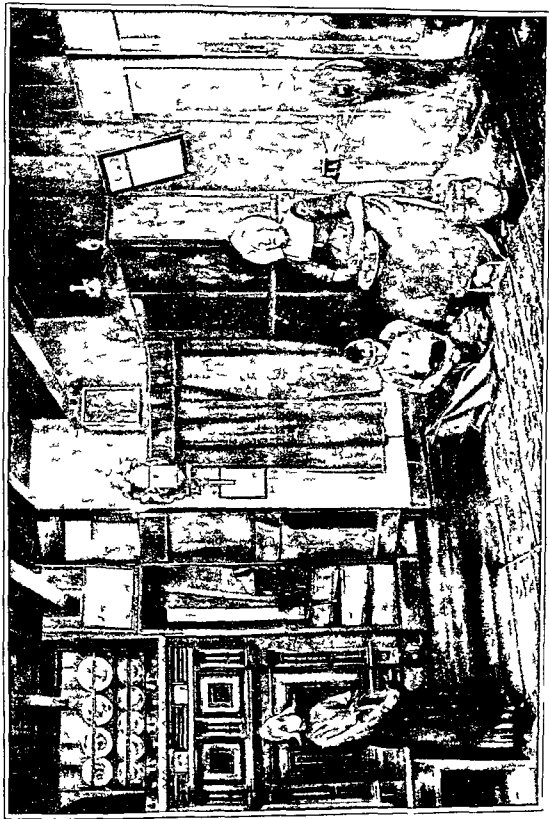
It is certainly matter for surprise that seeing what advantages of leisure and means they have at hand no members of the aristocracy with all their talent have ever succeeded in gaining entrance into the fold of the Royal Academy or of establishing themselves in public favour. But perhaps the nearest approach to such success was achieved by Lady Waterford who probably might had she pleased have attained a higher place in the history of English art than has fallen to the lot of any other woman. What she showed clearly and unmistakably was that devotion and practice are not all that are necessary for the attainment of real excellence and how for lack of severe tuition and study long applied genius is a just fool in art.

ON THE SHORES OF THE ZUYDER ZEE

BY C. A. T. MIDDLETON WITH A NOTE BY HUBERT VOS

EASILY accessible and lying *enfil* Harwich in the direct route to North Germany and Russia the southern portion of Holland is well known to English travellers. With the shores of the Zuyder Zee that great water peninsula which converts the country into a great box c shoe in form the case is different and the tourist satiated with the comforts of civilisation with its mammoth

There are old towns with their canals, and trees and bridges, and their towers upon the wharves now more than half deserted but telling everywhere of bustle and industry which have been. In such completely hygone towns as Hoon upon the one side and Kampen, on the other side of the Zee the narrow streets are all most picturesque, they have no recent boom and bustle. But look at



THE ANTIQUARIAN AT A. END. I

From a P. M. M.

similarly honoured by reason of her admirable water colours. Frances Countess of Morley, who died in 1807 was another copyist of talent but she worked principally in oil colours and decorated Silenus with good copies of the Old Masters. To a like talent Lady Hall added some ability in modelling but of course did not approach in this branch the Hon. Mrs. Damer (the unhappy daughter in law of Lord Milton) whose talent and range of practice seem to have borne resemblance to those of the recently deceased painter Count Gleichen otherwise Prince Victor of Hohenlohe.

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Again Sir John Fleming Leicester, latterly Lord de Lailey, so famous for his celebrated collection known as the Leicester Gallery, as well as for his munificent patronage of art for his share in the foundation of the British Institution, of the Irish Academy and other kindred societies was a water-colour artist of real ability and to develop his faculty he employed the services of some of the most talented of the craft and reproduced his own work in lithography. Of the several known imitators of to-day within the royal circle and beyond it, there is no need at the present time to speak.

It is certainly matter for surprise that seeing what advantages of leisure and means they have at hand no members of the aristocracy with all their talent have ever succeeded in gaining entrance into the fold of the Royal Academy or of establishing themselves in public favour. But perhaps the nearest approach to such success was achieved by Lady Waterford, who probably might, had she pleased have attained a higher place in the history of English art than has fallen to the lot of any other woman. What she showed, clearly and unmistakably, was that devotion and practice are not all that are necessary for the attainment of real excellence, and how, for lack of severe tuition and study long applied genius may just 'fail in art.'

ON THE SHORES OF THE ZUYDER ZEE.

By G. L. T. MIDDLETON WITH A NOTE BY HUBERT VOCS.

EASILY accessible and lying *ad Harwich* in the direct route to North Germany and Russia the southern portion of Holland is well known to English travellers. With the shores of the Zuyder Zee that great water peninsula which converts the country into a great horse shoe in form the case is different and the tourist, striated with the comforts of over civilisation, with its mammoth hotels, coaches and home comforts, cannot do better than wander awhile among the simple people who live below the sea level. Its descendants of those who drove the Spaniards back and who fought on equal terms with ourselves for the supremacy of the sea, they had quiet and industrious lives—making no great effort to push forward along the road of progress, but content to be as were their forefathers. The day of Holland's greatness when she was in the van of all artistic and scientific progress has passed away indeed but the remnant piece of it lingers still and hovers in a ghostly way about the visitor reminding him continually of a dead but glorious past.

There are old towns with their canals and trees and bridges and their towers upon the wharves now more than half deserted, but telling everywhere of bustle and industry which have been. In such completely bygone towns as Hoorn upon the one side, and Kampen, on the other side of the Zee, the narrow streets are all most picturesque, they have in no respect been modernised. But built on poles the houses lie in all directions from the perpendicular, while they themselves are quaint in outline, designed in a delicious and utilitarian Renaissance perhaps but all the more picturesque and curious for this reason while the colouring rich in tone which age alone produces is such as is scarcely to be found elsewhere. Generally, the gables face the streets but where they do not the sky line is still broken by the ranges of small dormers, which are as common as in Belgium or in Germany, and the gables are either stepped or, more frequently curved and pinnacled with much coarse carving on them covered with many coats of paint and half broken in position by iron ties of greater resilience and



THE ANCELS AT Y JENIAM

From A. P. and the Halls

variety than are even those seen in the sister kingdom. Wrought ironwork is employed somewhat lavishly, and even to the extent of inconvenience in the less frequented towns, for the footways are impeded by iron boundary fences dividing them into lengths corresponding to the widths of the houses and so forcing pedestrians into the carriage ways or on to the towing paths of the canals and yet these details in the frontage line viewed from the artists' standpoint add greatly to the picturesque quality of the streets.

Thus it is to the small and quaint rather than the huge and dignified that attention is mainly drawn in the streets and buildings. There are no fine boulevards—only tree-bordered canals with towing paths and bridges—and no great Hôtels de Ville or cathedral churches. Yet there are evidences that the latter at least have once existed. Grand Gothic piles have been but ill destroyed by the reformer who was not content with reformation and sacrifice of them still remains even though covered thickly with the whitewash coming to testify to their one-time beauty. And now it is that there is

coming a period of careful restoration, as at Utrecht where, if the cathedral be viewed from the south-east so that the great transept hides the view between it and the tower where the nave once stood it appears like some great German church gone in detail rich in foliage—the dark grey tower, weather-stained and delicate in outline and in tracery rising beyond and giving the necessary idea of magnitude.

If ecclesiastical and civil buildings of importance, however, are lacking there is a considerable amount of military architecture left all bold and massive mainly in the form of old town gateways planned for defence rather than for effect and therefore quite naturally effective in their composition. Such is the Amsterdam Gate at Hraklen and the strange Water Gate at Hoorn built so as to show a old front

to those who would assault the place by sea, to say nothing of the five towered gate at Zwolle standing high above the many storyed houses which surround it and still the main entrance to the town.

There is in numerous other places the ramparts still exist in part with a wide moat and them formed by simply widening the canal. This is a canal for large traffic and of such there is a complete network throughout the country yet they are not so noticeable as the canals for irrigation principally fed from the lower waters of the Rhine and Meuse. The whole fertility of the country depends upon them while they also serve the purpose of keeping these rivers under control and preventing flooding the main channels being dammed up at higher levels or enclosed by dykes like railway cuttings. In such cases the dykes are built on embankments these feeding subsidiary channels and these again the long low level irrigation canals cut below the normal level of the land. The feeding and sometimes the secondary channels serve both purposes—for traffic and for irrigation, and often rows of trees are planted along the outer edges of the towing paths than roots and



PRO PATRIA

(The title is by H. de la Tour)

ing to land and support the earthwork of the dykes. All are regularly and rectilinearly planned and the symmetry is broken only here and there by a clump of trees enclosing a farmhouse or by a dunet or marsh, by a larger town. Thus is produced a landscape evenly desecrated and different from any seen elsewhere invested with a peculiar beauty from its very regularity and the amount of water everywhere—often added to by a glimpse of the sea seen over the great protecting dyke which keeps it off the land while of course the expanse of sky is large, second in extent only to that which is obtained from a ship's deck when out of sight of land. Round about Amsterdam and in some other districts the most confusing effect is produced by the multiplicity of windmills all working together and used

for all it imposes almost for which we employ steam or water power but in North Holland and in Friesland they are much more rarely met with and in fact are more common than in many parts of England.

In towns which have decayed even if forming part of active nations there will be found a sleepy out of date population. Thus throughout the more remote districts of Holland the people do their business lazily, making sufficient money for their

needs with apparent ease and always in

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in the square ornaments, and clips with which the gold bands finish at each side of the head and in a little frontal cap held by a chain over the centre of the forehead. Sometimes the square ornaments are replaced by cork-screw like appendages projecting forwards from either side of the face like hems and bending up and down as the wearer moves and in the province of Overijssel though the children wear their earrings in their ears the older women when they adjust the ear

covering cap incline

met surgical thorns

from their ear

stings as if un

willing to relinquish

this adornment.

Unfortunately even

among the pious

Frisian women the

bonnet is coming in

to use and is often

less conspicuous in

the top of the lace

cap with incongru-

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effect.

In the near fu-

ture Holland is I

think likely to be-

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sally changed. Her

country prosperity is

not likely to return

soon to the once

famous ports of the

Zuyder Zee for they

have no great trade

route in spite of the

Zee itself forming a

huge and magnificent

natural harbour but

the Dutch people

have that in their

character which will

not allow them to

linger in the rear

in an age of pro-

gress. Their rail-

ways are among the

most comfortable in

Europe and so in

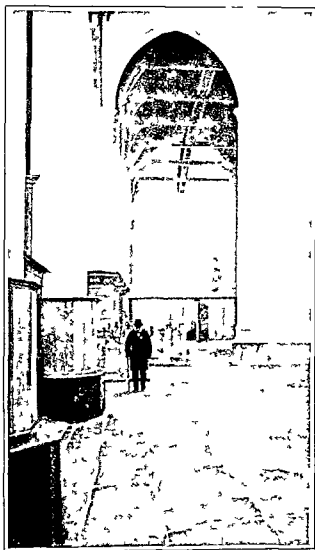
everything modern—everything is of the best only

unfortunately for the visitor of skinner means a

particularly heavy charge is made the guilder

appearing to go no further than the billings does

at home.



INTERIOR OF THE CHURCH EDAM

(From the Pen by Robert Van.)

a broad band round the head sometimes covering it entirely. Many of the women possess not only one but several of the head-dresses the one worn upon the more important occasions being often richly set with precious stones—diamonds and rubies mainly—of small size both

everything modern—everything is of the best only unfortunately for the visitor of skinner means a particularly heavy charge is made the guilder appearing to go no further than the billings does at home.

NOTE BY HUBERT VOS. Of all the dead cities of the Zuyder Zee none is so famous as Lelidhusen—which in its glory was more important than Amsterdam, and though Hoorn is now the most flourishing for the tourist none will be more interesting than Edam with the neighbouring fishing village of Volendam. To reach it from Amsterdam by the most picturesque route, the intending visitor should



AN OLD FISHER OF THE ZUYDER ZEE.

(From the *Pencil* by Hubert Vos.)

go by steam tram through Brock—the cleanest village in the world—and the little town of Monnikendam which bears in silence the mark of its splendid historical past.

Edam which has a population of between five and six thousand is situated about a mile from the Zuyder Zee with which it is connected by the harbour and suburb of Oogst. The oldest houses date from the seventeenth century although the town existed for some hundreds of years previous to that for as early as 1357 civic rights were granted which prove that even then it must have been a place of some importance. This earlier town however was

entirely destroyed by fire on February 24th 1602, when the tower of the beautiful church was struck by lightning. The church was rebuilt in a manner befitting its former condition, and is renowned to-day for its enormous proportions, the beauty of the architecture and its splendid painted windows. The other principal building the Town Hall, is a more recent structure having been built about 1740, and in full accordance with the style of architecture and of the period. It presents a dignified and quiet yet withal a rich appearance.

In one of the principal rooms on the first floor—which was kindly placed at my disposal while I was painting the pictures which accompany this article—are to be seen three curious pictures: one the portrait of an abnormally stout man; another of a very tall young girl and the third of a large monster with a head twice the length of his body. It is to be hoped that for a few more years still the visitor to the Stadhuis will be shown its treasures by an old patriot who acts as guardian and who really might be two hundred years old for he seems to remember all the facts in Motley's "Rise of the Dutch Republic." He served as my model for the illustration "Pro Patria," on p. 66.

There are various ways of reaching Volendam the little fishing village which belongs to the commune of Edam and which is perhaps the quaintest one can find in all Holland—which is saying much. There is a path running along the dyke, or another which leads across meadows which is intersected at exceedingly short intervals by ditches and canals and crossed by means of landslugs doing duty for bridges or there is a third method of proceeding which is indeed the pleasantest—by means of the quaint little sailing boats that complicate the scenery at intervals half an hour.

The village is of course protected by the inevitable dyke some of the houses being built on this structure with piles as their foundations. The village slopes away from the dyke and is like some of the larger towns in miniature—miniature streets with miniature houses, canals and bridges all in miniature, and everything brightly coloured with dark blue predominating and triumphing everywhere.

The dyke serves as a promenade to the minutists where they gather when the fishing fleet is safely at anchor. The men are dressed in red woollen shirts wide short black trousers with old coins for buttons and belts ornamented in the same way on their heads felt caps. The women's costume is brilliant and fantastic but always harmonious with pretty fichus round their necks and

coquettish caps on their heads. The whole scene is one of picturesque quietude. And it is transported to a small grey fishing village on the Zuyder Zee.

The interiors of the houses too are well worthy of inspection each being a museum in itself with their neat rows of Delft china and solid old furniture and all in such a splendid state of order and cleanliness. Here may be seen an old grandmother teaching her sons children how to knit in the spare moments after having repaired the fishing nets or attended to the humble dinner of potatoes and dried fish. And there—for the inhabitants are like all the other folk deeply religious—you have at the hour of the Angelus such an old world picture as I have represented on page 67.

Opposite Volendam out in the Zuyder Zee is the little island of Marken to which any of the fishermen will be pleased to take you in their boat for three guineas, and bring you back too. Local legends tell us that this island was once part of the property of a convent at Monnikendam on the other side of the Zee. It is certain however that this town itself took its name from the convent established by Russian monks in the early part of the thirteenth century. But here as at Edam no remains of that period are left standing. Three times—in 1499, 1614 and 1811—has the town been devastated by fire, and in August 1623 much that the fires had left was destroyed by an explosion.

In spite of all these disasters there remains a good deal of great interest. Amongst this is the tower of the old town hall built in 1591 containing a curious clock which at the hours acts in imitation of procession of horsemen. But the finest remnant of the earlier architecture is the St. Nicholas Church completed in 1412 and given over in 1572 to the Reformed Church. The traveller from Amsterdam sees this tower rising from amongst a clump of

trees its hoary head standing out boldly from the contrast of the surrounding green, but to see it in full beauty one has to come upon it after strolling through the little town along the banks of the



THE KNITTING LESSON

(From the Façade by Herbert Vaughan)

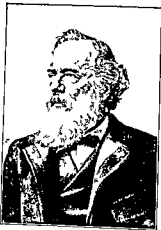
canals and across the antique bridges. Down in the old harbour there is one ship built who carries out white little houses still clinging to the place and he alone is left to keep alive the traditions of the old glory is days when it meant something to be a ship builder in Monnikendam.

The whole district round the Zuyder Zee is full of interest from all points of view and certainly not least to the artistic. Here the artist may find innumerable subjects for his brush if he let himself possess "the seeing eye and the understanding heart."

OUR ILLUSTRATED NOTE-BOOK

TO the resignation by Professor Legros of the Slide Professorship at University College we have already referred. At the moment of our going to press his successor had not yet been appointed.

We present to our readers two examples of the work of Mr Walter Crane which he executed



PROFESSOR LEGROS

(From a Photograph by Elliott and Fry.)

during his recent sojourn in America. The window measures about thirty-four feet by thirty-two feet each, but being ten feet wide. The subject is St Paul (the Apostle) preaching at Athens. The window is full and rich in colour and painting has been used to get depth of tone. The pitch of light being so

much higher in America the windows bear more depth of colour and as a rule, are much darker in tone than English windows. The window was the gift of Mr Murphy. The panel for the Willard Hall Women's Temperance Building Chicago is one of two each being six feet four inches high by five feet six inches wide. One represents by allegorical female figures 'Purity and Temperance,' the other, 'Mercy and Justice.' They are painted on canvas in flat oil colours gold being used for some of the ornamental accessories such as the chain of the savage dog which Temperance restrains the scales and sword of Justice &c.

Monsieur Charles Guillard who has died at the age of seventy-three was a painter of landscape and interiors. He has left behind him a great number of works and is represented in the Luxembourg by his 'Jeu de Boules.'

An artist of real talent and exceptional modesty has lately passed away in Mr Joseph Moore the medalist of Birmingham at seventy-six years of age. Showing a decided taste for drawing in his boyhood he was apprenticed to Mr Thomas Halliday the designer of Birmingham and spent the early part of his life designing dies for metal buttons. At all times however he had a strong desire to work in

the higher grade of his profession—the production of medals which should take their place as works of art. One of his first medals contained on the obverse a copy of the 'Salvator Mundi' of Leonardo da Vinci and on the reverse Ary Schille's 'Christus Consolator' of which Schille said 'Your medal has immortalised my picture—it will outlive the canvas.' There is a small collection of his works in the Birmingham Art Gallery at Birmingham.

The painters of France have lost their *dieu* in Monsieur Emile Signol who has died at the age of eighty-eight. The pupil of Gustave Moreau took the *Grand Prix de Rome* in 1830 and



WINDOW AT ST PAUL'S CHURCH NEWARK N.J.

(Designed by Walter Crane.)

therefore and devoted himself to history, sacred and profane. His subject pictures together with historical fancy portraits abound in the museums of France and in the galleries of Versailles while many altar pieces are to be seen in several of the principal churches in Paris—such as the Madeleine.

and St Sulpice Knight of the Legion of Honour in 1841, he was promoted to the Officership in 1867 having previously, in 1860 succeeded to Hericsts seat in the Academy of Fine Arts.

Mr I G STRINGS sends us the following estimate of the late Thomas Woolner, RA —

Another page records the outlines of a biography of this distinguished sculptor it is proposed to devote this one to some expository notes on the inventive side of his genius and the characteristics of his art in dealing with marble. Elsewhere I have remarked of his ideal designs that it had from the first been part of Woolner's ambition to embody something of Phidian dignity, simplicity and naturalness in his works of all kinds combined with exhaustive representation of detail. It was this view of the potentialities of sculpture which induced him, while yet a youth to join the Pre-Raphaelite Brotherhood. In carrying out this ideal he obtained for his portraits, statues and busts not less than for his poetic creations that choice breadth, completeness and repose which make and mark every noble style in art as well as monolithic the most veracious and simple and in modern sculpture that extremely rare kind of finish which is so distinct in his productions as to be characteristic of and easily recognisable in, all of them.

The observer may see in each completed work of Woolner more of that supple and elastic quality of the human skin which it was the delight of Phidias to reproduce from the life than most of the ancient and modern workers in marble—who were not simply slavish copiers of nature and nothing else—have attained to. The yielding integument faithfully attests while it is stretched over a hard bone a compacted mass of softer fat a firm ligament or a tense and pulsing vein or while being customarily folded in a joint long and multifidum creases prove how flexible it is. The skin of the Theseus or Theseus is only finer in degree than Woolner's best statues show. The knowledge, intense research and prodigious love of nature which these statues exhibit are evidently referable to models of the great

Phidian school. Among the moderns I do not know anyone who has for instance carved with so much exquisite fidelity and skill as Woolner the texture of the skin between the temple and the ear of a human face or given with complete veracity the difference between the cartilaginous base of a nose



PORTION OF DESIGN FOR DECORATION OF WOMEN'S TEMPERANCE BUILDING
CHICAGO

(By Walter Crane)

and the everywhere mobile fleshiness of the lips beneath it. Breath seems to be in his sculptured nostrils while the eyes he carved may be said to move within and between their differently yielding lids. Merely to copy nature this is with dull labor simply a matter of almost mechanic patience and delicate toil quite otherwise is it to preserve the breadth and freedom of a noble type while omitting none of the supremely delicate details. Because he did this I claim for Woolner an eminent place among the modern masters of style. The portrait bust of Tennys in which in 1873 was finished by Woolner with the aid of his old friend and warm abettor the Laureate and is now in the sculptor's study is one of the finest examples not only of a lofty mode of reading the character of

one of the noblest modern faces but of the surest style I know to have been attained in marble. The forms of his stately Virgins bewailing the Banishment of Coriolanus, the torso of his god-like Achilles shouting to the Trojans, which is in the Bodleian, the tense bust of his Godiva and the virginal purity of his Elaine, music on Lancelot are but a few of Woolner's achievements in the pursuit of style, as it is manifest in the morbidezza of nature herself, and of the retention of truth in the grand treatment of



THE LATE JOSEPH MOORE

(From a Photograph by Harold Baker, Birmingham)

flowed Verulam. There appears to be an argument in the action of the hands placed the one upon the other, the light of persuasion beams from the eyes and the pleasure of one who convinces is formed in the smiling lips. Another fine illustration of a similar power obtains in the majestically passionate statue of Moses with the Table, which gives rare force and dignity to the iconographic scheme on the chief façade of the Manchester Assize Courts. Of the same category very different in its application but not less fine is that colossal statue



THE LATE CHARLES GERALD

(From a Photograph by M. L. Paris)

pure form which is the ideal of sculpture with high aims.

I have not space for more than one example of the poetic mood of Woolner when applied to ideal subjects where mournful pathos must needs obtain, though shall be the large and beautiful

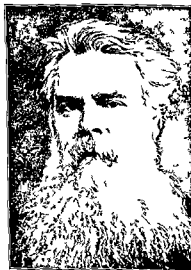
of Captain Cock Woolner executed for the Government of New South Wales and which stands in the parlour at Sydney overlooking what has been called the noblest harbour in the planet and—with one hand upraised in surprise as a discoverer of



THE LATE EMILE SIGNOL

(From a Photograph by M. L. Paris)

is seated in Wrexham Church where over a young boy's grave his embodied spirit seems to sit just within the gate of Yrdders (an emblematic almond tree runs across the wall) and with a lowered ear and attentive face he listens for the coming footsteps of his parents that war is that region where there is no more sorrow nor cry. An example of what I may call Woolner's imagination penetrative occurs in the very fine bust of Lady St. John of Boscawen in the Chancellors robes which adorns the New Museum at Oxford and seems to speak with the gentle earnest tone of Tennyson's large



THE LATE THOMAS WOOLNER R.A.

(From a Photograph by Elliott and Fry)

a new world at that place—stands a telescope under one arm and every limb and feature instinct with life, dignity and character. In all these instances the diligent and studious hand of the artist combined with nature and yet exalted leads to produce masterpieces of art. In the way of idealised and yet characterful large portraiture I believe Woolner and his royal subject will be almost equally fortunate if posterity takes its impressions of her present Majesty from the stately yet simple standing life-size figure with arms folded upon each other which is I think at Birmingham.

artist gives to the stones and marbles lacks reality. Mr. Lauder is said to have endured no little hardship in carrying out his determination to paint the Queen of the Adriatic out of doors and in the cold weather and as a result of his valorous choice of season, the blue note which dominates most Venetian studies is conspicuously absent. Before going to Italy, Mr. Lauder made in my drawings of our London streets as they appeared to him in the brightness of a sunny July afternoon. It is a little disappointing to find that the difficulties are so little between the London atmosphere observed under such conditions and that of the lagoon Venice.

Mr. T. J. Larkin is to be congratulated on the taste and nice judgment he has shown in bringing together at his Japanese Gallery, Bond Street, a select collection of little pictures of the Dutch and Flemish masters of the seventeenth century. It is the outcome of a recent industrious tour in the Netherlands made by the proprietor of the gallery with a view to quelling his own (if discrimination be) between the original and the insidious copy by the fresh and intimate study of authoritative examples. The most important picture is a landscape by JAN LOOTEN, of his lively "3 inches—in open roadway with figures, two of three trees rising in dignified relief in the foreground and beyond a wide stretching plain sleeping in golden tranquillity. It is full of reason of the glorious serenity of the far-reaching distance, the balance of its elements and the harmony of its rich brown greens, with the soft blues and greys of the domed sky. It is a picture of ever deepening charm, the companion composition to a similar work at Cassel, and one of the artist's best efforts. A small full-length portrait of a burghmaster in black, by TEUBER, is a fine example of that artist's sedate strength and accurate appreciation of values. 'The Jolly Sailor,' a sketch attributed to FRANZ HALS, some deliciously calm seas by VAN DE VELDE, some unusually spirited WOUVERMAN, and an ice scene by VAN GÖYEN, remarkable for its perfect tonality, are amongst the most interesting of these pictures. A word of praise should be spared to the catalogue, with its crisp and neat homely literary notes.

That Mr. McLaren of the Haymarket, has been mindful of the taste of those who have visited him in the past his small autumn collection sufficiently demonstrates. But it boasts no other distinctive feature. Old friends send new pictures on familiar subjects. A delightful SEILER 'Amateur' is offered to those who turn Messiaen and love the microscopic. The CORRAU KESER 'At the Masked Ball' is of a richer prettiness than usual. Mr. BIRTON BARBER's 'I Love Little Pussy' is not a successful variant of the inevitable theme. M. DILFERRE's 'Britany Pastures' is a delightful study of cattle beneath a blossoming tree. M. MCALPINE's 'Fair Friarhood' works in that wonderful window light of which he seems to possess the secret. Very breezy, strong, and healthy are two scenes by Mr. H. McSHANE. 'Memories,' by Mr. J. W. GORDON, is a semi-classical figure, tastefully posed with daintily harmonised draperies. The most admirable canvas in the room is Mr. JOHN W. SWAN's beautiful study of a lioness. 'In the Desert.'

For the first time in the history of the "one man, one room" rule, exhibitions at the Fine Art Society's rooms in Bond Street the works shown have not been those of a living artist. The drawings of the late CHARLES ROBERTSON, who died just a year ago, having been only six months promoted to full membership of the Royal Society of Painters in Water Colours, have been on view. It is to be regretted that Mr. Robertson took to water colours so late

in his career. As an aquatintist and an etcher—he was Vice President of the Royal Society of Painter Etchers—he found his proper vocation. His drawings vary greatly in merit and style. Those now shown, dealing with his scenery, reveal the influence of Mr. J. M. W. Turner and the late Fred Walker. Mr. Robertson has indeed in some drawings put in the figures, whilst certain studies of the Dart might almost be mistaken for his work. Working in the East, Mr. Robertson permitted himself more originality. His 'Standard Bearer,' an Arab standing outside a mosque at the door of which sit one or two of his comrades is an example of his work at its best.

A very interesting competition exhibition has been held by the various students sketching clubs of London at the rooms of the Royal Society of British Artists, Messrs. H. H. T. HARRISON, R. A. & A. WARRINGTON, R. A., and W. H. HARRISON acting as judges. The merits of the exhibits were very varied, some of them being merely nursery daisies and others sketches of distinct promise. The Royal Academy students carried off the chief honours in figure, landscape, and design. Strikingly was successful in the animal contest and in landscape sculpture. Messrs. BLAIR SHAW, HAROLD STEEL, and H. POOLE, and Misses WATSON and HODGKIN, took the first prizes.

By an exhibit in the Dulcy Gallery, Piccadilly, Mr. HOLLYER has again demonstrated the fine artistic qualities of his photographic photography. These photographs include reproductions from ancient and modern masters. Besides works by members of the New English Art Club. The latter by their nature are not quite so satisfactory in result, but the exhibition as a whole is a triumph for Mr. Hollyer.

REVIEWS.

Mr. WILLIAM SANDY, to whom we owe the "History of the Royal Academy of Arts," has done well in bringing together, before it was too late to do so effectually, the main facts in the lives of his ancestors, "Thomas and Paul Sandy, Royal Academicians" (Socley and Co.). Their work in Windsor Great Park—where Virginia Water and the contingent landscape gardening besides other features of importance, are due to Thomas Sandy then Deputy Ranger—is set forth, their pioneer labours as water colour painters, their only achievements as caricaturists, their services in the establishment of the Royal Academy, and their place and work in the world of art are all placed simply and agreeably before the reader. The claim is rightly laid for the share taken by the two brothers in the foundation of a true landscape school for England studied lovingly from nature, and Paul Sandy's introduction of the once popular and pleasing art of aquatint as well as the technical work of both artists, are fully gone into. The book is enlivened with many stories and anecdotes and illustrated with capital portraits and examples of the artists' works, and is a solid contribution to the literature of artistic biography.

The great national catalogue of French art treasures, entitled "Inventaire Général des Richesses d'Art de la France" (Mon Nourrit, et Cie, Paris), proceeds apace. We have often had occasion to refer to this monumental and admirable publication, which has now been advanced to 'Province—Monuments Civils—Tome V,' and to call attention to the excellence and simple clearness of the scheme so comprehensively imagined and so carefully and exhaustively carried out. The work, when complete, will be not only a full catalogue of every art object in the

asked in gore. Mr A. PEARSE illustrates it. 'A Very Odd Gull,' by Miss ARNOLD, is illustrated by Mr S. I. DAND.

Mr ALFRED WATSON, a striking romancer for boys, entitled *The Lust of Gold* (Walter Scott), is at once imaginative and exciting. It is a well told story of Sir Walter Raleigh and the search for the Eldorado, and is accompanied by admirable drawings by Miss GERTFRED HEMMOND.

From America (The Osgood Art School, New York) comes a handsome book on pottery painting with a ponderous title '*How To Apply Mott, Bronze, Lacquer, Dresden Colors, and Gold to China*.' One must be at least an amateur to understand the title, but for one who has risen to that dignity there is plenty of useful information in the book. Unfortunately, nothing is said as to where it can be bought in England.

NOTICIA

The superb Stutzer collection is to be sold in Paris in April next, all efforts to dispose of it as a whole having failed.

After a long and heated debate the Liverpool City Council have ratified the purchase for the Permanent Collection of Mr HORNE'S Summer. But not before Mr Ibbotson threatened to resign in the event of an adverse vote. The advanced school of Glasgow is not yet well understood on the Mersey.

Doubt has unaccountably been thrown by a recent discussion upon the colour of Napoleon's hair-changer Marengo, which he rode on the field of Waterloo. But on this point the artists may well be listened to. By all painters, from DAVID to MENDELSSOHN (who make I always from reliable historical material), "Marengo" has always been painted white—including the portrait from life by JAMES WARD R.A., while the contemporary lithographs by RAFFET, CHARLÉ, and others should surely silence the doubters.

OBITUARY

'This is our friend Woolner, whom you wished to know,' said a brother like voice to the writer in a certain studio more than five and forty years since. Dante G. Rossetti was the speaker who thus stood as a sort of godfather to a friendship which lasted until, on the 7th of last month, death suddenly broke it with the thread of a nobly employed and honourable life, and sent Woolner across the inevitable bourne to learn that secret which the speaker himself similarly discovered about ten years before. In 1841, when this introduction was given, Woolner gained great access of honour among his fellow students by means of an original statuette of elms "Puck" standing on a mushroom, and with an outstretched toe, nudging to warn of a drowsy frog upon whom a snake was stealthily creeping. This gem of fresh design and vigorous sculpture was at the British Institution in that year and confirmed the private friends had lavished during its somewhat tardy progress towards completion. The real Woolner dates from this brilliant achievement, but his artistic *id est* had been made long before, that is, long as the interval of time appeared to youths such as we were, and his relatively considerable seniority made it less wonderful to us that he had contributed to the Academy in 1843, and in 1844, sent to the then world attracting exhibition in Westminster Hall an admirable 'Death of Daulacea.' The fact is, we ought to have wondered at the genius and energy of one who, being just eighteen

years old did so marvellously well. We knew that he was born in 1823 (Dec. 15) at Hadleigh, in Suffolk, in comparatively humble circumstances, and we soon learned that about 1838 he came to London, where his art promise being already great, no less a sculptor than William Behnes took him into his studio without a penny, and thoroughly instructed him in the technique of the art. Woolner could not have had a better master, and he served him faithfully for two years. In 1842 the pupil became a student in the Royal Academy, and there, carried on the practice Behnes advised. Towards the end of 1848 the Free Raphaelite Brotherhood was founded and Woolner joined that ridiculously misunderstood society. When its so-called 'organ' (*The Germ*) appeared in January, 1849 he who had always been a poet, had the first place with the original version of 'My Beautiful Lily,' of which three improved editions have since appeared with much *clat*. Although his genius came late and skill ensured him many friends of distinction Woolner's fortunes were yet to be made and eleven years had past he determined to try gold digging in Australia. This was in 1854. Success in making iron and medals of turning economists (time and mechanical works the are) helped him better than 'digging.' In 1857 he returned to England where, during his absence, his reputation had been enhanced by 'Love the statue of a dummy in a day-drum which was at the Academy in 1854.' It was soon evident the tide had turned in his favour, and a long series of fine, thoroughly accomplished, and poetic statues, busts, and his reliefs came from his energetic hands till last year when he was finally represented by a bust of Sir Robert Rawlinson. As with Mr Watts so with Woolner it became a sort of mint mark for reputations of the higher sort that poets, men of science and learning statesmen and poets should set to him for their portraits. Imperishable marble took life, so to say, in his hands and it was to him the great tasks were confided of preparing for future generations the veritable aspects, a his noble mind and sympathetic art recognised them of Wordsworth, Rajah Brooke, Tennyson (four times), Browning (twice), Macaulay, Dr Whewell, Lord Lawrence Palmerston, Mr Gladstone (twice), Landseer, Newman, Professors Durham, Selwicks, and Huxley, Cobden, Kingsley, Dickens, Sir William Gull, Lord Cavendish, Carlyle, Sir B. Peier, Mr Coventry Patmore, Sir T. Fairbairn, Sir W. Hooker, Sir S. Raffles, and others renowned. I must add to these the stately and vigorous "Captain Cook" which is at Sydney, and one of the finest instances of modern art. Her Majesty, Chief Justice Whitelaw, the noble "Moses" on the apex of the gable of the Manchester Assize Court, and instinct with prophetic ardour and force. The finest and aptest testimony of a nation's honour for the late Laureate would be placed near his grave at Westminster Woolner's *chef-d'œuvre* portraiture the "Tennyson" of 1873. Of Woolner's imaginative works I write on another page. Suffice here to say that he was elected an R.A. in 1871, in place of Foley an R.A. in 1875. In 1877 he became Professor of Sculpture in the Academy, this post, without having lectured to the students, he resigned in 1877. Courage in speaking his convictions, which were not conventions, and a royal contempt for trivialities, procured for Woolner many friends and numerous enemies, more generous and faithful friends could not be, and the long lasting affection of a host of distinguished men testified to his honour. He was buried at St. Mary's, Hendon, on the 13th ultimo.